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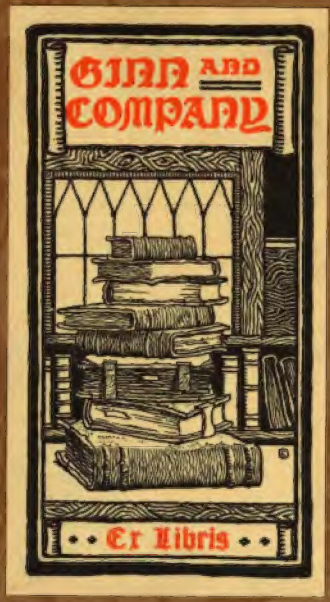

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THE READING-LITERATURE SERIES

THE SIXTH READER

READING-LITERATURE

SIXTH READER

ADAPTED AND GRADED

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PURPOSE AND PLAN

One needs to examine the Primer, First, Second and Third Readers of this series in order to understand the purpose and plan of the books—to train children in reading and appreciating literature through *reading-literature.*

The Primer contains nine of the best folk tales, true to the original, and yet written in such a simple style that children can begin reading the *real story* during the first week in school. The First Reader contains thirteen similar stories, of gradually increasing difficulty, and thirty-three of the best rhymes and jingles suitable for young children. This constitutes a *course in literature,* twenty-two stories and thirty-three child poems, as well adapted to first-grade children as are the selections for "college entrance requirements" to high-school students.

The Second Reader introduces fables and fairy stories and continues folk tales and simple poems. Others have used some of the same material in readers, but in a quite different way. Their purpose seems to have been to "mix thoroughly." We have organized the material: a group of fables, several groups of folk and fairy stories, a group of Mother Goose, of Rossetti, of Stevenson, and so on; so that the child may get a body, not a mere bit, of one kind of material before passing to another. Thus from the first he is trained to associate related literature and to organize what he reads.

The transition to the Third Reader will be found easy and to accord with the normal interests of the children. In prose the folk and fairy story is retained, but is merged into the wonder tale, which becomes a dominant note, while the fable gives place to more extended and more modern animal stories. The poetry begins with the group from Stevenson, whom the children have

already learned to enjoy. Then follow selections from Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Larcom, Eugene Field, and a score of others dealing mainly with children's interests in animals and other forms of nature.

The Fifth and Sixth Readers have been made essentially the books of hero-legends, the type of literature of especial interest to children at this stage of development. With the hero-tales are interspersed some of the best humorous stories that have established themselves in literature. While all of these stories are adaptations from longer versions, they are complete units, and are long enough to train children in habits of sustained interest and attention.

In part the poetry has been selected to reinforce the prose, but always with special reference to the child's feeling for rhythm, love of animated nature, and enjoyment of fun.

With these books, besides merely learning to read, the child has the joy of reading the *best in the language,* and he is forming his taste for all subsequent reading. This development of taste should be recognized and encouraged. From time to time the children should be asked to choose what they would like to re-read as a class, or individuals who read well aloud may be asked to select something already studied to read to the others. This kind of work gives the teacher opportunity to find out what is in a selection that the children like, and to commend what seems to her best.

The older type of reader for the upper grades assumed to supply material for a "liberal education," by giving a little of everything. The more progressive school people realize that if children are to get anything worth while in biography, history, or science they must have special courses of reading in these subjects. The one obvious requirement in school reading for all grades is a course in the best literature. These books aim to supply that, and only that.

THE AUTHORS.

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The Knight's Vow

I was the first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

—*Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

King Arthur

The Pulling of the Sword

In the days when King Uth'er Pen-drag'on ruled over Britain, and when he had grown old, a baby boy was born to him and his queen I'graine. Now the King was stricken of a fatal sickness and the babe was taken by Mer'lin, the King's chief adviser, and placed under the care of Sir Ec'tor, one of the noblest and most faithful of the King's subjects. The child was christened "Arthur."

Not long after this, King Uther died, so that Arthur grew up not knowing that he was of royal birth, but believing Sir Ector to be his real father.

As time went on, there grew up great confusion in the realm, for the lords made themselves strong and warred against each other, each hoping to become king.

Then Merlin came to the Archbishop of Can'ter-bur'y and counseled him to call all the lords of the realm to London upon Christmas day, that God might show by some miracle who should be king. This was done, and they gathered in the greatest church in London. Suddenly there appeared in the churchyard a huge stone four square like unto marble. In the midst thereof was an anvil of steel one foot high; and therein stuck a fair sword on which was written,

"Whoso pulleth out this sword from this stone and anvil, is rightwise king of all England."

The people marveled greatly at the sight and told it to the Archbishop. Then after the service, all poured into the churchyard to behold the stone and the sword. When they saw the words, many tried, but none could stir the sword.

"He is not here," said the Archbishop, "who shall win the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. This is my counsel, that knights of good fame be left here to guard the sword." So it was ordained.

Upon New Year's day the barons made a tournament; for the Archbishop trusted that God would reveal him who should win the sword and thereby prove himself the divinely chosen king of all England.

Now it happened that Sir Ector rode to the jousts and with him Sir Kay, his son, and young Arthur. As Sir Kay was making ready to enter the tournament, he saw he had forgotten his sword and he asked Arthur to ride back after it.

"I will well," said Arthur, and he rode back as fast as he could; but when he arrived at home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and he said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for I vow my brother, Sir Kay, shall not be without a sword this day."

When he came to the churchyard, Arthur alighted, tied his horse to the stile, and, finding no knights about, for all

were at the jousting, he lightly and fiercely pulled the sword from the stone, and went his way. When he came to his brother Sir Kay, he delivered to him the sword.

As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father, Sir Ector, and said, "Sir, lo! here is the sword of the stone; wherefore I must be king of the land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he turned in wonder to Sir Kay and asked him how he had come by it.

"Sir, my brother Arthur brought it to me."

"How got ye this sword, Arthur?" said Sir Ector.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I went home for my brother's sword, I found nobody there to give it to me, and as I thought my brother should not be swordless, I went eagerly to the churchyard and pulled out this sword without any pain."

"Didst thou find any knight near this sword?" asked Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "for God will have it so. No man could draw this sword from the stone save him who shall be rightwise king of this land. But let us go back to the churchyard to see whether we can replace the sword and pull it out again."

So the three rode back, and Arthur replaced the sword quickly. Therewith Sir Ector essayed to pull out the

sword and failed. "Now assay," he said to Sir Kay, who pulled the sword with all his might, but it would not come out.

"Now shall ye assay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will well," said Arthur, and he pulled it out easily.

Thereupon Sir Ector and Sir Kay kneeled down to the earth before Arthur.

"Alas," cried Arthur, "mine own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your father nor of your blood, but I note well that ye are of higher blood than I thought ye were." Then Sir Ector told him all; how Merlin, the wise man, had put the baby Arthur into his keeping. Then Arthur made great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "will ye be good and gracious to us when ye are made king?"

"Else were I in great blame," said Arthur, "for thou art the man in all the world that I am most beholden to, and to my good lady and mother, your wife, that hath fostered and kept me, as well as her own. If ever it be God's will that I be king, ye shall desire of me what ye will, and I shall not fail you. God forbid I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you but that you will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, Senechal of all your lands."

"That shall be done," said Arthur, "and more, by the faith of my body, no other man shall have that office while he and I live." Therewithal they went to the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved and by whom.

The Crowning of Arthur

On the twelfth day of the New Year, all the barons again came to London to essay the sword, but none could take out the sword save Arthur. Wherefore many lords were wroth and said, "Great shame be it unto us all and

to the realm, to be governed by a boy born of no high blood." So they delayed until Candlemas when only Arthur could pull forth the sword.

Again the barons fell out and delayed until Easter and then until the feast of Pentecost, and a guard of King Uther Pendragon's best men, Sir Baud'win, Sir Kay, Sir Ul'fi-us, and Sir Bras'ti-as, and many another, were always about Arthur day and night till the feast of Pentecost.

On that day all manner of men essayed to pull the sword yet none prevailed but Arthur, who pulled it out before all the lords and commons, and all the commons cried out, "We will have Arthur for our king; we will put him no more in delay, for we all see it is God's will that he shall be our king. The man who longer holds against Arthur we will slay."

Therewithal they kneeled down all at once, both rich and poor, and cried to Arthur, "Mercy, for we have delayed thee so long."

"Mercy shall ye have, freely," said Arthur, and he took the sword between his hands and offered it on the altar, and Sir Ector made Arthur a knight. Then he was crowned king by the Archbishop, and the young king swore unto his lords and commons to be a true king, to stand with justice from thenceforth all the days of his life.

Then the lords and commons made a great shouting, "Long live King Arthur! Long live the King."

Much wrong had been done in the land since King Uther

died, and Arthur at once began to right these wrongs, giving back lands and cattle to the rightful owners. Moreover Arthur made Sir Kay the Senechal over all England; and Sir Baudwin was made Constable; and Sir Ulfius was made Chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made Warden to guard upon the north, for there the king's enemies lay thickest.

The War with the Eleven Kings

The prowess of King Arthur and his knights was soon put to the test, for eleven kings came down from the north, leading a host of fifty thousand on horseback and ten thousand on foot. Thereupon Arthur summoned his barons to council and asked them what they would offer.

"No counsel can we give, but we can fight," they all cried with one voice.

Arthur then sent for Merlin, the wise man, who spake these words of great wisdom: "O King and barons, I warn ye all, your enemies are too strong for you in numbers and they are as good men of arms as be living. Wherefore unless our King have more knights than he can find in all his realm, he will be overcome in battle and slain."

"What were best to be done in this case?" asked the barons.

"I will tell you," said Merlin. "There are two brothers beyond the sea, and they both be kings and mighty warriors, King Ban of Ben'wick and King Bors of Gaul.

Against these two kings there warreth King Claudas who hath so great possessions that his army presses hard upon the two brothers. Wherefore this is my counsel, that our King send two trusty knights with letters unto King Ban and King Bors, saying that if they will help Arthur in his wars, that he will be sworn unto them to help them in their wars against Claudas. Now what say ye unto this counsel?" said Merlin.

"This is well counseled," said the King and all the barons.

Right so in haste Ulfius and Brastias rode forth as messengers, well horsed and well armed. As they came close to the city of Benwick they saw just ahead in the roadway eight knights in full armor. Up spake Sir Ulfius right courteously, "We pray that ye allow us to pass without delay, for we are messengers unto King Ban and King Bors sent from King Arthur."

"Therefore," said the eight knights, "ye shall die or be prisoners, for we be knights of King Claudas. Ye must first overcome us, two against two, or else your journey ends here."

Thereupon, Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias poised their lances and two of the knights made ready. The four ran together with great might, and the knights of Claudas brake their spears and were hurled out of their saddles to the ground. Then the other six knights rode ahead to another narrow spot, where Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias smote two others down and they passed their ways. At the fourth encounter there met two for two and the last

were overthrown; so there was none of the eight knights but was sorely hurt or bruised.

When Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias arrived at Benwick it happened that both King Ban and King Bors were there. They read the letters with great joy and promised to help King Arthur at once. Then Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias told of their adventure with the eight knights.

"Ha, ha!" cried Ban and Bors, "ye are our good friends, but could we find those knights they could not escape our prison."

So Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias had good cheer and great gifts, as much as they might bear away, and came to their lord with their message of help.

In the meantime, the eleven kings had led all their forces against some of the strong castles of Arthur in the north, but at length grew weary of the siege and were marching south upon Arthur's kingdom. Thereat King Arthur, King Ban and King Bors led their forces to the number of twenty thousand horsemen to meet the enemy.

By the advice of Merlin, forerider were sent to skim the country to learn where the host had pitched their tents and the forces of the three kings silently drew near the enemy in the dark. At midnight Merlin gave the word for attack, and Arthur, Ban and Bors fell on them with a fierce charge. But the scout-watch of the enemy cried, "Lords! at arms! for here be your enemies at hand!"

Great was the slaughter of the enemy, for the knights of Arthur and the royal brothers overthrew many tents so that the enemy knew not where to rush in the confu-

sion. Yet the eleven kings and their bravest knights fought right bravely and beat off the attack; nevertheless Arthur and his knights slew fully ten thousand men, yet there were left to the enemy fifty thousand hardy men.

Before the break of day Arthur took counsel with Merlin, who showed a plan whereby the enemy could not surround them. "Just ahead is a narrow road," said Merlin, "with thick woods on the right side and a lake on the left. Let King Arthur lead his ten thousand knights into this narrow road, while King Ban and King Bors keep their knights hidden until the enemy is wearied by the fight, then will they burst upon them with their fresh horses and men."

"These be words of wisdom," cried Arthur and the two kings," and anon it was done.

On the morn when the host of the eleven kings saw the small army of King Arthur, they felt great comfort and deemed them easy to overcome. Yet so bravely did Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias, Sir Kay, Sir Ector and many other knights hold their ground in the narrow road that the eleven kings marveled that their mighty host could by no means overthrow Arthur's men, who had thick woods on their right side and a lake on the left. They pressed fiercely forward, and then was the horse of Sir Ulfius slain under him, yet he still fought manfully on foot. Soon the aged Sir Ector was hurled from his horse; likewise Sir Brastias had to fight on foot in great peril of death from the feet of the maddened horses.

When Arthur saw his beloved foster father unhorsed,

he rushed into the thick of the combat like a lion. The strokes of his good sword rang out from the water and the woods, and he stinted not till he had slain twenty knights. Soon Sir Ector was safely mounted on a steed taken from the enemy, and Arthur struck down one of the eleven kings and took the horse to Sir Ulfius and said, "Have this horse, mine old friend, for thou hast great need of a horse."

"Gramercy," said Sir Ulfius.

At length King Arthur's men were sorely wearied from the press of great numbers. Suddenly King Ban and King Bors rushed to their rescue with their eager knights.

"Alas, woe to us!" said King Lot, the leader of the eleven kings, "we may be put to the worst, for yonder come the two most valiant knights in all the world."

When King Ban came into the battle he came in so fiercely that his strokes resounded again from the wood and the water, wherefore King Lot wept for pity that he saw so many good knights take their end. Yet King Lot gave not way to cowardly fear but rallied his forces and did great prowess of arms. His shouts of valor brought so many fresh warriors that King Ban lost his horse and was pressed in on all sides by his enemies. Then came King Arthur into the press, and found King Ban standing among dead men and horses, fighting like a lion on foot and none could come nigh him without receiving a stroke of his sword. Now Arthur was so covered with blood that even King Ban did not know him, but when Arthur struck down a knight from a goodly horse and brought

it to King Ban, he knew the brave knight who brought help to him.

"Fair brother," said Arthur, "have this horse, for thou hast great need thereof, and I am sorely troubled at the great damage done you this day."

"It shall soon be revenged," said King Ban, "for I trust that my use of this steed will cause some of mine enemies to repent the injuries that they have done me."

"I know it well," said Arthur, "for I have seen your deeds and those of your brave brother."

Again the battle waxed hot, for the eleven kings never turned back, but fresh knights took the places of those that were weary or disabled. Even King Arthur marveled at their deeds of arms and was wroth that his forces could not prevail.

"Ah, Sir Arthur," said King Ban and King Bors, "blame them not, for they do as good men ought to do."

"By my faith," said King Ban, "they are the best fighting men and knights of prowess that ever I saw or heard speak of, and those eleven kings are men of great worship. If they were only belonging unto you, there were no king under heaven had such eleven knights."

"I may not love them," said Arthur, "they wish to destroy me."

"That wot we well," said King Ban and King Bors, "for they are your mortal enemies, and this day they have done their part."

With that came Merlin on a great black horse and said to Arthur, "Why art thou still fighting? Hast thou not

done enough? Of sixty thousand thou hast left alive but fifteen thousand of thy foes and it is time to say Ho! For God is wroth with thee that thou wilt never cease. Thou canst not now overthrow yonder eleven kings, and if thou dost continue, thy fortune will turn and they will surpass thee. Therefore withdraw and rest as soon as ye may, and reward your good knights with gold and silver, for they have well deserved it. Never did men do greater prowess when so few stood against so many of the best fighters of the world."

"That is truth," said King Ban and King Bors.

"These eleven kings," said Merlin, "have more on hand than they are aware of, for the Saracens have landed in their countries, more than forty thousand, that burn and slay and make great destruction, wherefore thou needst not dread them more. Also, Sir, let all the spoils of this battle be gathered and given freely unto these two brave kings, Ban and Bors, that they may reward their knights and make strangers glad to serve you in time of need."

"It is well said," quoth Arthur, "and as thou hast counseled so shall it be done."

So Arthur gave great rewards to his own knights and heaped a vast treasure for Ban and Bors, who gave the goods as freely to their knights as it was given them. Thus the two kings led home their knights in firm friendship for Arthur.

While Arthur and his knights were resting from their labors of many battles against the enemies of his rule, a husbandman came to tell him of a great tyrant who lived in a forest. "He has murdered and devoured much people," said the husbandman, "so that all the children have been slain. Of late he hath taken a duchess as she rode with her train and hath carried her up to his cave in the mountain. Though more than five hundred warriors followed they could not rescue her, but they left her shrieking and crying woefully, wherefore I suppose he hath slain her like all the rest. Now as thou art a rightful king, have pity on this lady and revenge us all as thou are a noble conqueror."

"Alas!" said King Arthur, "this is a great mischief. Canst thou bring me to the haunts of this giant?"

"Yea, Sire," said the good man, "lo, he is yonder, on the mountain of Saint Michael. Thou wilt find him sitting between two huge fires, and he has more treasure than in many a kingdom."

At these words, King Arthur went to his tent and bade Sir Kay and another knight put on their armor and follow him. So the three departed and rode forth as fast as ever they might to the foot of Saint Michael's mount. There they alighted and the King commanded them to tarry, for he himself would go up alone to meet the giant.

Through dense forests and over steep crags the King climbed till he came to a great fire where he found an

old woman wringing her hands and making great sorrow, sitting by a grave new made. King Arthur saluted her and said, "Why makest thou such bitter weeping, good dame?"

"Sir Knight," she answered, "speak softly, for yonder is a monster. If he hear thee speak, he will come and destroy thee. Why art thou come hither, dost thou wish to lose thy life? If thou hadst fifty warriors such as thou art, ye were not able to make resistance against this horrible demon. In this grave lieth the dead duchess whom he so foully murdered."

"Dame," said the King, "I come from the noble conqueror, King Arthur, to make a treaty with this tyrant that he injure no more the good people of the king's realm."

"Fie upon such treaties," said the old woman, "he careth not for the King nor any other man. Beware! approach him not, for he hath vanquished fifteen kings, and hath made him a coat embroidered with their beards. But if thou wilt, speak to him at yonder great fire at supper."

"Well," said Arthur, "I will accomplish my message in spite of your fearful words."

Thereupon the King climbed to the crest of the mountain and saw the giant baking his broad limbs at a huge fire, while he was devouring one of his hapless victims. When King Arthur beheld this horrible sight, his heart bled for sorrow and he hailed him in this wise, "May God give thee short life and a shameful death, and the

devil have thy soul. Why hast thou murdered these many children and men and women and now the fair duchess? Therefore arise and put on thy armor and come forth, thou glutton, for this day shalt thou die of my hand."

Thereupon the giant sprang up and took a great club in his hand and smote at the King so that his helmet fell to the earth, but Arthur struck him deep with his dagger. At this mortal wound the giant threw away his club and caught the King in his arms to crush his bones in his mighty grasp. Thus they fell to the ground and rolled down hill, and Arthur was sorely beset with the heavy body of the giant, for anon he was above and then beneath him, but his trusty dagger had failed not to give many a fatal stroke. At length it came to pass that the dead giant, with his arms still locked about the sweating King, rolled to where the two knights were.

Seeing the King fast in the giant's arms, they rushed and loosed him. When the King had recovered his breath, he commanded Sir Kay to smite off the giant's head and set it upon a spear that all the people might know that their dreaded enemy was killed. To the other knight he said, "Go thou up to the top and fetch me my shield, my sword and the club of iron."

When the people heard of their deliverance, they came in great numbers to thank the King, but he said, "Give thy thanks to God, for of myself I would have failed. This was the fiercest giant and the greatest giant I have overcome. Do ye all go up to the giant's treasure hoard

and divide his possessions fairly among you all, for all of you have alike suffered."

And the grateful people builded a church on the very summit of the hill in the worship of Saint Michael.

How Arthur Got His Sword Excalibur

Now King Arthur had been grievously wounded in combat with a mighty knight, Sir Pel'lin-ore, and was

borne to a hermit by Merlin. There Arthur was healed of all his wounds. After the space of three days they departed, and Arthur said, "Merlin, I have no sword;" for his had been shattered on the field of combat.

Then Merlin answered, "Hardby, thou shalt find a sword." And they rode on till they came to a broad, clear lake. In the midst of the water Arthur was ware of an arm, clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand.

"Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is the sword of which I spoke."

With that they saw a damsel walking upon the lake.

Arthur, marveling greatly, cried, "What damsel is that?"

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "She will come to you anon. Speak ye fair to her, and she will give you that sword."

Anon the damsel came unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her. "Damsel," said Arthur, "I would yonder sword were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur, King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and it is called Ex-cal'i-bur. Ye shall have it, but it must be returned to the lake when thou hast done with it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "it shall be so."

"Go then unto yonder barge, and row to the sword, and take it and the scabbard," said the maiden.

So Arthur and Merlin alighted, tied their horses to two trees and went unto the ship. When they came to

the sword upheld by the arm, King Arthur grasped it by the hardle, and took it with him. And the arm and the hand disappeared into the water. Then Arthur and Merlin came unto the land and rode forth. As they pursued their journey, Arthur looked upon his sword and liked it passing well, and Merlin said, "Which likest thou the better, the sword or the scabbard?"

Quickly Arthur answered, "I like the sword the better."

"Ye are unwise," answered Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword. While ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall never lose any blood, be ye ever so sorely wounded. Therefore keep the scabbard always with you. It is far more precious than the blade."

Then they rode on into town, and the knights eagerly welcomed him. When they heard of his adventure with the knight and of how he gat his sword, they were passing glad, and marveled that he would so place his person in jeopardy. Yet all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain that would put his person in adventure as other knights did.

How Enchantments Caused a Combat

It befell one day that Arthur and many of his knights rode hunting into a great forest and Arthur and Sir Ac'co-lon of Gaul followed a great hart that led them far from their companions. At length the hart disappeared in some thick bushes that grew on the margin of a small lake. While they were yet looking, lo, a little ship came

toward them all appareled in silk sails and landed on the sands at their feet.

When Arthur saw no earthly creature on board, he was full of wonder and said, "Sir Accolon, come and let us see what is in this ship." So they went on board and found it hung with the richest silk. Suddenly it turned dark as night, and in a twinkling a hundred torches were set up on all sides of the ship and these gave a great light.

While the King and Sir Accolon were filled with wonder, twelve damsels appeared and saluted King Arthur on their knees and called him by name and said he was right welcome to such cheer as they had. The King thanked them fair.

Soon the boat again came to land, and the damsels led the King and Sir Accolon to a great castle wherein a cloth was laid richly set forth with all that belonged to a feast. When they had supped at their leisure, King Arthur was led into a chamber, the most richly furnished he had ever seen, likewise Sir Accolon was led to another chamber and anon they fell asleep.

When King Arthur awoke he found himself in a dark prison, hearing about him many complaints of woeful knights. "What are ye that so complain?" said King Arthur.

"We be twenty knights held as prisoners," said they, "and some of us have lain here seven years, and some more and some less."

"For what cause?" asked Arthur.

"We shall tell you," said the knights. "The lord of this castle is named Sir Da'mas, and he is the falsest knight that liveth and the greatest coward, too. He has a younger brother with whom he is at war, Sir Ontz'lake, a good and valiant knight. Now Sir Ontzlake challenged Sir Damas to fight for the possession of all their lands and if he be unwilling to fight himself, Sir Damas may find a knight to fight in his stead. But this man is so evil and so hated that there is never a knight would fight for him. Wherefore he hath daily laid in wait and had his followers take all single knights to this prison and if perchance one be found to fight for Sir Damas we shall be all delivered. But this man is so false and so full of treason, we would die here before we would help him in any way. Here we be so lean with hunger that we may hardly stand on our feet."

"God deliver you in his mercy," said King Arthur.

Anon there came a damsel and asked him, "What cheer?"

"I cannot say," said he.

"Sir," said she, "if thou wilt fight for my lord, thou shalt be delivered out of prison, but if not, thou shalt never escape with life."

"Now," said Arthur, "that is hard, yet 'tis better to fight with a knight than to die in prison. I will do battle if all these prisoners be delivered with me."

"Yes, it shall be so," said the damsel.

"I am ready," said Arthur, "if I had horse and armor."

"Thou shalt lack none," said the damsel, and she led the King before Sir Damas.

When Arthur had pledged himself to do battle to the uttermost, all the twenty knights were brought out of their dark prison and delivered, and so they all abode to see the battle.

Now turn we to Accolon of Gaul, who awoke to find himself near a well. Sorely troubled he was for his king and he cried out, "Those damsels in the ship were devils and no women, and if I escape their enchantments I will surely destroy them all."

While he yet spake, there came a dwarf with a great mouth and a flat nose and saluted Sir Accolon, saying, "Thy lady greeteth thee well and biddeth thee be of strong heart, for this morn thou shalt fight with a worthy knight, and therefore she has sent thee Excalibur, Arthur's sword and its scabbard. She bids thee do battle to the uttermost without any mercy, even as thou hast promised her."

The goodly knight Accolon saw nothing amiss and said, "Commend me to my lady and tell all shall be done or else I will die for it." And Accolon planned how he would restore the sword to King Arthur after he had overcome this unknown knight.

Now the evil enchantress who had taken the swo Excalibur from King Arthur managed that Sir Accol should be taken to the castle of Sir Ontzlake, who was to fight against King Arthur. But Sir Ontzlake had been ill for some days from a wound in his knee and so he

must find a knight to fight for him. Thereupon Sir Accolon agreed to fight in the place of Sir Ontzlake. Thus Sir Accolon through enchantment was to fight his own beloved King Arthur, and neither to know who was the other.

At the hour agreed upon, both knights were ready upon the field and great was the crowd of the knights and commons of all the country round. And as Arthur was about ready to put spurs to his steed, a damsel from the same evil enchantress brought to him a sword in its scabbard, exactly like his Excalibur, but it was brittle and false.

At the signal of the trumpet the two knights faced each other from opposite sides of the field, and let their horses run so fast that each threw the other from his horse. Up they both started, drawing their swords. Full eagerly they went into battle and gave many strokes. But King Arthur's sword bit not like Accolon's sword, which wounded Arthur sorely at every stroke, so that his blood fell from him fast, yet he was so full of knighthood that he endured the pain and yielded not to weakness.

At length Sir Accolon rushed fiercely upon King Arthur, who was wroth at the loss of blood, and the hero strength came to his arm and he smote Sir Accolon upon the helmet so mightily that he nigh fell to the earth. Thereupon Arthur's sword broke close to the handle and the false blade fell useless to the ground. Now was Sir Arthur without a weapon, but he held up his shield and gave not an inch of ground.

Then Sir Accolon said, "Knight, thou art overcome, for thou art weaponless and hast lost much blood, therefore yield to me that I need not slay thee."

"Nay," said King Arthur, "I may not do so, for I have pledged to do battle while life lasteth me, wherefore I would rather die with honor than live with shame."

"So be it," said Sir Accolon, "thou art a dead man."

Again they rushed together, and Arthur gave Sir Accolon such a buffet with a cudgel which came to his hand that Excalibur fell from the hand of Sir Accolon. Thereat the King sprang quickly and took it to hand, and knew it was his sword Excalibur, saying to it, "Thou hast been from me all too long, my faithful sword, and much damage thou hast done me."

At this Arthur rushed upon Sir Accolon with all his might, dashed off his helmet and gave him such a buffet that the blood came out at his ears, his nose, and his mouth. "Now will I slay thee," said Arthur.

"Ye may well slay me," said Accolon, "for ye are the best knight that ever I found, and I see well that God is with you; I would willingly yield to thee were it not for my promise to do battle to the uttermost."

Thereupon the veil of enchantment was partly removed from Arthur's eyes, so that he thought he must have seen this brave knight before. "Now tell me," said Arthur, "or I will slay thee, of what country art thou, and of what court?"

"Sir Knight," said Sir Accolon, "I am of the court of King Arthur, and my name is Accolon of Gaul; but

now I have told you truth, wherefore, I pray you, tell me of whence thou art, and of what court?"

"O Accolon," said King Arthur, "I let thee know that I am King Arthur, to whom thou hast done great damage."

When Accolon heard that, he cried aloud, "Have mercy on me, fair, sweet lord, for I knew you not."

"O Sir Accolon," said King Arthur, "mercy shalt thou have, because I feel by thy words thou knewest not my person." Then King Arthur called the keepers of the field and said, "Sirs, come hither, for we two knights have fought with great damage unto us both, each nearly slaying the other; had either of us known the other, there would have been no battle here and no blow struck."

"O lords, give ear to me," said Accolon to the knights and men upon the field; "this noble knight that I have fought, is the man of most prowess, of manhood, and of worship in all the world, for it is himself, King Arthur, our sovereign lord."

Then all the people fell down on their knees and cried, "King Arthur, mercy!"

"Mercy shall ye have," said Arthur; "here may ye see what adventures come to knights by enchantments, for I have fought with a knight of mine own, unto my great damage and his. But hear ye now my decision betwixt the two brethren, Sir Damas and Sir Ontzlake. Though I have won the field in fair battle for Sir Damas who is the elder, yet shall he give up all his lands to his younger brother, Sir Ontzlake, for Sir Damas is full

of villainy and a coward, while Sir Ontzlake is full of prowess and true and gentle in all his deeds. I wish him in all goodly haste to come unto me and my court and be a knight of mine, for I have sore need of such goodly and gentle followers."

Sir Ontzlake stepped forward and, kneeling, said, "God thank thee for thy goodness and bounty, and I shall be from henceforth at thy command. I was hurt in my knee, else had I done this battle with you."

"Would it had been so," said King Arthur, "for I could be thus wounded only with my own sword which had been taken from me by enchantment."

"Alas," said Sir Ontzlake, "that is a great pity that any man or woman might have it in their hearts to work treason against thee, who art so noble in thy deeds and prowess."

"A fitting punishment will surely come to all evil-doers," said King Arthur. "But tell me now of some nearby place of worship where I may rest me and get healed of my wounds."

"Sir," said Sir Ontzlake, "there is a rich abbey but three miles hence."

So the King took his leave of all the people and mounted on horseback, and Sir Accolon went with him. At length they reached the abbey, where they were cared for by skillful leeches, but Sir Accolon died within, for he had bled so much that he might not live; but King Arthur was well recovered.

How King Arthur Wed Guinevere

In the beginning of the reign of Arthur, after he was chosen king of adventure and by grace, many kings and barons waged war against him, but Arthur overcame them all.

For the most part of the days of his life he was ruled by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell out on a time that King Arthur said to Merlin, "My barons give me no rest, but insist I must take a wife. I will take no one save with thy advice, O Merlin."

"The barons say well," answered Merlin, "for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now, is there any one that ye love more than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur; "I love Guin'e-vere, daughter of King Le-o'de-grance. She is the fairest lady I know, or that I could ever find."

"I could find you another maiden as lovely, if your heart were not set; but when a man's heart is set, no words can change him. So therefore give me knights, that I may seek out Leodegrance and ask his daughter's hand."

Arthur was glad of heart when Merlin set out. And when King Leodegrance heard Merlin's message, he said, "That is the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and nobleness wishes to wed my daughter. I would gladly give him of my lands, but I know he hath lands of his own; but I shall send him a gift

he will prize much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, which Uther Pendragon gave me. When it is full, one hundred and fifty knights can sit around it. I will send him one hundred good knights, but I lack fifty, so many have been slain."

So King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guinevere unto Merlin, and the Table Round, with the hundred knights. And they rode freshly, with great royalty, by water and by land, till they came nigh unto London.

King Arthur made great joy of their coming, and said, "Now am I greatly rejoiced, for long have I loved this fairest of ladies. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than great riches." In all haste was the day set for the wedding and coronation.

Then Merlin was sent to secure fifty more knights for the Table Round, but he found in all the land only eight and twenty. These were blessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then they went to pay homage to the King.

The wedding day came. The high feast was made ready and the King was wedded at Cam'e-lot unto Dame Guinevere in the church of St. Stephen; and after there was great rejoicing and merry-making.

Then the Archbishop blessed the seats at the Round Table, with great royalty and devotion. When the knights arose to do homage to the King, the name of each knight was seen written on the seat in letters of gold. But on one seat no name was written, and Merlin called it the Siege Perilous. "For there," he said, "no man save the bravest and purest of all knights may sit. Whoever else assays to sit there shall die. The Siege Perilous shall be vacant till the purest knight comes."

The bravest and best of all his knights was Sir Lan'ce-lot du Lac, brother of Sir Ector. He was the head of all the Christian Knights, the courtliest knight that ever bore a shield, the most faithful friend that ever bestrode a horse, the truest lover of all men, the kindest man that ever struck with sword, the goodliest person ever met in

battle, the meekest man, and the gentlest that ever ate in a hall among ladies, and the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.

And Sir Bors, Lancelot's cousin, brave and true, was in the court, and Percival, the knight beyond reproach. Noblest and purest of them all was Galahad, Sir Lancelot's son, who from his childhood had led a life of sacrifice. He it was who sat in the Siege Perilous, for in seeking to save others he saved himself.

Ever the quest in Arthur's realm was to right wrongs and protect women and children, to cherish honor and chastity, and to be in all things above reproach. Many were the great deeds done, and peace ruled long in Arthur's kingdom. But sin broke out; the evil days came again. Many of the knights of the Round Table were dead or had wandered away in search of adventure. Scarcely a tithe remained in Arthur's hall. Quarrels grew ripe. Even Queen Guinevere fled from the court with Lancelot, and afterwards passed her days in a convent far from Camelot.

Sir Mo'dred, one of Arthur's knights, and his nephew plotted against him, and all was in greatest turmoil. A great battle was fought. Arthur slew Sir Modred, but himself was wounded unto death in the combat.

How Excalibur Was Returned to the Lake

And the King said to Sir Bed'i-vere, who was near him, "My time cometh fast; therefore take thou Excalibur,

my good sword; go with it to yonder water-side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee to throw my sword into the water, and come again and tell me what thou seest."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and I will quickly bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones. Then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." So he hid the sword Excalibur under a tree. As soon as he might, he came again unto the King, and said he had been at the water and had thrown in the sword.

"What sawest thou there?" asked the King.

"Sir," answered Bedivere, "I saw nothing but waves, and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the King; "therefore go thou lightly again and do my command. As thou art dear to me, spare not the sword, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; again he thought it a sin and shame to throw away that noble sword. He therefore hid the sword and returned and told the King that he had been at the water and had done his commandment.

"What saw ye there?" asked the King.

"Sir," Bedivere answered, "I saw nothing but the water, and the waves flowing in and out."

"Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "twice hast

thou betrayed me. Who would have believed that thou who hast been so dear to me, and who art called a noble knight, would betray me for the riches of a sword? Go therefore quickly, for thy long delay putteth me in jeopardy of my life, and do as I bid thee, else will I slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed quickly, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and carried it to the water-side. There he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, caught it, and shook it thrice. Then the hand with the sword vanished into the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the King and told him what he had seen. "Alas," said the King, "help me hence, for I fear I have tarried here too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back, and so went with him to the water-side. There at the water's edge was a barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them were three queens, and all wore black hoods and wept when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the King. This Bedivere did very gently, and the three queens received Arthur with great weeping. One of them supported his head, and said, "Dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me?" Then the barge passed slowly from the land.

—*Adapted from Sir Thomas Malory.*

Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with a strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Santa Filomena

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares,
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Rain in Summer

How beautiful is the rain!
  After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the windowpane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks.
He can feel the cool
Breath of each pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

The Builders

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow fill its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Iliad

The Strife between Achilles and Agamemnon

For nine long years King Ag-a-mem'non and A-chill'es and many other chieftains of the Grecian hosts had led their warriors in vain against the city of Troy. And now, in the tenth year, a dreadful plague broke forth, and the pyres of the dead glared without ceasing.

The deadly plague had raged through the host for nine days, and now, upon the tenth day, Achilles called all the people into council.

When the assembly was gathered in mighty host, Achilles stood up and said, "O Agamemnon, king of men, let us consult some seer and ask why Apollo is striking us down with his deadly arrows. Perchance a fitting sacrifice may move the god to stay the plague."

He spake and took his seat. Next rose Cal'chas, the chief of seers, to whom things past and things to come were known. By his art of divination, given by Apollo, he had guided the Greek ships to Troy.

With well-ordered words Calchas spoke, "Achilles, beloved of Jove, thou biddest me explain the wrath of Phoebus Apollo. I will make known the cause willingly, but swear thou to aid me. I know Agamemnon will be wroth; wilt thou promise me safety?"

Achilles answered thus, "Fear nothing, but speak out boldly whatever thou knowest. I swear by Apollo that no man shall lay a violent hand on thee, not even Agamemnon, who stands in power and rank above us all."

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on, "Apollo is not angered by neglected vows, but Agamemnon has for his prize the dark-eyed daughter of Chry'ses, the priest of Apollo. The father came to Agamemnon and offered a costly ransom for his daughter. Agamemnon insulted Apollo when he spurned Chryses and refused to set free the daughter and receive her ransom. Therefore Apollo sends the plague, nor will he withdraw it till the dark-eyed maiden be restored to her beloved father, free and without ransom. Thus only may we pacify the god."

Having spoken, the seer took his seat. Uprose at once Agamemnon, his gloomy heart full of wrath, his eyes sparkling like fire. He fixed upon Calchas a menacing look, and began, "Prophet of evil! Thou dost never foretell good fortune nor bring it to pass. Thou pratest now that Apollo afflicts us because I would not take the costly ransom for the child of Chryses. It was my choice to keep her with me, yet I will give her back if that be best, for I would gladly see my people saved from this destruction. Only make me ready a prize of honor, lest I, of all the Ar'gives, be left without a prize, since now my share of spoil has passed from me."

The great Achilles replied to him, "Renowned Agamemnon, greediest of men, where will our noble Greeks

find other spoil for thee? Wouldst thou bid every warrior bring back his portion, that thou mayest select thy prize from it? Nay, yield thou the maiden to the god, and we A-chae'ans will pay thee back threefold and fourfold, if ever Jove grant us to sack this well-defended Troy."

King Agamemnon answered him thus, "Nay, use no craft, godlike Achilles. Dost thou think that I will sit idly by, losing my prize while thou keepest safe thy own?"

With a stern look, Achilles made answer, "Ha, tyrant! thou shameless one! We follow thee that thou mayest win glory in punishing Troy because the Trojan chieftain, Paris, took away the beautiful queen Helen from thy brother Men-e-la'us. This is thy quarrel, yet thou hast no thanks nor care for my aid. Thou threatenest now to take from me the prize for which I bore long toils in battle. I never take an equal share of booty with thee, though my hands perform the harder labors of the field of battle.

"But now, proud monarch, I am thy slave no more. I shall sail at once for home. Surely thou wilt fail to capture Troy when thou art left by Achilles."

To this Agamemnon answered, "Desert, mighty warrior; fly! We need not thy aid, and we defy thy threats. I detest thee the most of all the Argive chiefs. I heed thee not, nor do I care for thy fury. Now, in turn, I threaten thee. Since Apollo takes away my prize, I will come to thy tents and will bear away the fair-cheeked

Bri-se'is, thy prize, that thou mayest learn how far I stand above thee."

At these bitter words, the rage in the shaggy breast of Achilles burned more fiercely, and he spoke in wrath, "Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog and a deer's heart! Thou never yet hast dared to arm thyself for battle with the rest, nor join the other chiefs in ambush. It better suits thee to rob some warrior of his prize who dares withstand thee. But the time will come when thou shalt rage against thyself to think that thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

As he thus spoke, Achilles flung to the ground his gold-studded scepter and went forth to his ships. The other warriors left the assembly, sad that the great leaders had been led into so dire a strife.

Without delay, Agamemnon bade a swift bark be launched on the sea, with twenty chosen men to ply the oar, and he placed the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses in the charge of wise O-dys'seus. Forth they went upon the watery path.

Meanwhile, Agamemnon bade the camp be purified, which was straightway done. They next burned a sacrifice to Apollo, from which the savor rose in smoke.

While the host was thus employed, Agamemnon sent his two trusted heralds to the tents of Achilles for the fair maiden Briseis. Achilles offered no violence to the heralds, but directed his friend Pa-tro'clus to lead forth the maiden. As the heralds led her away she went unwillingly, often looking back in sadness to leave her kind master.

When dawn appeared, Agamemnon bade the shrill-voiced heralds call the Greeks together, and in throngs the warriors came to the appointed place as swarms of bees fly over the flowers in spring. As the great crowd sat down, the earth groaned under them. Nine sacred heralds strove to hush the noisy crowd so that the heaven-descended monarch could be heard.

At last all were seated except Ther-si'tes, who kept brawling with clamorous tongue. Of all the multitude that came to Troy, none was so base as he. His head was sharp and the hairs were thinly scattered over it. He called to Agamemnon now with shrill voice and taunting words, "Of what dost thou complain? Thou hast heaps of gold in thy tents, given to thee by the Greeks whenever we warriors take a city. Dost thou wish me or some other warrior to capture a Trojan knight that thou mayest get more gold for his ransom? O ye coward race! Greeks no longer! Hasten homeward with all the fleet and let us leave this man at Troy to win his prizes here. Thus he may learn whether our aid is of great or little worth, since he has insulted Achilles, a much braver man than he."

Thus did Thersites taunt the shepherd of the people, but Odysseus, who had restored the daughter of Chryses, rebuked Thersites with a frown, "Thou wretch, glib as thou art of tongue, cease, nor dare dispute with kings. Thou seest the Grecian heroes load Agamemnon with

rewards while thou insultest him with bitter words. I tell thee now, if I ever find thee railing on, I shall seize thee and send thee forth howling to our swift barks upon the shore."

Thus Odysseus spake, and smote the back and shoulders of the scoffer, who crouched low and shed a shower of tears. He took his seat, dismayed, wiping the muddy tears from his dirty face. The multitude around him were moved to smiles, and one addressed his neighbor thus, "How well Odysseus does a thousand things! Though he is wise in counsel and brave in war, he does the best in silencing the chatter of this surly fellow."

So talked the multitude. When Pal'las A-the'ne, in the form of a herald, had commanded silence, Odysseus arose and, with wise art, said, "The Greeks, O Agamemnon, would bring on thee dishonor by failing to keep their promise to overthrow this proud city of the Trojans. And now, like tender boys or widowed women, all give way to grief, and languish to return home. Let us abide here until the city of Pri'am shall be ours."

He spake, and loud applause came from all the Greeks for the wise Odysseus and his well-chosen words.

When it was thus decided that the war should go on, Agamemnon offered a fatted ox to Jupiter, the All-seeing.

After they had prayed and scattered the salted meal, Nes'tor, the aged knight, stood forth and said, "Most glorious Agamemnon, king of men, let us waste no time in prattle, but wake the warlike spirit in the breast of the host."

He spake, and Agamemnon followed his counsel. At the call of the heralds the princes who stood beside Agamemnon hastened through the crowd to form the army into ranks. Among the host walked Pallas Athene, with fierce, defiant looks, and made their hearts impatient for the march and strong to endure the combat. The war now seemed dearer to them than the return to the land they loved.

Then as goat-herds know and gather their flocks, so the chiefs marshalled each his men. The army swept the earth as when a fire devours the grass upon the plains. The ground groaned under them as when the Thunderer Jove smites the earth with his lightnings.

Now Iris came to the Trojans from Jove bearing ill tidings. She took the form of Po-li'tes, son of Priam, and said, "Father! cease to plan, the time calls for action, for war is close at hand. Vast armies like the sands in number march across the plain prepared to give battle beneath the city walls. Thou, godlike Hector, use all thy force, assemble all the united bands of Troy. Let every chief array his countrymen for the coming fight."

She spake, and Hector heeded and obeyed the counsel of the goddess. He dismissed the assembly, while the Trojans rushed to arms. All the gates were opened and foot and horse poured forth in great haste.

The Combat between Menelaus and Paris

Now when both armies were arrayed for war, the Trojan host moved on with shouts and clang of arms, but the Greeks marched forward silently, breathing valor. Great was the cloud of dust that rose from the warriors' tramping feet. As they drew nearer, Paris pressed forward in the Trojan van like a god. A leopard's hide was thrown across his shoulders and he bore a crooked bow and sword. Brandishing two javelins he defied the bravest of the Greeks to mortal combat.

At this Hector went between the hosts, holding his spear by the middle and pressing back the ranks of the Trojans.

The long-haired Greeks, meanwhile, took aim against Hector with bended bows and were just about to let fly arrows when Agamemnon cried aloud, "Restrain yourselves and let not fly your arrows, ye Argives, Hector asks to speak."

He spake and they were silent. Hector then stood forth and said, "Hearken to what I say, ye Trojans and nobly armed Greeks. Let the Trojans and the Greeks lay down their shining arms while Paris and Menelaus strive between the armies for Queen Helen and her wealth. He who shall prove himself the better warrior shall take to his home the queen and the treasure, while the rest shall frame a treaty of peace."

Both the hosts heard in silence. Then Menelaus said, "Now hear me also. Resign the labor of the battlefield

to me, for Paris injured me alone; then let the war be mine. One of us shall fall beneath his rival's arms, but let the rest live secure from harm."

He spake and both the Greek and Trojan hosts heard his words with joy, hoping the hour was come to end the hard-fought war. They reined their steeds back to the ranks, alighted, and put off their armor.

Meanwhile, Hector, son of Priam, and the great Odysseus measured off a space between the armies and shook the lots in a brazen helmet to see which warrior was to first hurl his spear, while all the people round lifted their hands to heaven and prayed. The lot of Paris leaped forth at once, so he it was to first cast his brazen spear.

Thereupon Paris and Menelaus came forth between the armies and glared at each other with lifted spears.

Paris first hurled his massive spear. It smote the round shield of Menelaus and the spear point was bent on that strong shield. The next assault was made by Menelaus, but he first offered this prayer to Jupiter, "O sovereign Jove! grant that I avenge on guilty Paris the wrongs which he was first to offer; let him fall beneath my hand."

Then he flung the brandished spear against the round shield of Paris. The rapid steel went through the shining shield, piercing the coat of mail of Paris and tearing through his garment. Paris bent sidewise before it and escaped his death. Menelaus drew his silver-studded sword, lifted it high and smote the helmet crest of his enemy. The weapon fell, broken into four pieces.

Menelaus in great anger raised his eyes to heaven and shouted, "O Father Jove! thou art the most unfriendly of all the gods. I had hoped to avenge the wrong done me by Paris, but my sword is broken in my grasp and the spear was flung from my hand and gave no wound."

Furious he spake and, rushing forward, he seized Paris by the crest, turned and dragged him toward the well-armed Greeks. Paris struggled in vain, choked by the band which held on his helmet. And now, Menelaus would have dragged him thence and earned great glory had not Venus come to the aid of Paris by breaking the oxhide band. An empty helmet followed the powerful hand of Menelaus. He swung it aloft and hurled it to the Greeks, who caught the polished trophy with smiles. Then he rushed to slay his foe with his brazen spear. But Venus rescued Paris. She wrapped him in a thick shadow, bore him from the field and placed him in his chamber, where the air was sweet with perfumes.

Meantime Menelaus, like a beast of prey, went raging through the crowd in search of godlike Paris. None of all the Trojans could point him out, and they would not have kept him hidden, for they hated him like black death.

Then Agamemnon stood up and spake, "Ye Trojans and Argives, hear. The victory belongs to warlike Menelaus. Ye will then restore Helen and her wealth and pay a fine." Thus spake the great Agamemnon, and the Grecian host approved his words.

These words fell upon the ears of the gallant son of

Ly-ca'on, one of Troy's most famous bowmen, and an evil thought came to his mind. "Son of Lycaon," he said to himself, "aim a shaft at Menelaus, and thou wilt earn great thanks from Prince Paris. He will fill thy hands with gifts when he shall look on Menelaus slain by thy arrow."

Thereupon the son of Lycaon seized his polished bow and grasped the bowstring and the arrow's notch. Slowly he drew them back and forced the string to meet his breast, and the arrowhead to meet the bow, till the bow formed a circle. Then it twanged and the shaft leaped forth in eager haste to meet its mark.

Pallas Athene stood before Menelaus and turned aside the deadly shaft. As when a mother scares away a fly from her sleeping child, so Pallas turned the weapon from his breast and guided it to where the golden buckles made fast the belt and where the chain armor was doubled. The bitter arrow struck the belt, passed through his armor, and through the plated quilt which the hero wore next his skin. There the arrow gashed and the dark blood came from the wound.

When Agamemnon beheld the dark blood flowing from his brother's wound, he shuddered. Menelaus felt the like horror, yet when he saw that still the neck and barb of the arrow remained outside his armor, his courage rose again and filled his bosom.

Agamemnon, sighing deeply, took the hand of his brother, Menelaus, while all his comrades mourned. Thus spake the king of men, "Dear brother Menelaus,

I shall grieve bitterly if thou shouldst die. I shall go back to my dear Argos with a brand of shame on me, for without thy aid in battle the Greeks will soon long for home. We shall leave our Queen Helen to remain the boast of Priam and the Trojans, while thy bones shall moulder in the earth of Troy."

To these words Menelaus cheerfully replied, "Grieve not, my brother, since this sharp arrow has not found a vital part, but the belt, the armor and the quilt beneath broke its force." Then there was great rejoicing.

While the chiefs were busy round the warlike Menelaus, all the Trojans moved into battle line, putting on their armor and eager for the fight. So the armies met in the field of battle, the oxhide shields crashed, and the spears were hurled with all the strength of the warriors. Loud was the din of battle. Then rose the mingled shouts and groans of those who slew and those who fell. That day saw many a Trojan slain and many a Greek stretched upon the bloody field.

Hector and Andromache

While the fight still raged upon the plain, Hel'e-nus, the chief Trojan augur, made his way to Hector and said, "Depart to Troy and bid all the Trojan dames offer sacrifices to the gods that they may protect our sacred city from our enemies."

Hector was not unmindful of his words. Without delay he set forth and came at length to Priam's noble hall,

where he met his gentle mother, Hec'u-ba. She took his hand, saying, "Why art thou come, my son, and why hast thou left the raging fight? These hateful Greeks press us full hard round the city walls. Thy heart hath moved thee to lift thy hands in prayer to Jupiter. But stay thou here till I bring pleasant wine, that thou mayest pour a part to Jove and the other gods, and drink and be refreshed."

Great Hector then replied, "My honored mother, bring not pleasant wine lest that unman me and my valor leave me. I should fear to pour dark wine to Jupiter with hands unwashed, defiled with blood and battle dust. But do thou take with thee the honored matrons of Troy and make sacrifices to the gods that they may protect our sacred city from our enemies. Meanwhile, I will seek Paris if he will listen to my voice. Would that the earth might open where he stands and swallow him, for he brings evil upon all who live in Troy."

He spake and sought the home of Paris and found him busied with his shining arms, while Helen was giving tasks to her maids.

Hector beheld and thus sharply rebuked him, "Strange man! a fitting time indeed is this to sit here idle while the men of Troy are perishing around our lofty walls, and for thy sake the war is fiercely blazing around our town. Rouse thee, and act, lest we behold our city all in flames."

Paris answered thus, "Hector! I deserve thy rebuke, yet I have sat here not from hate of Troy but to mourn

the city's fate and my own. But now, my wife has urged me to return to battle, and that seems best. Remain thou here till I put on my armor, or go thou and I shall follow and rejoin thee soon."

He ended, and Helen thus addressed the chief with soothing words, "Brother-in-law, would that the waves of the hoarse sea might have swallowed me before this cruel war began! Enter thou, my brother; seat thee here, for thy labors must press heavily on thee."

Great Hector replied, "Nay, Helen, ask me not to sit. The Trojan host is hard pressed and demands its Hector. But ere I leave the town, I must go to meet my dear wife and little child. I know not whether I may come once more to them, or whether the great gods order that I must perish by the hands of the Greeks."

So spake the plumed Hector and withdrew and at length he reached the city gates. Here his beloved wife An-drom'a-che came forth to meet him, attended by a maid who bore a child beautiful as a star, As-ty'a-nax. The father looked on his child with a smile while Andromache pressed to his side and clung to his hand in tears.

"Too brave!" she cried, "thy valor will cause thy death. All the Greeks will rush on thee to take thy life. A happier lot were mine to go down to death if I must lose thee, for I shall have nothing but sorrow. Father have I none, and no dear mother. Hector, thou art father and dear mother now to me, and brother and youthful husband beside. In pity keep within the fortress here, nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife a widow."

Then answered Hector, "All this I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand ashamed before the men and long-robed matrons of Troy were I to shun the conflict like a coward. My heart does not thus prompt me, for I have learned to strike among the foremost sons of Troy, upholding my great father's fame and my own. Yet I well know the day will come in which our sacred Troy and Priam and the Trojan people shall all perish.

But the sorrows of the Trojan race grieve me not so much as thine, when some Greek clad in armor shall lead thee weeping hence and make of thee a slave. Oh, let the earth be heaped above my head in death before I hear thy cries as thou art borne away."

So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms to take the boy, who shrank back terrified at the plume that nodded from the high crest of the helmet. At this, Hector hastily took the helmet from his brow and laid it on the ground. Kissing his darling son and tossing him up in play, Hector prayed to Jove and all the gods of heaven.

"O, Jupiter and all ye gods," he cried, "grant that this my son may yet become a leader among the Trojans and nobly rule in Troy. May they say, 'This man is greater than his father was!' when they behold his deeds of valor on the battlefield."

Then he gave the boy to the arms of his dear wife, who took him weeping as she smiled. The chief beheld her sorrow and, moved by pity, smoothed her forehead gently with his hand and said, "Beloved one, sorrow not thus for me. No living man can send me to the shades of death before my time. Go home and tend thy labors there, the web, the distaff, and command thy maids to speed the work. The cares of war belong to all men born in Troy, and most of all to me."

Mighty Hector seized his helmet from the ground, while his beloved wife went homeward shedding many tears. In her home she found a troop of maidens with whom she shared her grief. They mourned for the living

Hector, whom they thought never again to see return from the battlefield.

The Fierce Battle between the Armies

Paris did not wait in the lofty halls, but when he had put on his glorious armor he crossed the city with quick steps. As when some courser, fed with barley in the stall, snaps his halter and gayly scampers over the plain, so came Paris glittering in his armor. He found his noble brother Hector as he left his wife and thus spoke to him, "My elder brother! I have kept thee waiting here, I fear, for I have come less quickly than thou didst wish."

Hector answered, "Strange being, no man can belittle thy warlike deeds with justice. Thou art truly brave, but thou dost often avoid the conflict. I am sad at heart to hear the Trojans speak so ill of thee."

The mighty Hector passed rapidly through the city gates with his brother Paris, both eager for combat. Many Greek heroes fell before the spears of the two chiefs. Host met host in disorder; loud the clamor; cries of pain and boastful shouts arose from those who fell and those who slew. When the sun stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took his golden scales and laid in them the fate of the Trojans and that of the Greeks. Behold, the fate of Greece in that day's fight sank down while that of Troy rose and flew toward heaven. Thereupon the thunder of Jove was heard and his lightnings were seen among the Achaean army.

At once Hector called aloud to the Trojans, "Acquit yourselves like men, my friends, for Jove doth award to me victory and vast renown. This slender wall cannot stand before the strength I bring; our steeds can leap over the trench before the wall. When I shall reach the fleet, remember the power of fire, that I may give their vessels to the flames and hew down the Achaeans while they are wrapped in the bewildering smoke."

Then did Jove inspire the Trojan host with valor, and they drove the Achaeans backward to the yawning trench. Hector advanced with fury in his eyes, urging his long-maned steeds hither and thither across the field. Onward he went inspired with fiery fury, like a storm that swoops from heaven and falls suddenly on the dark blue sea and stirs it to its depths.

From the prow of his great ship Achilles looked forth on the hard fought fray and the sad rout. Then he called his friend Patroclus, "O, noble Patroclus, the Greeks will soon be at my knees imploring aid. Go thou and see what mighty chiefs have been brought wounded from the field."

He spake: Patroclus hearkened to his friend and hastened to the Grecian tents and ships.

Meanwhile the battle raged round the well-built wall that sheltered the galleys of the Greeks. The towers rang with blows. Hector bade his followers cross the trench, but the swift-paced horses would not venture the leap, for the wide space affrighted them.

When Hector saw this he leaped to earth in all his

armor. The rest dismounted, following close their leaders. The hostile troop advanced with their tough shields uplifted, rushing toward the massive wall.

Jupiter aided the Trojan host by sending a strong wind that drove the dust full on the galleys and made faint the hearts of the Greek warriors. Then Hector and the men of Troy won new renown. The Trojans tore the galleries from the towers and leveled the breastworks, heaved with levers the mighty stones which supported the towers and toppled them to the ground.

The brave Greeks did not give way but fenced the openings in the wall with their shields and smote the enemy from behind this defense.

The warring hosts were equally matched till Hector called to the men of Troy, "Rush on, ye knights of Troy! rush boldly on and break your passage through the Grecian wall and hurl consuming flames against the fleet!"

Then Hector stooped and seized a stone which lay before the gate, a stone so large that two of the strongest men could hardly heave it from the earth. He lifted it with ease, such strength was given him by Jove.

So Hector bore the stone to break the beams that strengthened the tall gates. These were held firm by bars within fastened by one mighty bolt. Hector stood before the massive gates, and putting forth all his strength, he drove the missile home. He smote the gates in their midst. The blow tore off the hinges; the great stone fell heavily within; the gates crashed; nor did the bars withstand the blow. The shattered beams gave way

before it; and illustrious Hector sprang into the camp. His look was stern as night and his brazen armor gleamed. None except the gods could stand before his might. Turning to his men, he bade them mount the wall. They obeyed: some climbed over the wall, some poured in through the open gate. The Achaeans fled to their roomy ships and a fearful uproar filled the air.

The Heroic Deeds of Patroclus

Patroclus returned from the Grecian fleet shedding hot tears, as when a fountain sheds dark waters down a precipice. The great Achilles beheld him and pitied him and spake these winged words, "Why weepest thou like a girl, Patroclus? Dost thou bring sad tidings to me, or mournest thou because the Achaeans fall through their own folly? Speak and hide nothing, for I, too, would know."

Thus bidden, the knight Patroclus made answer with a sigh, "Be not displeased, Achilles, for the Greeks endure a bitter lot. Their mightiest chiefs are wounded within the ships, while thou, Achilles, sittest here in anger. Oh, may I never hold such fierce hatred as thou dost cherish. Send me into the war and let me lead thy warriors, that the Greeks may have some gleam of hope. And give me the armor from thy shoulders that the Trojans may think I am Achilles, and may pause from fighting and the warlike sons of Greece may breathe once more. Our

fresh troops may easily drive the Trojans from the fleet."

Achilles answered thus, "What hast thou said, O divine Patroclus? Agamemnon took my prize as if I were a wretch, a worthless outcast. But let that insult be of the past; it is not well to bear a grudge forever. Go thou and put on my well-known armor; lead my men into the field and rescue our good ships."

Meanwhile the eager enemy hurled brands among the ships and the flames mounted high from the stern of one of them. Achilles saw the fire and spake, "Patroclus, noble friend and knight, make haste; already I behold the flames that rage with fury at the fleet. Put on thy armor quickly; let my task be to call the troops."

He spake and called the troops, and as they heard their chief they brought their ranks to close order. Shield leaned on shield, helmet on helmet, man on man, the squadrons stood so close.

Patroclus exhorted them with loud voice, "Companions of Achilles, bear in mind your fame for valor and be men, that we who serve Achilles may teach Agamemnon how he erred in slighting the bravest warrior of the Greeks." These words awoke the courage and the might of all who heard them, and they fell on the Trojans in close array.

When the Trojans saw Patroclus in glittering arms, every heart grew faint with fear. The close ranks wavered, for they thought that Achilles had laid aside his wrath and was again the friend of Agamemnon. Eagerly they looked for an escape from death. Soon

Patroclus had driven the foe from the ships and quenched the blazing fire.

The dust rose thick and high and spread and reached the clouds, as the Trojan coursers held their way to Troy. Patroclus drove where he saw the wildest rout, shouting threats. Full many a chief fell under the axle of his own car, and chariots were overthrown with a crash.

But now the life of Patroclus was near its end, for Apollo, coming up behind the hero, smote his broad shoulders with open palm. Patroclus stood as if thunderstruck, his mind bewildered and with powerless limbs. Then a Trojan knight smote him in the back with his keen spear, but he did not overcome Patroclus, who fled without awaiting the attack of the Greek hero.

When Hector saw that the gallant Greek was wounded he advanced and pierced Patroclus with his spear. The hero fell with clashing armor, and all the Greeks beheld his fall with grief. Hector gloried over him, "Patroclus, thou didst think to lay waste our city, but the fiery steeds of Hector sweep the battlefield. Now vultures will devour thee, wretched youth; Achilles, mighty though he be, has brought thee no help."

Then Patroclus with a faltering voice made answer, "Utter thy boast in swelling words, Hector, while thou mayest, since Apollo gave the victory to thee; but thou shalt not long remain alive. Thy death is at hand and thou must fall, slain by the hand of great Achilles."

While he was speaking death stole over him and veiled his senses. Hector thus answered the dying man, "Why

threaten me with an early death, Patroclus? Who knows that thy friend, Achilles, may not sooner lose his life, slain by my spear?" He spake and, drawing forth his brazen spear, he stripped the armor from Patroclus.

Hector then withdrew from the conflict and buckled on the armor of Achilles. Well did that coat of mail suit Hector's form. Fresh vigor filled and nerved his frame; he passed along the ranks with shouts. The glittering armor seemed to transform him into the large-souled Achilles.

Then did the hosts fight for the body of Patroclus. You could not say the sun was safe, nor yet the moon, so thick a darkness gathered round the body of Patroclus. The fight went on all day; the knees, the thighs, the feet, the hands, the eyes of those who fought were faint with weariness and drenched with sweat. At length the sons of Greece raised the body of Patroclus from the ground, and bore it swiftly toward their galleys. The battle swept onward with them, as a fire sweeps through a city and the dwellings sink in the consuming blaze.

The Death of Hector

At length the fatal tidings of the death of Patroclus came to Achilles, and a cloud of sorrow settled upon him. Grasping a handful of ashes from the hearth, he showered them over his head, and with them soiled his noble face. As he shed bitter tears and bewailed the death of his

beloved friend a fierce rage came upon him; he gnashed his teeth; his eyes shot fire as he put on a new suit of armor made by the god Vulcan. The brightness of his shield streamed as far as the moon's rays. The helmet upon his head glittered like a star, and all the shining tufts of golden thread were shaken. Then the high-born chief drew forth his spear, heavy and huge and tough. No man of all the Grecian host save Achilles alone could wield that weapon.

When he was ready for war, he mounted his chariot in a blaze of arms. He called to his steeds in a terrible voice, "Xan'thus and Bal'i-us, I charge you to bring me back to the Achaean camp after this day's battle and not to leave your master dead as ye left Patroclus."

Juno gave to Xanthus the power of speech. He answered his master with bowed head, "We bear thee safe for this one day, Achilles, but the hour of death draws nigh thee, for a mighty god and a cruel fate ordain it."

Thus far he spake when Achilles replied in anger, "Xanthus, why foretell my death? I well know my fate, that I perish here, far from my father and mother. I shall fight till I have made the Trojans sick of war."

He spoke and drove his firm-paced steeds among the foremost, ranging in fury through the field. Everywhere he overtook his victims, and the earth ran dark with blood.

The aged Priam from a lofty tower beheld the large-limbed Achilles range the field and all the Trojans flee

in tumult. With a cry of grief he called to the watchers at the gate, "Hold the gates open while the flying host enters the city, for Achilles comes. But when all our troops are once within the walls, shut the close-fitting portals, for I dread lest that fierce warrior rush into our streets."

He spoke: they drew the bolts and opened wide the gates. The warriors came, all faint with burning thirst and grimed with dust. Achilles pressed eagerly on their track, his heart full of rage and his spirit on fire with desire for glory. None dared wait to know who had escaped with life and who were slain in battle. Hector alone was kept by fate without the walls of Troy.

When the aged Priam saw his brave son he groaned and smote his head and called aloud, "Oh, wait not, Hector, lest thou meet thy death at the hands of Achilles. Come within the walls, my son, that thou mayest still be the defense of the sons and daughters of Troy."

So the old monarch spoke and tore his gray hair with his hands. But Hector was not moved. He waited for Achilles with a resolute heart and spoke thus with himself, "Ah me, if I should pass within the walls, my enemies in Troy would reproach me for this day's ruin on the battlefield. Better were it for me to return after slaying Achilles or gloriously to perish for my country in combat with him."

Such were his thoughts as Achilles drew near. From the burnished mail of the Greek there streamed a light as of a blazing fire, or of the rising sun.

When Hector saw, he trembled and fled in fear. Achilles pursued him, trusting to his rapid feet. Away they ran along the public road which surrounds the city wall. One fled and one pursued, a brave man fled, a braver followed close, and both ran swiftly. They ran not for a common prize; the race was for the knightly Hector's life. So these flew thrice around the city of Priam.

When the twain had come for the fourth time to the

Scae'an gates, a fatal courage came to Hector and he turned and advanced toward his enemy. "I avoid thee no longer," he cried, "thrice I have fled around the walls of Priam's mighty city, but now my heart bids me encounter thee; my time is come to slay or to be slain."

The swift Achilles made answer, "One of us must fall and yield his life to the god of battles. Summon all thy valor now. Thou shalt pay to me the evil thou hast done my countrymen whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage."

He spake and, brandishing his mighty spear, he hurled it at Hector. The Trojan stooped and the brazen weapon passed over him and plunged to earth. Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas Athene plucked it from the ground and brought it to the hands of Achilles. Hector then spake to his illustrious foe, "Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark, and thou hast not learned my doom from Jupiter, as thou dost pretend. Thou art glib of tongue, and thou speakest to make me forget my might and valor. Now in turn avoid my brazen weapon. Would that it might pass through thee all its length, thou pest and deadly foe of all our race!"

He hurled his massive spear, nor missed, but smote the shield of Achilles in the center. The weapon bounded from the brass and Hector was vexed to see that the javelin had flown from his hand in vain. "Ah me," he said within himself, "the gods have summoned me to die. Yet I shall not die without glory, but will do some valiant deed of which mankind shall hear in aftertime."

He thereupon drew the keen-edged sword that hung

at his side. As an eagle darts downward to the plain to clutch some tender lamb, so Hector sprang forward, while Achilles leaped towards him, all on fire with savage hate and holding his shield before him. The keen blade of the spear shone brightly as Achilles ran his quick eye over the form of the noble Hector, exploring where to plant the surest wound. The glittering brass guarded well each part, save where the collar-bones divide the shoulder from the neck. Here appeared the throat, the spot where life is most in peril. Through that opening Achilles drove his spear and the Trojan fell to the dust.

Thereat Achilles spoke in boastful tones, "Hector, when thou didst strip my armor from the slain Patroclus, little didst thou think of danger, for I was not near thee to avenge his death. Foul dogs and birds shall tear thy flesh while the Greeks shall honor Patroclus with funeral rites."

The crested Hector said in dying words, "Thou hast a heart of iron. Yet the anger of the gods will fall on thee, when Apollo and my brother Paris strike thee down before these Scaean gates."

Thus Hector spoke, and straightway death closed over him. Then said Achilles, "Die thou, and I will meet my fate whenever it shall please Jove and the other gods."

He spake and laid aside his brazen lance and stripped the mail from the body. When this work was finished, he stood forth and said, "Leaders and princes of the Achaean host, move on and chant a song of victory while we bring great glory with us to the fleet. We have slain

the noble Hector whom the Trojans ever worshiped like a god."

He spake and placed the body of Hector in his car but left the head to drag in the dust, that head so noble in men's eyes. Thus Jove himself on that day suffered the foes of Hector to insult his body in his own land.

When the Greeks reached the fleet, each sought his own ship, and after thirst and hunger were allayed all went to their tents and to rest.

The Games in Honor of Patroclus

But when sweet slumber enfolded Achilles, the spirit of his poor friend Patroclus came, like him in all things, stature, eyes, and voice, and the garments which he wore in life. The vision spoke, "Achilles, dost thou sleep and forget me? Oh, bury me quickly and give me entrance through the gates of Hades, for the souls who live no more repulse me and will not suffer me to join their company. Give me thy hand, I pray, for never more shall I return to earth after the fire has consumed my body. This only I ask; keep my bones in the golden vase given by thy gracious mother."

The swift Achilles answered, "O, most loved and honored, I shall fulfill thy wish; yet let us give a brief embrace and so indulge our grief."

He spake and stretched his long arms to clasp the shade. In vain; it disappeared like mist into the air. Achilles sprang from his sleep astonished and said, "All

night the spirit of my friend Patroclus stood near me and asked many duties at my hands."

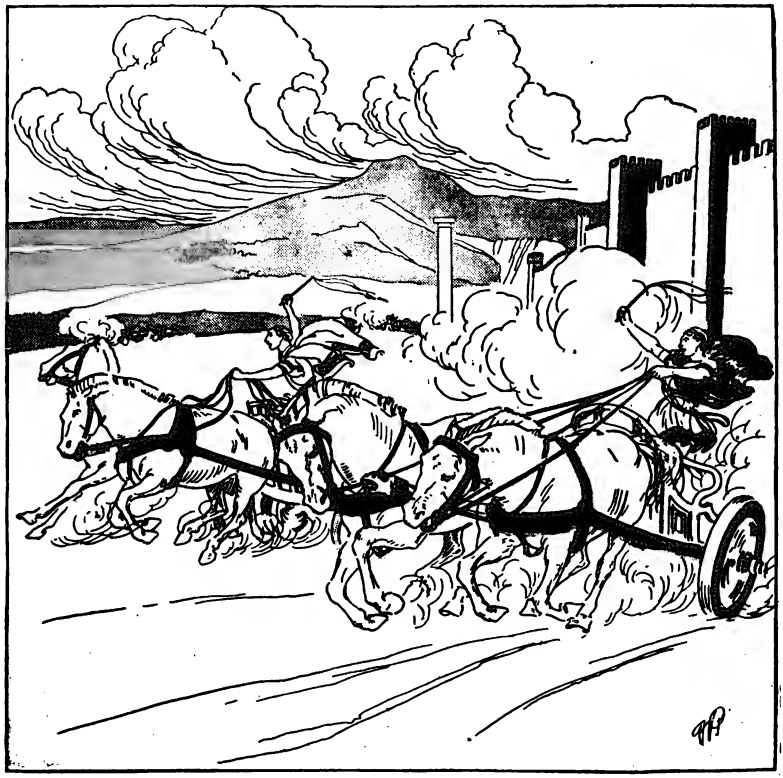
This moved the hearts of all to grief and lamentation. Morning dawned on them as they stood and wept around the hapless body. Then Agamemnon sent all the mules and men to gather wood for the funeral pyre of Patroclus.

When this was done and the body of the brave Patroclus had been turned to ashes in the fire, the chiefs gathered the white bones of their gentle friend and laid them in the golden vase of Achilles.

Achilles now made all the Achaean host sit down to see the funeral games. For each game he announced the prizes and called upon the charioteers to yoke their fleet steeds to their cars. Lots were cast and the lot of An-til'o-chus leaped forth. Next came the lot of Eu-me'-lus; Menelaus had the third lot; Me-ri'o-nes was next, and the last lot fell to Di'o-me'de, the bravest warrior of them all. They stood in order while Achilles showed the turning point far off upon the level plain. The course was to begin and end where they stood.

All raised at once the lash above their steeds, and smote them with the reins and cheered them on with eager cries. They swept across the plain, far from the fleet; beneath them rose the dust, a cloud, a tempest, and the tossing manes were lifted by the wind. Now the cars touched the earth, and now were flung into the air. The drivers stood erect with beating hearts, eager for victory.

When they reached the post and turned back to the starting place, they put their horses to the utmost speed.



Then the quick-footed steeds of Eumelus bore him on beyond the rest. Diomede came next, so near it seemed his coursers would mount the car of Eumelus. Their steaming breath smote the wide shoulders of Eumelus and their heads leaned over him as they ran.

Soon the horses of Diomede would have passed Eumelus, had not Apollo struck the whip from Diomede's hand. The scourge fell, and angry tears came to Diomede's eyes, for he saw the others gaining on him, while the

speed of his own steeds was slackened. But Pallas Athene saw Apollo's trick and she overtook Diomede and restored the scourge he had dropped and put new spirit into his steeds. In her anger, the goddess approached Eumelus, snapped his yoke, and caused his horses to dash off from the track. The pole of the chariot struck the ground and the chief was flung from the seat beside the wheel, his mouth, elbows and nostrils torn, and his forehead bruised. Grief filled his eyes with tears and choked his voice, while Diomede drove by, his firm-paced steeds outstripping all the rest; for Athene nerved their limbs with vigor and gave great glory to him.

Menelaus came after Diomede, while Antilochus cheered on his steeds, crying, "On, on! press onward with your utmost speed! I do not bid you strive against the steeds of warlike Diomede, for Athene gives them swiftness, but let us overtake the horses of Menelaus where the way is narrow, then we shall win."

Antilochus saw ahead the narrow pass where two chariots could not drive abreast. Both drivers dashed toward the same spot. Menelaus saw with fear and shouted aloud to Antilochus, "Thou drivest rashly, Antilochus; rein in your horses. The way is narrow here, but will broaden soon and then thou canst pass me. Beware lest thou dash against my chariot-wheels and harm befall us both."

He spake, but Antilochus urged on his coursers as if he had not heard. The rivals ran abreast for a space, then Menelaus slacked the reins and his steeds fell behind,

for he feared the horses would dash against each other and overturn the cars and fling the drivers upon the dusty track.

Thereupon the fair-haired Menelaus rebuked his rival with these angry words, "Antilochus, no man is so prone to mischief as thou, and we Greeks greatly err who call thee wise. Drive on ahead, but I will expose thy trick."

Again Menelaus urged on his steeds, "Do not check your speed, my beauties, nor stand in sorrow. Their knees and feet will fail before your own, for they are no longer young." At these words the coursers ran with fresh speed and were soon near to those of Antilochus.

Meantime the assembled Greeks sat looking where the horses scoured the plain and filled the air with dust. I-dom'e-ne'us saw the coursers first, for he sat on a height above the crowd. He heard Diomede encouraging his steeds and knew him and his horses. Then he stood upright and spoke to all the Greeks, "O, friends, am I the sole one that sees the steeds, or do ye also? The horses of Eumelus may have somewhere come to harm. I saw them turn the post first, but I can see them no more, though my sight sweeps the whole Trojan plain from side to side. He must have met with disaster at the turn, his chariot broken and his horses darting madly from the way. But rise; look for yourselves. I cannot well see, but I think the one ahead is Diomede, the valiant tamer of wild steeds."

Ajax answered with bitter words, "Idomeneus, why do you always keep on prating? The horses of Eumelus

are far ahead, and thy eyes are not sharper than those of the rest of the Greeks. Still thou must chatter on. It ill becomes a man like you to be so free of tongue among thy betters. The horses of Eumelus still lead them all."

Idomeneus answered angrily, "Ajax, thou railer, thou art always first in brawls, a man of brutal mind and below the other Achaeans. Come, let us stake a wager and appoint Agamemnon as umpire to decide which horses are foremost in the race."

Ajax cast back an angry reproach and the quarrel would have been long and fierce had not Achilles arisen and said, "Let this strife go on no longer, Idomeneus and Ajax! Such words ill become you; ye would blame in other men what ye do now. Sit then among the rest and watch the race. Soon the charioteers will be here and each will see for himself whose steeds hold the second place, and whose the first."

Now Diomede drew rapidly near the goal, lashing the shoulders of his steeds. Swiftly they flew through the air and flung the dust back on the charioteer. The car rolled after them all bright with tin and gold. Its tires made but a slender trace in the light dust, so great was its speed. Soon he stopped within the circle, his steeds steeped in sweat, that fell in drops from neck and breast. He gladly received the first prize and bade his comrades take it to his tent.

Next came Antilochus with his coursers. By his trick at the narrow place in the road, he had distanced Mene-

laus, yet that chief had followed him closer than the length of a car. Had the race been longer, the fleet coursers of Menelaus would have passed those of Antilochus, for they were gaining rapidly. Last of all came Eumelus, driving his steeds before him and drawing his chariot after him. Great Achilles saw with pity and thus addressed him, "The ablest horseman brings his steeds the last; but let us in justice confer on him the second prize. Diomede takes the first."

He spake, and all approved his words; and now the second prize would have been given to Eumelus had not Antilochus risen to plead for justice, saying, "Achilles, wilt thou take away my prize because thou seest that this man's car has met injury? What if he is skillful? He should have prayed the good gods, then he would not have met defeat. If thou feel compassion for him, make him a worthy gift from the riches in thy tent. All the Greeks will applaud thee. But I yield not this prize; let the warrior who claims it first overcome my strength of arm."

He ceased speaking; noble Achilles smiled and spake these words to his beloved friend Antilochus, "Since thou wilt that I give Eumelus a reward, I give the brazen armor which I took from a great Trojan chief, a gift of no mean price."

He ceased and sent to the tent for the gift. Eumelus received it joyfully from Achilles.

Then Menelaus rose, angry with Antilochus. A herald hushed the crowd to silence, and the hero spake, "Antilo-

chus, thou wert wise till now, but thou hast disgraced my skill and wronged my steeds, for thy steeds are less fleet, and thou didst win by a trick. Now ye chiefs and leaders of the Greeks, judge between this man and me. Antilochus, step forth, stand before thy horses and thy car and touch thy steeds with the scourge, and swear by Neptune that thou didst not break the speed of my chariot by a trick."

The wise Antilochus replied, "Have patience with me; I am far younger than thou, King Menelaus. Thou art both my elder and my better. Bear with me, then. I cheerfully give the prize to thee, and I will give thee more from my treasures, O loved of Jove, rather than lose a place in thy good will, and sin against the gods."

At these words, a gladness came over the spirit of Menelaus. He thus spake, "Antilochus, my anger shall now cease, for thou hast never before shown thyself foolish, though the heat of youth just now hath led thee wrong. No other Greek would so easily have made his peace with me, but thou hast suffered much in this long war for my sake, and so has thy father, the aged Nestor, and thy brother. I therefore give to thee the prize that these around us may see that I can forgive an injury."

There yet remained one prize, and Achilles placed it in Nestor's hands and said, "Receive this, O aged man, to keep in memory of the funeral games of Patroclus. I give thee this prize since thou wilt wrestle no more, nor hurl the javelin at the mark, nor join in the foot race; age lies heavily on thy limbs."

He spake and gave the prize, which Nestor took well pleased and thus replied, "Son, thou hast spoken rightly, for these limbs are no longer strong; neither feet nor hands move with vigor as they used to do. I rejoice that thou dost think of one who loves thee, and that thou payest the honor due me among the Achaeans. The gods will give thee thy reward."

Achilles then brought forth the prizes for the wrestling match, and said, "Arise, ye who would try your fortune in this friendly strife."

Ajax rose and after him the wise Odysseus. They came forth and clasped each other with vigorous arms. Their backs creaked beneath the powerful strain of their strong hands; the sweat ran down their limbs; large welts rose upon their sides and shoulders. Odysseus strove in vain to throw his foe to the ground, and Ajax did equally strive in vain, for Odysseus foiled his efforts.

At length the mighty Ajax said, "Odysseus, nobly born and trained to wise plans, lift me up, or I will lift thee; and leave the rest to Jove."

He spake and raised Odysseus from the ground. Thereupon Odysseus dealt a blow upon the ham of Ajax and the limb gave way. The hero fell upon his back with Odysseus on his breast, while the host stood amazed.

Odysseus strove in turn to lift his rival from the ground, but he was so mighty that Odysseus could scarcely stir him from his place. He caught the knee of Ajax in his own and both came to the ground together, soiled with dust. They rose to wrestle again but Achilles

forbade them thus, "Contend no longer; there is victory for both and equal prizes. Now leave the field of contest to the other Achaeans."

They listened and obeyed, wiped the dust away and put on their garments.

Achilles next brought out the prizes for the foot race and said, "Let those rise up who would contend in the swift race."

Ajax rose first, and next Odysseus; lastly Antilochus stood up, known as the swiftest of the youths. They stood in line, and Achilles showed the goal. All sprang forward at once. Ajax soon gained on the rest, but the great Odysseus ran so close behind him that he stepped in his rival's foot-prints ere the dust fell back upon them. As he ran, his breath smote on the head of Ajax. All the Achaeans shouted for him to win; but when they neared the goal, Odysseus prayed silently to Pallas Athene, "Goddess, hear my prayer and help these feet to win."

The goddess heard, and lightened all his limbs, his feet, his hands; and just as the runners reached the goal, Ajax slipped and fell—the work of Pallas. Odysseus came first and received his prize, and as Ajax received his, he said to those around, "It is plain the goddess caused my feet to slide; she aids Odysseus like a mother."

So he said, and the Greeks laughed. When Antilochus received the third prize, he said, with a smile, "The gods ever honor the aged. Ajax stands a little above me in years, but this chief who has won the first prize is of a former age of men. He is called old, but it were hard

for any Greek to excel him in swiftness, save Achilles here."

To this praise Achilles answered, "Antilochus, thy good word shall not be spoken in vain. I will add half a talent in gold to thy prize." Antilochus received the gift, well pleased.

This brought the funeral games to an end, and the assembly was dissolved. The people dispersed to their swift galleys and prepared to refresh their wearied frames with food and gentle slumber.

The Ransom and Burial of Hector

While the Achaeans were wrapped in sleep, Iris, with feet like the wind, came to Priam's palace and addressed him thus, "Be comforted and have no fear, for I am sent to thee by Jove to bid thee ransom thy slain son from Achilles. Thou shouldst go to him with only a herald to guide the mules and a strong-wheeled chariot to bring back the dead. When once thou art within the warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise his hand to slay, for he is not prone to crime and he will spare thee."

Thus the swift-footed Iris spake, and departed. Priam bade his sons prepare the strong-wheeled chariot drawn by mules and bind a coffer on it to carry presents to Achilles. The mules went first, driven by the herald, I-dæ'us, and after them came the horses of Priam.

When they reached the plain, the all-seeing Jove turned to his son and said, "Mercury, hasten and guide

King Priam to the Achaean fleet, so that none may see him till he stand before Achilles."

Thus he spake, and Mercury bound the golden sandals on his feet to bear him over the ocean like the wind. He also took his magic staff wherewith he seals the eyes of men in sleep.

The god seemed like some royal youth, when he met with the two Trojans. As Mercury approached and took the old man's hand, he asked, "O father, whither dost thou guide thy mules and steeds in the dim night? Dost thou fear nothing from the warlike Greeks, who hate thee and are near at hand? Fear nought, I will save thee from all harm, since thou art so like my own father."

The godlike Priam answered thus, "Dear son, some god holds his kind hand over me, who sends a guide like thee to join me here, thou art so noble in form and thy thoughts so gracious. Be thou my guide until I reach Achilles in his tent."

The god made answer, "I go willingly with thee, and none will dare to harm thee."

So Mercury spake, and leaped into the car and breathed fresh vigor into the horses and the mules. On they went until they reached the lofty tent of Achilles. Here Mercury left the car, and, stepping to the ground, he said, "O aged monarch, I am Mercury, an ever-living god. My father, Jove, bade me attend thy journey. I shall now return to Olympus, nor must Achilles look on me. Enter, approach him, clasp his knees; entreat him by his father and his mother; so he shall be moved."

Thus Mercury spake, and took his way back to Olympus. Priam then sprang from the chariot and hastened to the tent, where he found the chief.

The royal visitor entered unmarked, and, coming to Achilles, clasped his knees and kissed those fearful hands by which his son had died.

When godlike Priam was first seen, Achilles was amazed, and his comrades looked upon each other, wondering at the sight. Thus King Priam spake, "Godlike Achilles, think of thy father, an old man like me! He stands at the close of his life, and has none to shield his age from war. Yet his heart rejoices when he hears thou yet dost live, and every day he hopes that his dear son will come again from Troy. My lot is hard, for thou didst lately slay Hector, whom I cherished most, whose arm defended both our city and ourselves. I come for his sake and bring uncounted ransom to redeem his body. Oh, revere the gods, Achilles, and be merciful, calling thy father to mind!"

Achilles thought of his own father. Both were weeping for those they loved. The old king mourned his gallant son with many tears, and Achilles wept for his father's sake, and then bewailed Patroclus. At last Achilles sprang from his seat and left the tent, and his comrades followed. They unyoked the mules and horses and led the aged herald in and bade him sit. Then they took the costly ransom from the car, save two cloaks which they left to shroud the body. Then they placed the body on a bier and raised it to the polished car.

When all was done, Achilles withdrew into his tent and took the seat opposite Priam, to whom he spoke, "Behold thy son is ransomed, aged man, and lies upon his bier. Thou shalt remove him with the early dawn."

Achilles bade his comrades roast a white sheep. When this was done, the bread was passed round the table. While Achilles carved the flesh all put forth their hands and shared the feast. When their thirst and hunger were satisfied, Priam fixed a wondering look on Achilles,

who was like the gods in nobleness of form. Achilles fixed a look of equal wonder on his guest, for he much admired his gracious manner and his pleasant speech. At length Priam spoke, "Nursling of Jove, dismiss me speedily to rest, that we may be refreshed with gentle slumbers. These eyes have never closed beneath their lids since my Hector lost his life by thy hand, but I have taken food at last, untasted until this hour."

Achilles bade his servants place couches on the porch and said to Priam, "Sleep outside the tent, excellent man, lest some of our warriors arrive and see thee and tell Agamemnon, and thus hinder the ransom of thy son. But tell me truly how many days thou needest to pay the funeral rites to noble Hector, so that I may rest and restrain the troops from war."

Then answered godlike Priam, "I thank thee, noble Achilles, that thou art willing that we pay the rites of burial to my valiant son. We would wish to mourn the dead for nine days, and would bury him on the tenth, and make a solemn feast. The next day we would rear his monument, and on the twelfth day we would fight again, if needful."

Achilles answered, "O Priam, for the space of twelve days will I delay the war." As a promise he grasped the right wrist of the aged king. Then King Priam and the herald went to sleep within the porch.

All the other gods and heroes gave themselves to slumber save Mercury, who came and stood at Priam's head and said, "O aged king, thou givest little heed to

danger, sleeping thus amid thy foes. Arise and depart, lest Agamemnon learn that thou art here."

The aged king awoke the herald. Mercury yoked the steeds and mules and drove them quickly through the camp. Their departure was unseen, for the god with his magic staff set a heavy sleep on all the watchers.

When they reached the ford of the stream near the walls of Troy, the god departed to Olympus, and Morn overspread the earth with light. They urged their steeds toward the town, and as they approached they sorrowed and wailed.

At length they reached the royal halls, laid the body on a fair couch, placed singers beside it who sang a sorrowful strain, and the women answered with sobs.

Andromache took the head of Hector in both her hands and began the lamentation over it, "Thou hast died young, my husband, leaving me a widow in thy home and thy son an infant yet. He never will bloom into youth, I fear, for Troy will be overthrown, since thou art dead, my Hector."

So spake the weeping wife, and Hecuba next took up the lamentation, "O Hector, thou wert most fondly loved of all my sons! While thou wert alive, thou wert dear to the gods, who even now bestow much care upon thee."

Helen last of all took up the lamentation and began, "O Hector, who wert dearest to my heart of the brothers of Paris, I have never heard from thee a word of anger or reproach in all the twenty years since I first came a stranger from my native land. When all the rest taunted

me grievously, thou didst take my part with kindly words. Therefore my heart is grieved and I bewail thee and myself, unhappy me! for now I have no friend in all wide Troy, none to be kind to me: they all hate me."

Weeping she spoke; the mighty throng answered with wailing. Priam then addressed the people, "Now bring wood into the city, ye men of Troy. Let there be no fear of ambush from the Greeks, for Achilles gave promise not to molest the men of Troy till the twelfth morn shall arise."

They speedily yoked the oxen and came in throngs before the city walls. For nine days they toiled to bring the trunks of trees, and when the tenth day came they brought the body of valiant Hector and flung the fire to light the pile.

When the early morning dawned, the people gathered round the funeral pyre of glorious Hector. First they quenched the fires with dark red wine, and then his brothers and comrades searched for the white bones. They gathered them in sorrow and in tears, and placed them in a golden urn. Over this they drew a covering of soft purple robes and laid it in a hollow grave. Above they reared a tomb of huge fragments of rocks, while sentries were set on every side, lest the Greeks should come too soon to renew the war. When now the tomb was built, the multitude returned and were feasted in the halls of Priam. Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

—*Adapted from Pope's and Bryant's Translations.*

Horatius at the Bridge

The Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Ho-ra'tius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spu'ri-us Lar'tius,
A Ram'ni-an proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Her-min'i-us,
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.
The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.
Soon all E-tru'ri-a's noblest,
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,

And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cries the fathers all.
"Back, Lar'tius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right across the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Por-sen'a,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Pal'a-ti'nus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town."
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;

For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

* * * * * *

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the good-man mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good-wife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

Arnold Winkelried

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
"Make way for liberty," and died.
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!—
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear.
So dense, so still the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the sun.

Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke,
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:

Marshaled, once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,—
When he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!

Such virtues had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath:
The fire of conflict burned within,—
The battle trembled to begin.

Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
The line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;—
How could they rest within their graves
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be:—this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power.
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly,—she cannot yield,—
She must not fall: her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;

Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus DEATH made way for LIBERTY!

—*James Montgomery.*

The Story of Joseph

Jacob with his twelve sons dwelt in the fertile valley of Hebron in the land of Canaan. Joseph, the son of Jacob and Rachel, fed the flock with his brethren and he often carried evil reports of his brothers to his father.

Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his other children because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than the rest; and they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren, and they hated him yet the more. He said unto them, "Hear, I pray you this dream which I have dreamed. Behold we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright, and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

His brethren said unto him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? Or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" And they hated him the more for his dream and for his words.

And Joseph dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, saying, "Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream, and behold, the sun, the moon, and eleven stars made obeisance to me."

He told it to his father also, who rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is the dream thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy eleven brethren indeed come to bow ourselves to the earth to thee?" And his father kept the saying in mind, but his brothers envied him.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in She'chem. And Jacob said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them."

Joseph said, "Here am I, father." And Jacob said, "Go now and see whether it be well with thy brethren and well with the flock; and bring word again."

So he sent Joseph out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem.

A certain man found Joseph wandering in a field, and he asked him saying, "What seekest thou?"

And Joseph said, "I seek my brethren; tell me I pray you, where they are feeding the flock."

And the man said, "They are departed hence, for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Do'than.'"

And Joseph went after his brethren and found them in Dothan. They saw him afar off, and before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. They said one to the other, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits and we will say, 'An evil beast hath devoured him,' and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

And Reuben, the eldest brother, heard it and delivered Joseph out of their hands, and said, "Let us not take his life. Shed no blood. Cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness but lay no hands upon him." And Reuben intended to deliver Joseph again to his father.

And it came to pass when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript him of his coat of many colors that was on him, and cast him into the pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

Then the brethren sat down to eat bread, and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a traveling company of Ish'ma-el-ites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spices and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "Come let us sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hands be upon him, for he is our brother, our flesh." And the brethren hearkened unto Judah. They drew Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the merchantmen for twenty pieces of silver.

The Ishmaelites brought Joseph into Egypt. Reuben returned to the pit, and behold Joseph was not in the pit, and he rent his clothes. And he returned to his brethren and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?"

Then the brethren took Joseph's coat, and killed the kid of a goat, and dipped the coat in the blood. They took the coat of many colors to their father and said, "This have we found, know now whether it be thy son's coat or not."

And Jacob knew it and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt torn to pieces."

And Jacob rent his garments and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. All his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted; and he said, "I will go down to my grave, mourning for my son."

And the merchantmen sold Joseph in Egypt unto Pot'i-phar, an officer of Pharaoh, and captain of the guard.

Chief in Pharaoh's House

And the Lord was with Joseph and he was a prosperous man in the house of his master the Egyptian; for Potiphar made Joseph overseer of his house and over all that he had. He left all in Joseph's hands; and he knew not what he had, save the bread which he did eat.

It came to pass after these things that Potiphar's wife falsely complained unto her husband, saying, "The Hebrew servant, whom thou has brought unto us, came to me to mock me." And Potiphar hearkened unto her and put Joseph into prison. But he soon found favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison, and the keeper gave Joseph charge of all the prisoners. And it was well with Joseph even in prison.

After a time the butler and baker of the king of Egypt

offended their lord the king, and he cast them into prison. One night each dreamed a dream; and when Joseph came in unto them the next morning, he found them both sad. And Joseph said, "Wherefore look ye so sad to-day?" Then each man told of his dream, and Joseph interpreted the dreams, and he said to the chief butler, "Within three days you shall be restored to the favor of the king. But have me in thy remembrance when it shall be well with thee and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh and bring me out of this house; for indeed I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews, and here have I done nothing whereby I should be cast into prison."

And Joseph said to the baker, "Pharaoh will not save thee, thou shalt be hanged." And within three days all happened as Joseph had said. Yet did not the butler remember Joseph but forgot him.

And it came to pass at the end of two full years that Pharaoh dreamed, and behold, he stood by a river. And behold there came up out of the river seven kine, well-favored and fat-fleshed; and they fed on reed grass. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favored and lean-fleshed; and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favored and fat-fleshed kine. So Pharaoh awoke. And he slept and dreamed a second time. And, behold, seven ears of corn came upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven ears, thin and blasted with the east wind, sprang up after

them. And the thin ears swallowed up the seven full ears. And Pharaoh awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And Pharaoh was troubled, for no man of all the wise men of Egypt could interpret his dream. Then spoke the chief butler unto Pharaoh saying, "I do remember my faults this day; Pharaoh was wroth with his servants and put them in prison, me and the chief baker, and we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. And there was a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard, and we told him and he interpreted to us our dreams; and it came to pass as he said; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged."

Then Pharaoh sent for Joseph and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon. He shaved himself and changed his raiment and came in unto Pharaoh. When Joseph heard the dream, he said, "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. The seven kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years; the dream is one. The seven lean and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years, and also the seven empty ears blasted by the east wind; they shall be seven years of famine. What God is about to do, he hath shewed unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt, and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land. Now therefore let Pharaoh seek out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt, to gather food in the seven plen-

teous years, for the seven years of famine; that the land perish not through the famine."

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and he said, "Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou. Thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou."

Pharaoh took off his signet ring and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and he set him over all the land of Egypt.

Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, King of Egypt. He went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. In the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And Joseph gathered the food of the seven years and stored it in the cities. He laid up corn as the sand of the sea, until he could no longer number it; for it was without number.

The seven years of plenty came to an end.

The Famine

The seven years of famine had come as Joseph had said. There was famine in all lands, but in Egypt there was bread. When the Egyptians cried out to Pharaoh for bread, he said, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do."

Joseph opened the storehouses and sold unto the Egyptians; and all countries came to Egypt to buy corn; for the famine was in all the earth.

Now Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, and said to his sons, "Get ye to Egypt to buy corn, that we may live and not die."

And Joseph's ten brothers went down to buy corn from Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's youngest brother, went not, for Jacob said, "Some mischief might befall him."

Now when the ten brothers came before Joseph, the governor of Egypt, they bowed down before him, with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren and knew them, but he made himself strange unto them and spoke roughly unto them and said, "Whence come ye?"

And they said, "We come from the land of Canaan to buy food," and they knew not Joseph their brother.

And Joseph remembered the dream which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, "Ye are spies; to seek out the nakedness of the land ye are come."

And they said, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan. The youngest is with our father and one is not."

Then Joseph said, "I say ye are spies. Prove yourselves. Ye shall not go hence except your youngest brother come hither." And he cast them into prison for three days. On the third day Joseph said to them, "If ye are true men, let one of your brethren be bound in

prison, but go ye, carry corn for the famine in your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me, so shall your words be verified and ye shall not die."

Then said one to the other, "We were guilty concerning our brother; when he besought us we would not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us."

And Reuben answered them saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child;' and ye would not hear? therefore behold his blood is required of us." They knew not that Joseph understood them; for there was an interpreter between them.

Joseph turned from them and wept, and he returned to them and spake to them, and bound Simeon before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded their sacks to be filled with corn, and to restore every man's money unto his sack, and to give them provisions for the way; thus was it done unto them. And they loaded their asses with corn, and departed. As one of them opened his sack for provender he espied his money. So with all of them and they were sore afraid.

When they reached Canaan, they told their father all and he was filled with grief, saying, "Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all things are against me."

And Reuben said, "Slay my two sons if I bring Benjamin not back to thee!"

And Jacob said, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother Joseph is dead and he only is left; if mis-

chief befall him on the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down by gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And the famine was sore in the land. When they had eaten all the corn, their father said, "Go again, buy us a little food."

And the brethren answered, "If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food; but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down, for the man said unto us, 'Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you.'"

And Jacob said, "Take of the choice fruits of the land in your vessels and carry the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. Take double money in your hand; and the money that was returned in your sacks, carry again in your hands; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also thy brother and arise and go again unto the man. May he release your other brother and Benjamin.

The Reunion

The men did as Jacob said, and rose up, and went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph. When Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the steward of his house, "Bring in the men; they shall dine with me at noon." And the steward did as Joseph bade. And the men feared greatly, for they thought they were brought into the house because of the money returned in their sacks. They told the steward of the money saying, "We have

brought the money back in our hand, and we have other money in our hand to buy food. We know not who put our money in our sacks."

The steward said, "Peace be to you, fear not, God hath given you the treasure in your sacks. I had your money." And he brought Simeon out unto them. He gave them water and they washed their feet.

When Joseph came home, they brought him the present and bowed down themselves before him to the earth. He asked them of their welfare and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom you spake? Is he yet alive?"

And they said, "Thy servant our father is well, he is yet alive." And they bowed the head, and made obeisance. And Joseph lifted up his eyes and saw Benjamin his brother, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your youngest brother, of whom you spake unto me? God be gracious unto thee, my son."

And Joseph made haste and sought his chamber and wept there. He washed his face and came out, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on bread for him by himself, and for them by themselves. Joseph sent messes unto them from before him. But Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs. And they ate and were merry with him.

Then Joseph commanded the steward of his house saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. Put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack of the youngest,

and his corn money." And the steward did according to the word Joseph had spoken.

As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away. When they were gone out of the city and were not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men. When thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Have ye not taken the cup from which my Lord drinketh?'" And he overtook them and spake unto them these words.

The brethren said unto him, "God forbid that thy servants should do such a thing. Behold the money which we found in our sacks we brought again unto thee; how then should we steal silver or gold out of my Lord's house? With whomsoever it be found let him die, and we also will be thy bondsmen."

The steward answered, "Let it be so. He with whom it shall be found shall be my bondman and ye shall be blameless."

Then they hasted and took every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched and began at the eldest and left at the youngest, and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes and reloaded every man his sack, and returned to the city.

And Judah, who had pledged the safe return of Benjamin to his father, went straightway to Joseph with his brethren. He drew near to him and said, "We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth

him. Now therefore if I return to my father without the lad he will die, for I became security for the lad. Therefore let thy servant, I pray thee, abide here instead of the lad a bondman to my lord, and let the lad go with his brethren."

Then Joseph could refrain himself no longer. He cried out, "Cause every man to go from me save these men." Then he made himself known unto his brethren. He wept aloud, and said, "I am Joseph your brother whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, for God sent me hither to preserve life in this famine. Haste ye therefore to my father and bid him come down into the land of Egypt with all his flocks and herds and abide here. Tell him of all my glory in Egypt, and of all ye have seen." Then Joseph fell on Benjamin's neck and wept. And Benjamin wept on his neck. Then he kissed all his brethren and they talked together.

The fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, and it pleased Pharaoh, and his servants and all Egypt, for Joseph was well-loved; and Pharaoh bade Joseph offer the good of all Egypt to his father and to haste his coming.

So Joseph gave them all rich gifts of money and changes of raiment and provisions for the journey, and his brethren departed for the land of Canaan.

When they came unto Jacob they told him all saying, "Joseph is still alive, and is ruler over all the land of Egypt." Jacob believed them not. But when he saw the wagons Joseph had sent to carry him, Jacob said, "It is

enough; Joseph my son is alive; I will go and see him before I die."

And Jacob took the journey with all that he had, all his sons and daughters and their children, and entered into the land of Egypt.

And Judah went before to tell Joseph, and Joseph came riding in his chariot to meet his father and he came unto him and fell on his neck and wept.

Jacob said, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face that thou art still alive."

Then they went forward and Joseph went in and told Pharaoh saying, "My father and my brethren and their flocks and their herds and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan, into the land of Goshen." And he presented five of his brethren unto Pharaoh, and Pharaoh welcomed them. And Joseph led in Jacob his father, and Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went from the presence of Pharaoh.

And Joseph placed his father and his brethren in possession of the best land of Egypt as Pharaoh had commanded, and Joseph nourished them all with bread.

Jacob lived in the land of Egypt seventeen years. And the time drew near when he must die, and he called Joseph to him and bade him bury him among his fathers in the land of Canaan. And Jacob blessed Joseph's two sons that were with him. All his twelve sons were gathered about him when he died, and great was their mourning and their lamentation. Joseph told Pharaoh his father's

wish; and Pharaoh said, "Go up and bury thy father according as he made thee swear."

So after forty days, Joseph set out, and all the servants of Pharaoh, and the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph and his brethren, and his father's house. Only their little ones and their flocks and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen. And there went up with him chariots and horsemen, and it was a great company. Then they buried Jacob in the land of Canaan, and Joseph and all that went with him returned to Egypt.

The brethren feared now that their father was dead, Joseph might hate them for their evil deeds to him in his youth, and they sent a message unto him asking his forgiveness. And Joseph made answer, "Fear me not, I will nourish you and your little ones." And he comforted them and spoke kindly to them.

And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he and his father's house, and he saw his sons' children about him. So Joseph died being one hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was buried in Egypt.

—*The Bible.*

The Story of Moses

Childhood and Youth

And Joseph died and all his brethren, and all that generation. The children of Israel increased and waxed mighty; and the land was filled with them.

Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph; and he said unto his people, "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are mightier than we." Therefore the Egyptians did set over them taskmasters. They made their lives bitter with hard service, in mortar and in brick and in all manner of service in the field.

And Pharaoh charged his people saying, "Every son that is born unto the Hebrews ye shall cast into the river."

A son was born to a Hebrew mother. When she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. When she could no longer hide him, she made for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch. She put the child therein, and laid the ark in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister Miriam stood afar off to know what would be done to him.

The daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe in the river and her maidens walked along by the river side. She saw the ark among the flags and sent her handmaid to fetch it. And she opened it and saw the child; and behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him

and said, "This is a Hebrew child." Then said Miriam, who had drawn near, "Shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?"

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go." And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

And the woman took the child and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name "Moses," because she drew him out of the water.

And it came to pass in those days when Moses was grown up that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens. He saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren, and he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man nigh, he smote the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.

And Moses went out the second day, and, behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together. And he said to him that did the wrong, "Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?"

And the man said, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Thinkest thou to kill me, as thou didst the Egyptian?" And Moses feared and said, "Surely the thing is known."

The Burning Bush

Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh into the land of Midian, and he sat down by a well.

Now Reu'el of Midian had seven daughters and they came and drew water and filled the troughs to water their

father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away, but Moses stood up and helped them and watered their flock. When they came to Reuel their father, he said, "How is it that ye are come so soon to-day?"

And they said, "An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds and moreover he drew water for us and watered the flock."

And Reuel said, "Where is he? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him that he may eat bread." And Moses was content to dwell with the man; and he gave Moses Zip-po'rah his daughter to wed.

Now Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro of Midian, and he led the flock to Mount Horeb. An angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. And he looked and behold the bush burned with fire but was not consumed.

And God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, saying, "I have seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters for I know their sorrows; and I have come down to deliver them out of the land of the Egyptians, and bring them into a land flowing with milk and honey.

"Come, therefore and I will send thee unto Pharaoh to bring forth my people out of Egypt. Tell them that the God of their fathers hath sent you, and they will hearken to your word."

And Moses said, "I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue."

And God said, "Aaron thy brother shall be thy spokes-

man. Take in thy hand this rod also, wherewith thou shalt do the signs."

Pharaoh Oppresses Israel

And Moses took his sons and his wife and returned to the land of Egypt. And Moses took the rod of God in his hand.

And Aaron met Moses in the wilderness and kissed him. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh and said, "Thus saith the Lord, 'Let my people go.'"

Pharaoh said, "I will not let Israel go." And he hardened his heart.

And the same day Pharaoh commanded the taskmasters of the people and their officers saying, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore. Let them go and gather straw for themselves. And the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof, for they be idle; therefore they cry, 'Let us go and sacrifice to our God.'"

And the taskmasters went out and said to the people, "Thus saith Pharaoh, 'I will not give you straw. Go yourselves, get your straw where ye can find it; for naught of your work shall be diminished.'"

So the people were scattered abroad, throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble for straw. And the taskmasters were urgent saying, "Fulfill your works, your daily tasks, as when there was straw."

And the children of Israel were beaten for not making as many bricks as heretofore. And they complained to Moses and Aaron, and the Lord meted out punishment to Pharaoh for his wickedness. And he sent plagues over the land, plagues of flies, awful pestilence, swarms of locusts and blighting of the crops. After each plague Pharaoh's heart was still hardened, and he would not let the children of Israel go.

And it came to pass at midnight that all the first born in the land of Egypt were smitten, from the first born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first born of cattle. But the children of Israel were not so smitten.

And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and his servants and all the Egyptians, and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead. And Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron by night and said, "Rise up, get you forth from among my people, and go serve the Lord as ye have said! Take your flocks and your herds and be gone; and bless me also."

And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, to send them out of the land in haste; for they said, "We be all dead men."

And the people took their dough before it was leavened, and the children of Israel asked of the Egyptians jewels of silver and gold, and raiment; and they gave them. Then they journeyed forth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, besides children. A mixed multitude went also with them; and flocks and herds.

And they baked unleavened cakes of the dough which they brought forth out of Egypt, for it was not leavened because they were thrust out of Egypt and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victual. And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; that they might go by day and by night. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night departed not from before the people.

Crossing the Red Sea

And it was told the king of Egypt that the people had fled; and the heart of Pharaoh and his servants was changed toward the people, and they said, "Consider, what have we done that we have let Israel go from serving us?"

And he made ready his chariot and took his people with him, and six hundred chariots and the captains over all of them. And the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he pursued the children of Israel, and he overtook them encamping by the Red Sea. And the children of Israel cried out in great fear.

And the Lord said unto Moses, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak to the people of Israel that they go forward. Lift up thy rod and stretch out thy hand over the sea, and divide it. The children of Israel shall go in the midst of the sea on dry land."

The pillar of cloud which went before the camp of Israel, now stood behind them; and it came between the camp of Egypt and the camp of Israel.

And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all the night and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry land, and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.

The Egyptians pursued the Israelites, and went in after them in the midst of the sea, all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots and his horsemen.

And it came to pass in the morning watch that the Lord said unto Moses, "Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and upon their horsemen.

And Moses did so, and the sea returned to its strength. When the morning appeared the Egyptians fled and were overthrown in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen. There remained not so much as one of them. But the children of Israel walked upon the dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left. And Israel saw the great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared the Lord; and they believed in the Lord and in his servant Moses.

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto Jehovah, saying,

"I will sing unto Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
Jehovah is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation:
This is my God, and I will praise him;
My father's God, and I will exalt him."

And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them

"Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Life in the Wilderness

And Moses led Israel onward from the Red Sea and into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days into the wilderness and found no water. And when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah because they were bitter. And the people murmured against Moses, saying, "What shall we drink?" And he cried unto the Lord and the Lord showed him a tree, and he cast it into the waters, and the waters were made sweet.

And they came to Elim where were twelve springs of water and three score and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters. And they took their journey

from Elim, and all the congregation of Israel came into the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departure out of the land of Egypt. And the whole congregation murmured against Moses and against Aaron in the wilderness. And the children of Israel said unto them, "Would that we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us into the wilderness to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

Then said the Lord unto Moses, "Behold I will rain bread from heaven on you, and the people shall go out and gather a day's portion every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law or no. And it shall come to pass on the sixth day, that they shall prepare that which they bring in, and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily."

And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, "At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out of the land of Egypt, and in the morning then ye shall see the glory of the Lord. This shall be when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for the Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him."

And Moses said unto Aaron, "Say unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, 'Come near before the Lord, for he hath heard your murmurings.'"

And it came to pass as Aaron spoke unto the whole congregation of Israel, that they looked toward the wilder-

ness, and behold, the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud.

And it came to pass at even, that the quails came up and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the camp. And when the dew was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness a small round thing, small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it they said one to another, "What is it?" for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, "It is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."

And the children of Israel gathered it morning by morning. And it came to pass that on the sixth day they gathered twice as much. And Moses said to the children of Israel, "This is that which the Lord hath spoken. 'Tomorrow is a solemn rest, a holy Sabbath unto the Lord; bake that which ye will bake, and all that remaineth over, lay up until the morning. Six days ye shall gather it, but the seventh day is the Sabbath, in it there shall be none.'" So the people rested on the seventh day.

And the people of Israel called the name of the bread Manna, and it was white like coriander seed, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey. And the children of Israel did eat the Manna forty years, until they came to the borders of the land of Canaan.

And the whole congregation of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin and pitched in Reph'id-im; and there was no water for the people to drink. Wherefore the people strove with Moses and said, "Give us water that we

may drink." And the people thirsted there for water and murmured against Moses and said, "Wherefore hast thou brought us up out of Egypt to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst."

And Moses cried unto the Lord, "What shall I do unto this people? They be almost ready to stone me." And the Lord said unto Moses. "Pass on before the people and take with thee of the elders of Israel, and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thy hand and go. Behold, I will stand before thee on the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel. And Moses lifted up his hand and smote with the rod twice, and water came forth abundantly and the congregation drank, and their cattle drank also.

Moses Receives the Commandments

In the third month after the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai; and there Israel camped before the mount.

And Moses went up unto God and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain saying, "Go unto the people and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow, and let them wash their garments, and be ready against the third day, for the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai."

And Moses went down from the mount unto the people and sanctified the people and they washed their garments. And he said unto them, "Be ready against the third day."

And it came to pass on the third day when it was morning that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of a trumpet exceeding loud; and all the people that were in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet God and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet waxed louder and louder, Moses spake and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, and called Moses to the top of the mount and Moses went up. And the Lord delivered unto Moses many laws on Mount Sinai. And all the people saw the lightnings and heard the thunderings and the voice of the trumpet, and the people trembled and stood afar off.

And it came to pass when Moses came down from the mount, that Moses wist not that his face shone by reason of speaking with the Lord. And Moses called unto them, and Aaron and all the rulers of the congregation returned unto him, and Moses spake to them. And afterwards all the children of Israel came nigh. And Moses told the people all the words of the Lord and all the judgments; and the people answered with one voice and said, "All the words which the Lord hath spoken will we do."

Moses Views the Promised Land

And it came to pass in the fortieth year, in the eleventh month, on the first day of the month, that Moses spake unto the children of Israel. Beyond Jordan in the land of Moab began Moses to declare the law, saying:

"The Lord our God spake unto us in Horeb saying, 'Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain, turn you and take your journey, and go into the hill country, and in the lowland and in the south, and by the sea shore, and into the land of Canaan, as far as the great river Euphrates. Behold I have set the land before you; go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob to give unto them and to their seed after them.' I am a hundred and twenty years old to-day, I can no more go out and come in; and the Lord hath said unto me, 'Thou shalt not go over this Jordan.' The Lord, thy God will go over with thee; he will destroy these nations from before thee, and thou shalt possess them."

And Moses called unto Joshua, the son of Nun, and set him before the priest and before all the congregation, and he laid his hands upon him. And Moses called unto Joshua and said unto him in the sight of all Israel, "Be strong and of good courage; for thou shalt go with the people unto the land which the Lord has sworn unto their fathers to give them; and thou shalt cause them to inherit

it. And the Lord, he it is that dost go before thee, he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not."

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto Mount Nebo, to the top of Pisgah that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan; and all the land of Judah unto the hinder sea; and the south; and the plains of the valley of Jericho the city of palm trees. And the Lord said unto him, "This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, 'I will give it unto thy seed.' I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And the Lord buried him in the valley of the land of Moab; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.

And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days; so the days of weeping for Moses were ended.

And Joshua was full of the spirit of wisdom, for Moses had laid his hands upon him, and the children of Israel hearkened unto him and did as the Lord commanded Moses.

And there hath not arisen a prophet in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face.

—*The Bible.*

David

The Shepherd Boy

And the Lord repented that he had made Saul king over Israel and Samuel said unto Saul, "Because thou rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king." And Samuel mourned for Saul.

And the Lord said unto Samuel, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from being king over Israel? Fill thine horn with oil and go. I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons. Take an heifer with thee, and say, 'I came to sacrifice unto the Lord.' And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do."

And Jesse made seven of his sons pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, "The Lord hath not chosen these. Are here all thy children?"

And he said, "There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold, he keepeth the sheep."

And Samuel said unto Jesse, "Send and fetch him." And he sent and brought him in. Now he was ruddy and of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look upon.

And the Lord said, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he." Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in

the midst of his brethren. And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward.

Now the spirit of the Lord had departed from Saul. And Saul's servants said unto him, "Behold now, an evil spirit troubleth thee. Let our lord command the servants which are before thee to seek out a man who is a cunning player on the harp, and it shall come to pass when the evil spirit is upon thee, that he shall play with his hands and thou shalt be well."

And Saul said unto his servant, "Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me."

Then answered one of the young men and said, "Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse that is cunning in playing, and a mighty man of valor, and a man of war, prudent in speech, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him."

Saul, King of Israel, sent messengers unto Jesse and said, "Send me David thy son which is with the sheep." And Jesse took an ass, laden with bread and a bottle of wine and a kid, and sent them by David his son unto Saul. And David came to Saul and stood before him, and he loved him greatly. And David became his armor-bearer.

And Saul sent to Jesse, saying, "Let David, I pray thee, stand before me, for he hath found favor in my sight." And it came to pass, when the evil spirit was upon Saul, that David took the harp and played, so that Saul was refreshed and the evil spirit departed from him.

Now the Phi-lis'tines gathered together their armies for

battle. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together and pitched in the vale of Elah and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and the Israelites stood on the mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders. And the stock of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron. And his shield-bearer went with him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man and let him come down to me. And if he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants, but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." And the Philistine drew near morning and evening and presented himself forty days.

Now David went to and fro from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem. And the three eldest sons of Jesse had gone after Saul in battle. And Jesse said unto David his son, "Take now for thy brethren some

parched corn, and these ten loaves and carry them quickly to the camp to thy brethren, and look how thy brethren fare and take their pledge."

And David rose up early in the morning and left the sheep with the keeper and went as Jesse had commanded him. And he came to the place of the wagons. He left his baggage and came and saluted his brethren.

As he talked to them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the rank of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words, and David heard them.

And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and when there came a lion or a bear and took a lamb out of the flock I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth, and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him. Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear."

And David said, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go and the Lord shall be with thee."

And Saul clad David in his apparel, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head, and he clad him with a coat of mail. And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put

them in the shepherd's bag which he had, and his sling was in his hand, and he drew near to the Philistine.

And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with stones?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods, and he said, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field."

Then David said unto the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a javelin, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hands."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone and slang it and smote the Philistine in his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

Then David ran and stood over the Philistine and took his sword and drew it out of the sheath thereof and slew him and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And David took the head of the Philistine and brought it to Jerusalem, and he put the giant's armor in his tent.

And David came before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand, and Saul took him that day and let him go no more home to his father's house. And it

came to pass, that the soul of Jonathan the son of Saul was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. Then Jonathan made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his apparel, even to his sword and to his bow and to his girdle. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely.

David and Jonathan

And it came to pass, when David returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with timbrels, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women sang in their play and said,

"Saul hath slain his thousands
And David his ten thousands."

And Saul was very wroth, and this saying displeased him. And he said, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousand, and to me they have ascribed but thousands, and what can he have more but the kingdom?" And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that an evil spirit came mightily upon Saul, and Saul had his spear in his hand, and Saul cast the spear, for he said, "I will smite David even to the wall." And David fled out of his presence twice. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him and had departed from Saul.

And Michal, Saul's daughter, loved David. And they told Saul and the thing pleased him. And Saul said, "I will give him her, that she may be a snare to him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him."

Wherefore Saul said to David, "Thou shalt this day be my son-in-law."

And David said unto Saul, "Who am I, and what is my life, or my father's family in Israel, that I should be son-in-law to the king?"

And Saul said, "The king desireth not the dowry, but a hundred Philistines to be avenged of the king's enemy." Saul thought to make David fall by the hand of the Philistines.

It pleased David well to be the king's son-in-law, and David arose and went, he and his men, and slew the Philistines, two hundred men. And Saul gave him Michal his daughter to wife. And Saul knew that the Lord was with David. And Michal, Saul's daughter, loved him. And Saul was yet the more afraid of David, and was David's enemy continually.

And Saul spake to all his servants that they should slay David. And Saul sent messengers unto David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning. And Michal, David's wife, told him, saying, "If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain." So Michal let David down through the window, and he went and fled and escaped.

And David came and said before Jonathan, "What have I done, and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?"

Then said Jonathan unto David, "Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee."

And David said unto Jonathan, "Behold to-morrow is the new moon. Let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father miss me

at all, then say, 'David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem, for it is the yearly sacrifice there for all the family.' If he say thus, 'It is well,' thy servant shall have peace, but if he be wroth, then know that evil is determined by him." And Jonathan caused David to swear again, that he loved him as he loved his own soul.

Then Jonathan said, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, thou shalt go down quickly, and shall remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And behold I will send a lad saying, 'Go find out the arrows.' If I say unto the lad, 'Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them,' then come thou, for there is peace to thee and no hurt, as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus to the boy, 'Behold the arrows are beyond thee'; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away."

So David hid himself in the field, and it came to pass on the morrow, after the new moon, that Saul said unto Jonathan his son, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday nor to-day?"

And Jonathan answered Saul, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem, and he said, 'Let me go, I pray thee, for our family hath a sacrifice in the city.' Therefore he has not come unto the king's table."

Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, "Do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as

the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."

And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, "Wherefore shall he be slain? What hath he done?"

And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to put David to death. So Jonathan arose from the table and did eat no meat, for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David. And a little lad went with him. And he said unto his lad, "Run, find now the arrows which I shot." And the lad ran, and he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad and said, "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" And Jonathan cried after the lad to make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows and came to his master. And Jonathan said, "Go, carry them to the city."

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of the place and fell on his face to the ground and bowed himself three times. And they kissed one another and wept one with another. And Jonathan said unto David, "Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn, both of us, in the name of the Lord, saying, 'The Lord shall be

between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.'" And he arose and departed. And Jonathan went into the city.

And David abode in the wilderness, in the stronghold, and he remained in the hill country in the wilderness. And Saul sought him every day, but God delivered him not into his hand. And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose and went to David in the woods and strengthened his hand in God. And he said unto him, "Fear not, for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee, and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee, and that also my father knoweth." And they two made a covenant before the Lord, and David went up from thence, and dwelt in the stronghold of En-ge'di.

And it came to pass when Saul was returned from following the Philistines that it was told him, saying, "Behold, David is in the wilderness of En-gedi." Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of Israel and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats. And he came to the sheep cotes by the way, where was a cave. And Saul went in to cover his feet.

Now David and his men were abiding in the innermost part of the cave. And the men of David said unto him, "Behold, the day of which the Lord said unto thee, 'I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, and thou shalt do to him as it shall seem good unto thee.'" Then David arose and cut off the skirts of Saul's robe privately. And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt, and

he stayed his servants, and suffered them not to rise against Saul.

And Saul rose up out of the cave and went on his way. David also rose afterward and went out of the cave and cried after Saul, saying, "My lord the king." And when Saul looked behind him, David bowed with his face to the earth, and did obeisance. And David said to Saul, "Wherefore hearkenest thou to men's words, saying, 'Behold David seeketh thy hurt?' Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee into mine hand in the cave, and some bade me kill thee, but mine eyes failed me, and I said, 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord, for he is the Lord's anointed.'

"Moreover my father, see, yea, see, the skirt of thy robe in mine hand, for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in my hand, and I have not sinned against thee, though thou huntest after my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee, but my hands shall not be upon thee."

And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, "Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice and wept. And he said unto David, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil. And thou hast declared this day how that thou hast dealt well with me, forasmuch as when the Lord had delivered me up into

thy hand, thou killest me not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? Wherefore the Lord reward thee good for what thou hast done unto me this day."

Now the Philistines fought against Israel, and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons. And the Philistines slew Jonathan. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers overtook him, and he was greatly distressed. Then he said to his armor-bearer, "Draw thy sword and thrust me through therewith." But his armor-bearer would not, for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took his sword and fell upon it. So Saul died, and his son and all his men that same day together. And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley and they that were beyond Jordan saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities and fled, and the Philistines came and dwelt in them.

And it came to pass after the death of Saul, on the third day, that behold, a man came out of the camp of Saul with his clothes rent, and earth upon his head, and so it was, when he came to David, that he fell to the earth and did obeisance. And David said unto him, "From whence comest thou?" And he said unto him, "Out of the camp of Israel have I escaped."

And David said unto him, "How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me."

And he answered, "The people are fled from the battle, and many of the people also are fallen and dead, and Saul and Jonathan his son are dead also." Then David took hold on his clothes and rent them, and likewise all the men that were with him, and they mourned and wept and fasted until evening for Saul and for Jonathan his son and for the people of the Lord and for the house of Israel, because they had fallen by the sword.

And David lamented over Saul, and over Jonathan his son:

Thy glory, O Israel
Is slain upon thine high places.
How are the mighty fallen!

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you.
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives
And in their death they were not divided.
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

And it came to pass after this, that David inquired of the Lord, saying, "Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah?"

And the Lord said unto him, "Go up."

And David said, "Whither shall I go?"

And the Lord said, "Unto Hebron."

So David went up thither. And the men of Judah came and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah. And the time that David was king in Hebron over the house of Judah was seven years and six months.

And all Israel gathered themselves to David, unto Hebron, saying, "Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh. In times past, even when Saul was king, it was thou that leddest out and broughtest in Israel, and thou shalt be prince over Israel." So all the elders of Israel came to the king to Hebron. And David made a covenant with them in Hebron before the Lord, and they anointed David King over Israel.

And David said, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" And there was of the house of Saul a servant whose name was Ziba, and they called him unto David, and the king said unto him, "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul that I may show the kindness of God unto him?"

And Ziba said unto the king, "Jonathan has yet a son who is lame on his feet."

And the king said unto them, "Where is he?"

And Ziba said unto the king, "Behold, he is in the house of Machir."

And the king sent and fetched him out of the house of Machir. And Me-phib'o-sheth, the son of Jonathan, son of Saul, came unto David and fell on his face, and did obeisance, saying, "Behold thy servant."

And David said unto him, "Fear not, for I will surely show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and I will restore to thee all the land of Saul thy father, and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually."

Then the King called to Ziba and said unto him, "All that pertained unto Saul and to his house have I given unto thy master's son, and thou shalt till the land for him, thou and thy sons, and thy servants."

And when the Philistines heard that David was anointed king over Israel, they all went up to seek David. And David heard it and went out against them.

And it came to pass that David smote the Philistines and subdued them. And he smote Moab, and the Moabites became servants of David and brought presents. And David smote also the king of Zobah, as he went to recover his dominion at the River. And David took from him a thousand and seven hundred horsemen, and twenty thousand footmen. And when the Syrians of Damascus came to succor the king of Zobah, David put garrisons in Syria of Damascus, and the Syrians became servants to David and brought presents. And he put garrisons in Edom, and all the Edomites became servants to David. The Lord gave victory to David whithersoever he went.

And David consulted with the captains of thousands and of hundreds, even with every leader. And David said unto all the assembly of Israel, "If it seem good unto you, and if it be of the Lord our God, let us send abroad everywhere unto our brethren that are left in the land of Israel, that they may gather themselves unto us, and let us bring again the ark of our God to us, for we sought it not in the days of Saul." And all the assembly said that they would do so, for the thing was right in the eyes of all the people. So David assembled all Israel together and David went up and all Israel to bring the ark of the Lord. And they carried the ark of God upon a newly made cart and brought it out of the house of A-bin'a-dab. And David and all Israel played before God with all their might, even with songs and with harps and with cymbals and with trumpets.

Then on that day did David first ordain to give thanks unto the Lord.

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name,
Make known his doings among the people.
Sing unto him, sing praises unto him,
Talk ye of all his marvelous works.
Glory ye in his holy name,
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.
Seek ye the Lord and his strength,
Seek his face evermore.
Remember his marvelous works that he hath done.
His wonders and the judgments of his mouth,
O ye seed of Israel his servant."

And all the people said, "Amen," and praised the Lord.

And Hiram, King of Tyre, sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and masons, and carpenters, to build him a house. And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, and his kingdom was exalted on high for his people's sake.

And David made him houses in the city of David, and he prepared a place for the ark of God and pitched for it a tent. And it came to pass when David dwelt in his house, that he said to Nathan the prophet, "Lo, I dwell in a house of cedar but the ark of the Lord dwelleth under curtains."

And Nathan said unto David, "Do all that is in thine heart, for God is with thee."

And it came to pass the same night that the Lord said unto Nathan, "Go tell my servant David, thus saith the Lord, 'Thou shalt not build me a house to dwell in, but it shall come to pass when thy days are fulfilled, that I will set up thy seed after thee which shall be of thy son, and he shall build me a house and I will establish his throne forever.'"

And David assembled all the princes of Israel, the princes of the tribes and the captains of the companies that served the king, with the officers and the mighty men, even all the men of valor unto Jerusalem. Then David the king stood up and said, "Hear me, my brethren and my people. As for me, it was in mine heart to build an house of rest for the ark of the Lord, and I have

made ready for the building. But God said unto me, 'Thou shalt not build a house for my name, because thou art a man of war, and hast shed blood.' Howbeit, the Lord the God of Israel chose me out of all the house of my fathers to be king over Israel forever. He took pleasure in me to make me king over all Israel, and of all my sons, he hath chosen Solomon to sit upon the throne of the kingdom of Israel."

And David said unto all of the congregation, "Solomon my son whom alone God hath chosen, is yet young and tender, and the work is great, for the palace is not for man, but for the Lord God. Now I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God, the gold for the things of gold, and wood for the things of wood, onyx stones and stones to be set, stones for inlaid work, and divers colors and all manner of precious stones and marble in abundance."

Then David gave to Solomon his son, the pattern of the porch of the temple and the houses thereof and the treasures thereof. And he said unto Solomon his son, "Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be dismayed, for the Lord God is with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee, until all the work for the service of the house of the Lord is finished."

And they made Solomon the son of David king, and anointed him unto the Lord. Then Solomon sat on the throne of the Lord as king instead of David his father, and prospered, and all Israel obeyed him.

Now David the son of Jesse reigned over Israel forty

years. Seven years reigned he in Hebron, and thirty and three years reigned he in Jerusalem. And he died in a good old age, full of years, riches and honor.

Twenty-third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the path of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil,
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—*The Bible.*

The Twenty-fourth Psalm

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in.
Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

—*The Bible.*

Eighth Psalm

O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou
established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of
thy hands,
Thou hast put all things under his feet.

All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowls of the air and the fish of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

—The Bible.

Ivanhoe

The Tournament

King Richard, the lion-hearted, had led from England a large company of knights to drive the Saracens out of the Holy Land, so Prince John acted as ruler. He was not a noble-minded man, for he laid heavy taxes on the people for himself and his favorite knights, some of whom were skillful warriors; but they despised the common people, calling them stupid Saxons. And these Saxons hated Prince John and his favorite knights because of the unjust laws and their many acts of violence.

Prince John knew of this hatred, and to gain favor with the common people, he appointed a tournament, which he knew would please them and give his knights a chance to show their bravery and skill. Moreover, he and his knights planned to seize the throne of King Richard after they had been victors in the tournament.

The place selected was a large meadow of the finest turf, at one end of which the tents of the five favorite knights were pitched. Banners of red and black covered the tents and in front of each hung the shield of a knight. These five knights had challenged the knights of all England to meet them in single contest. Their leader was Sir Brian de Gilbert, who was considered the most

powerful and skillful knight then in England. But the common people feared and hated him for his cruelty.

The gallery of Prince John was built on the side exactly even with the middle of the field, giving the closest view of the combat. This gallery was graced with a throne and canopy for Prince John and his courtiers. Squires, pages and yeomen in rich liveries awaited round this place of honor.

Directly opposite was placed another gallery gaily dressed with colors of pink and gold. This, too, had a throne, to be occupied by the Queen of Love and Beauty to be chosen from among the fair ladies present. The winner of the tournament could choose the one to be so honored. Prince John expected Sir Brian would win this honor and would choose a lady who would help him carry out his plans.

There were other galleries for the families of the rich barons. In one of these galleries was a party of Saxons, led by Cedric, a wealthy noble, who was too strong to be robbed of his lands by Sir Brian or the other knights of Prince John, though they had taken away nearly all the land from the Saxons. Cedric had come with all his men to see the contests, and had brought his niece, the beautiful Rowena. Many admiring glances were cast upon her by the followers of Prince John, and some said that were she not a Saxon, she would be chosen the Queen of Love and Beauty.

And now the people came pouring into the open spaces from all directions, the rich and prosperous crowding

against the poor, all eager to secure the best places. There was much laughing and pushing, but the place was large enough for all.

At last Prince John and his courtiers appeared, richly dressed, and rode slowly around the entire field so that all the people might see and admire them. When the royal party had arrived at their gallery, Prince John gave the signal and the tournament began.

At opposite ends of the field the opposing knights were drawn up. Sir Brian, Sir Front, and three other knights were the challengers, and their opponents were chosen by lot from the knights who were not friendly to Prince John.

At the signal of the trumpets the knights started against each other at full gallop; each lance pointing at the center of the opponent's shield, the knightly plumes waving with the mad rush of the steeds. The shock of the arms was great, but since this was not a mortal combat the end of each lance was protected with wood.

Such was the skill of the challengers that three of their opponents rolled on the ground, and only one, a giant knight in black armor, maintained the honor of his comrades and parted fairly with the fifth challenger, both equally splintering their lances.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the noise of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The defeated men gathered themselves up as best they could and withdrew from the field in disgrace to agree with their victors

about the redemption of their horses and arms which, by the laws of the tournament, they had lost. The fifth knight alone tarried in the field long enough to be greeted by the applause of the crowd.

How much louder would have been the applause could the people have seen the face of their own loved ruler hidden in the knightly helmet; but King Richard wished not to let a soul know of his return from the Holy Land, that he might the more easily regain his throne when his plans were ripe. So he took no further part in the games, but disappeared and was soon forgotten.

A second and third party of knights took the field against the knights of Prince John, but they failed even as the first did. Thereupon there was a long wait; nor did it appear that there was anyone very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves, for the challengers were hated as foreigners who had driven out the true owners of the land.

But none shared more keenly in the bitterness of defeat than Cedric, the Saxon noble. How he longed for the presence of his brave son Ivanhoe, whom he had driven from home and who was a valiant knight with King Richard in the Holy Land. Cedric knew that his son would not let these proud Norman knights win a field without a severe contest; but such thoughts seemed in vain.

At this moment a new champion rode upon the field. This knight seemed to be slender, as if unfitted to stand against such giant knights as Sir Brian and Sir Front

or the other challengers. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up with the roots. Beneath the tree was a Spanish word meaning "disinherited."

The Disinherited Knight was mounted on a gallant black horse and as he passed down the field, he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. His skill in horsemanship and his youthful grace won him the favor of the multitude, and many shouted, "Challenge Sir Ralph! He has the least sure seat. He is your cheapest bargain."

The unknown knight, to the astonishment of all, rode up to the central tent and struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Sir Brian until it rang again, thus challenging him to deadly combat.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said Sir Brian, "and have you said your prayers, that you peril your life so rashly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight, for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the field," said Sir Brian, "and look yourself last upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the stranger, "and I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both." Thereupon he reined his horse backward through the entire field to his

appointed place. This feat of horsemanship again won the applause of the multitude.

Sir Brian did not neglect the advice of his opponent, for he neglected nothing that would ensure victory. He changed his horse for a proved one of great strength and spirit, and chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of his lance might have been strained in the previous combats. Lastly he laid aside his shield and obtained a finer one from his squires.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other, public excitement was strained to the highest pitch. Few dreamed that the encounter could end well for the Disinherited Knight, for who could be found equal to Sir Brian in skill or strength? Yet the courage and gallantry of the stranger won the good wishes of all the common people.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions rushed together with the speed of lightning and closed in the center of the field with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil on its haunches. But the riders recovered their steeds by bridle and spur, and stood for a moment glaring at each other with eyes that seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors. Then they retired to their proper places and received fresh lances from their attendants.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed that both

riders and horses might recover breath, Prince John signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprang from their stations and closed in the center of the field with the same speed, the same skill, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter Sir Brian aimed at the center of his opponent's shield and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle.

On the other hand, the stranger had directed the point of his lance towards his opponent's shield, but changed his aim almost in the moment of encounter and pointed to the helmet. Fair and true he hit the Norman's visor, the shock bursting the girths of his saddle, so that saddle, horse and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

In a moment Sir Brian loosed himself from his fallen steed, drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprang from his horse and also drew his sword, but the marshals spurred their horses between them, because further fighting was against the laws of the tourney.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Norman, casting a glance of hatred at the victor, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not meet, the fault shall not be mine," said the Disinherited Knight. "On foot or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee!"

Thereupon the Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Sir Brian to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the victor called for a bowl of wine and then had a herald announce he was willing to meet the challengers in the order they might choose.

The giant knight, Sir Front, clad in black armor, was the first to take the field, and though he broke his lance as fairly as his opponent, the shock threw one foot out of the stirrup, and he was judged to have the disadvantage.

The stranger's third encounter was with Sir Phillip, and he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the helmet that its laces were broken and the helmet was torn from his head.

In the fourth encounter, the Disinherited Knight won more through courtesy than by skill in arms, for the horse of the challenger reared and plunged so violently that the knight could not aim with his lance. Seeing this, the stranger declined to take the advantage which this accident gave him, but raised his lance, passed his opponent without touching him, and offered him the chance of a second encounter. The challenger declined this, avowing himself overcome as much by the courtesy as by the skill of the stranger.

Sir Ralph ended the list of the stranger's triumphs, for he was hurled to the ground with such force that he was borne senseless from the field.

Great were the shouts and applause of the crowd, when the marshals announced that the prize of the tournament had been won by the Disinherited Knight.

The Queen of Love and Beauty

When the marshals offered their congratulations and prayed him to suffer his helmet to be unlaced, the Disinherited Knight, with all courtesy, declined their request, saying that he could not suffer his face to be seen at this time. The marshals were perfectly satisfied with this reply, for knights often vowed to remain unknown until they had achieved some particular adventure. The marshals therefore went to Prince John and asked permission to bring the victor before his grace to receive his reward.

Prince John was angry because his challengers had been defeated by one knight, and he said to his followers, "Wot ye who this insolent fellow can be?"

"I cannot guess," answered one, "nor did I think there had been a champion within all Britain that could bear down these five knights in a single tourney. By my faith I shall never forget the force with which he shocked Sir Ralph. He was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling."

"Boast not of that," cried another, "your favorite champion had no better luck. I saw your Sir Brian roll thrice over, grasping his hands full of sand at every turn."

Prince John stopped this dispute. "Silence, Sirs! Why talk ye of these things?"

While this dispute was going on, a whisper arose among them, "It might be the king. It might be Richard the Lion-Hearted himself."

"May God forbid!" cried Prince John, turning pale as death. "Brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises of loyalty to me and fail me not."

"There is no danger," replied a favorite courtier. "Your Highness will see that the fellow lacks three inches of King Richard's height and twice as much of his shoulder-breadth. The very horse he strides could not have carried the great weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was thus speaking, the heralds brought forward the Disinherited Knight, and Prince John praised his valor and gave him a war horse as a prize, yet the Prince secretly trembled lest an answer might come from the hidden lips in the deep and awful tones of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

But the Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply, making answer only with a low bow.

The horse was led into the field by two grooms, a noble creature fully equipped for battle. Laying one hand on the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup. Brandishing aloft his lance, he rode twice around the field, showing the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

As the Knight passed in front of the Royal pavilion, Prince John made a sign for the Knight to stop. The Knight turned towards the throne, and, sinking his lance until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if waiting John's command.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "it is now your duty to name the fair lady, who as Queen of Love and Honor is to preside over to-morrow's festival. Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed, and Prince John placed upon its point a crown of green satin having around its edge a circle of gold. Thereupon the Disinherited Knight paced slowly around the field, examining the many fair faces that adorned that splendid circle.

It was worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination. Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight ahead and tried to seem unconscious of what was going on; some drew back in alarm, some tried to forbear smiling, and there were some two or three who laughed outright.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was seated, while the eyes of all were fixed upon his motions. Slowly he sank the point of his lance and deposited the crown at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded and the heralds proclaimed her the Queen of Love and Beauty for the following day.

There was some murmuring among the proud Norman

beauties at the preference shown a Saxon maiden, but these sounds were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen Queen of Love and Beauty!" to which many of the poorer people added, "Long live the Saxon Princess!"

Soon the spectators streamed off the field to their homes, and none remained but the servants to make everything ready for the contest of the next day.

The Redemption of the War-Horses

Before the Disinherited Knight had retired to rest, the squires of the five defeated knights appeared in front of his tent, each leading his master's charger, loaded with the armor in which he had fought. Putting up the hood of his long robe, the Disinherited Knight concealed his face perfectly and met the squires in front of his tent.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost squire, "I, Baldwin, squire to the redoubted knight Sir Brian, make offer to you the horse and armor of my master to retain or ransom the same according to your pleasure. Such is the law of arms." The other squires repeated nearly the same thing and then stood to await the decision of the Disinherited Knight.

"I have one reply to you four last speaking," said the knight. "Commend me to the noble knights, your masters, and tell them I shall be pleased that they ransom their steeds and armor, since I must pay for the armor I wear."

"We were told to offer, each of us," answered a squire, "a hundred zecchins in ransom for these horses and suits of armor."

"My present needs compel me to accept half that sum," said the Disinherited Knight. "Keep half of the remainder for yourselves and give the rest to the heralds and other attendants."

The squires, with cap in hand and low bows, expressed their deep sense of this unusual generosity. The Disinherited Knight then addressed Baldwin: "I will accept neither arms nor ransom from your master. Our strife has not ended till we have fought with swords and on foot as well as on horseback. He himself has defied me to this mortal combat, and I shall not forget the challenge."

"My master," answered Baldwin, "knows how to meet scorn with scorn, and blows with blows. I must leave his armor and his horse here, since he would never make use of either at your hands."

"You have spoken well, good squire," said the Disinherited Knight, "well and boldly, as it becomes one to speak for an absent master. But leave not the horse and armor here; restore them to thy master, or if he scorns to accept them, retain them, good friend, for thy own use. So far as they are mine, I bestow them upon you freely."

Baldwin made a deep bow and retired with his companions. The Disinherited Knight entered his tent and stretched himself for a well-earned rest, after sending

his servant Gurth to pay for the horse and armor he had used in the tournament.

A Duel with Quarter-Staves

Gurth, the sturdy Saxon, went without delay to Isaac of York and paid for the horse and armor which he had given to the Disinherited Knight to use in the tournament. After making the payment, Gurth hastened back, for it was now growing dark and many thieves always came to the great games. Just where the underwood was the thickest, four men sprang on him and seized him so quickly that resistance was too late.

"What money hast thou, churl?" asked one of the robbers. "This bag which thou bearest beneath thy cloak has much money."

"It is the good knight my master's," answered Gurth.

"Who is thy master?" asked the robber.

"The Disinherited Knight," said Gurth.

"Whose good lance won the prize in to-day's tourney!" cried the robber. "What is his name?"

"It is his pleasure that it be concealed," answered Gurth.

"What is thy own name?"

"To tell that," said Gurth, "might reveal my master's name."

"Thou art a saucy groom," said the robber. "How comes thy master by this gold?"

"By his good lance," answered Gurth. "This bag

contains the ransom of four good horses and four good suits of armor, two hundred zecchins."

"At what ransom were the armor and horse of Sir Brian held?"

"My master," replied Gurth, "will take naught from Sir Brian save his life's blood. They are on terms of mortal defiance."

"Indeed!" repeated the robber, "and what were you now doing with so much money?"

"I went to pay Isaac of York the price for the armor and horse with which he fitted my master for this tournament."

"Comrades," said the leader of the band, "I well believe the yeoman's tale is true. We must take nothing from his master, he is too like ourselves, since dogs must not worry dogs where wolves and foxes are to be found."

"Like us?" asked one of the band, "I should like to hear how that is made good."

"Why, thou fool," answered the leader, "is he not poor and disinherited as we are? Doth he not win his way at the sword's point as we do? Hath he not beaten Sir Front even as we would beat him if we could? Is he not the enemy to life and death of Sir Brian, whom we have so much reason to fear?"

"And this insolent fellow—he, too, I warrant me, is to be dismissed without a beating!"

"Not if thou canst beat him," answered the leader. "Here, fellow," he said to Gurth, "as a Saxon thou must know how to wield the quarter-staff. If thou wilt give

my champion a good knock thou shalt pass us scot-free. Take thy staff, Midge the Miller, and keep thy head. There is light enough for the contest."

The two champions being alike armed with quarter-staves, stepped forward into the center of the open space in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight. Little John, Will Scarlet, Alan-a-Dale, and all the rest of the band gathered around, laughing and calling to their comrade, "Midge the Miller, beware; guard thyself well."

Midge the Miller held his quarter-staff by the middle, and twirling it round his head, exclaimed boastfully, "Come on, churl, if thou darest! Thou shalt feel what strength there is in a miller's hand!"

"All millers are thieves," answered Gurth, making his weapon play around his head with equal skill, "and I, as a true man, bid thee defiance."

So saying, the two champions closed together, and for a few minutes they displayed great equality in strength, courage and skill. At length Midge the Miller began to lose temper at finding himself so stoutly opposed and pressed forward furiously, dealing blows with each end of his weapon. Gurth defended himself against the attack, keeping his hands about a yard apart, and moving his staff now up, now down, then to the side, so as to protect his head and body from the storm of blows. When Gurth saw his opponent out of breath, he darted his staff at the face of Midge, who lowered his staff to parry the blow. Thereupon Gurth slid his right

hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon, he struck the Miller on his head and instantly measured his length on the ground.

"Well and yeomanly done!" shouted the band; "fair play and Old England forever! The Saxon hath saved his purse and his hide, and Midge the Miller has met his match!"

"Thou mayest go thy ways, my friend," said the leader of the band, "and I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee to thy master's tent. Take heed, remember thou hast refused to tell thy name, ask not after ours, nor try to learn who we are; for if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse misfortune.

Gurth thanked the leader for his courtesy, and was guided by two of the band in safety to his master's tent.

The Great Contest

Morning arose in splendor and the field was soon filled with the crowd. The marshals and their attendants appeared next, prepared to receive the knights who wished to take part in the tournament. The Disinherited Knight was the leader of one band, Sir Brian of the other. All the knights attached to Prince John joined Sir Brian's party, since they knew the Prince wished this side to win, but many other knights joined the opposite band, since it was to be led by such a skillful champion as the Disinherited Knight. About fifty knights were enrolled on each side.

When Prince John saw the Queen of Love and Beauty coming upon the field, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, dismounted, and assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and ourselves guide her to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies, attend your queen as you wish in turn to be honored."

So saying, the Prince led Rowena to her seat of honor, while the fairest ladies of the Court crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their one-day queen. No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music greeted her new dignity.

Soon the knights entered at opposite ends of the field and arranged themselves in two ranks, the leader of each party in the center of the front rank.

It was a goodly sight to behold so many gallant champions seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, with lances upright glittering in the sun, and bright colored plumes fluttering over the plumage of the helmets.

At the sound of the trumpets, the lances were lowered and the two front ranks of warriors rushed upon each other at full gallop and met with a shock that was heard fully a mile. The result of the encounter was not instantly seen, for the dust darkened the air.

When the fight became visible, half the knights were dismounted, some lying as if never more to rise, some

fighting on foot with their opponents, and several stopping the flow of blood from wounds and trying to get away. The mounted knights whose lances had been broken were now engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries and exchanging blows, as if honor and life depended upon the result of the combat. The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, who now rushed to the aid of their companions.

The champions thus encountered each other with the utmost fury, the tide of battle favoring first one party then the other. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the warriors mixed fearfully with the sounds of the trumpets and drowned the groans of those that fell and lay rolling beneath the feet of the horses. The armor of the knights was now defaced with dust and blood, and the gay plumage drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful had disappeared, and what was now visible only awakened terror or pity.

The spectators cheered on the knights by loud shouts, and the ladies waved their veils and exclaimed, "Brave lance! good sword!" when they saw any fine stroke. At every pause the heralds shouted "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! Fight on! Death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights; for bright eyes behold your deeds."

Both the leaders were always in the thick of the fight, encouraging their followers by many deeds of valor, nor

did either find an opponent of equal skill. They repeatedly tried to single each other out, but such was the confusion that their efforts were in vain. At last they met with all the fury that hatred and rivalry could inspire. So skillful was each in defense and striking that the spectators broke forth into shouts of delight and admiration.

At this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst of the combat, for Sir Front and another knight scattered their opponents, and finding themselves free, they spurred to the aid of Sir Brian at full speed from opposite sides.

A cry of warning went up from the crowd, "Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" Seeing his danger, the Knight reined back his steed just in time to escape the charge of Sir Brian's helpers, who almost rushed upon each other. Even so, nothing could have saved him excepting the strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day, while the horses of his three opponents were tired owing to the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor. The Disinherited Knight was thus able to keep his three opponents at sword's point, turning and wheeling like a hawk upon the wing, rushing now against one, now against another, without waiting to receive the blows aimed at him in return.

But it was evident that he must at last be overpowered, and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his glove, thus putting a stop

to the contest, and saving so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I," answered Prince John. "This same upstart, who conceals his name, has already gained one prize. Let others have their turn." As he spoke, help came from an unexpected quarter.

Among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight was the Black Knight, the same warrior who had not been overthrown on the preceding day. He was mounted on a black horse, large of size, and as powerful as the rider. This knight had simply beaten off those who had attacked him, and the spectators called him the Black Sluggard.

Seeing his leader so hard pressed, the knight set spurs to his horse and rushed at his enemies like a thunderbolt, crying, "To the rescue!"

It was high time, for while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon Sir Brian, Sir Front had got nigh to him with his lifted sword; but ere the stroke could fall, the Black Knight dealt a stroke on Sir Front's head, which glanced off and lighted also upon the armor of the steed. Both horse and rider fell equally stunned by the fury of the blow. Then the Black Knight turned upon Sir Brian's other helper and wrenched from his hand a battle-ax, since his own sword had just been broken. With this weapon, he felled his opponent with a single blow.

Having done this double feat, the Black Knight calmly returned to the further end of the field, leaving his leader to cope as best he could with Sir Brian.

This was no longer a matter of much difficulty, for Sir Brian's horse had been wounded and gave way before the charge of the Disinherited Knight, so Sir Brian rolled on the field, his foot entangled in the stirrup. His opponent sprang from his horse, waved his fatal sword and commanded him to yield.

At this moment Prince John cast down his glove, thus putting an end to the conflict and saving his favorite from the disgrace of yielding to his rival.

It was now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done the best, and he decided to honor the Black Knight, though the victory had been won by the Disinherited Knight, who had overcome six champions and had finally struck down the leader of the opposite party.

To the surprise of all present, the Black Knight was nowhere to be found. He had left the field after the contest, moving down one of the forest paths with the same slow pace for which he had been called the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet, Prince John had to name the Disinherited Knight as victor; saying, "We a second time award to you the honors of this tournament, and announce your right to receive from the Queen of Love and Beauty the chaplet of honor which your valor has justly deserved." The knight bowed low but made no answer.

Amid the sounding of the trumpets and the waving of silken banners, and the shouts of the people, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight to the throne of honor occupied by the Lady Rowena. The champion

was made to kneel down on the lower step of her throne. Indeed, since the fight, the warrior did not seem natural, but appeared dazed, and it was seen that he tottered as he was led to this throne.

Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful step, was about to place the chaplet upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus; his head must be bare."

The knight muttered faintly a few words which could hardly be heard. Not heeding his protest, the helmet was soon removed, revealing the face of a young man of twenty-five, pale as death.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek, yet she soon overcame her trembling and, placing upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet, she said in a clear voice, "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as a reward for your valor in this day's contest." Here she paused a moment and then firmly added, "And upon brow more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed."

The knight bowed his head, kissed the hand of the lovely queen and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

Cedric, who had been struck dumb by the sudden appearance of his banished son, Ivanhoe, now rushed forward as if to push him from Rowena; but the marshals had already taken him away, knowing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon. The head of a lance had pierced his breast-plate.

The name of Ivanhoe flew from mouth to mouth, and the courtiers around Prince John were plotting how to prevent this friend of King Richard from winning back any of his lands, which Prince John had given to Sir Front. While they were thus plotting, a messenger brought a letter to Prince John, who was terribly alarmed by these words, "Take heed to yourself, for danger flies upon you."

John took two of his favorites aside and said in a faltering voice, "My brother Richard is in England."

The Archery Contest

While Prince John was angered that his favorite knights had lost twice in the games, he chanced to see a yeoman whom he had noticed cheering over the victory of Ivanhoe and asked the Saxon his reason for clamoring.

"I always add my hello," said the yeoman, "when I see a gallant blow or a good shot." And he spake truly, for he was the leader of the band of Saxons that had applauded the victory of Gurth over Midge the Miller.

Prince John turned upon the yeoman with a sneer and said, "Then thou canst hit the center of the mark thyself, I warrant."

"A woodman's mark, and at a woodman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

Turning to his knights, Prince John said, "By our Lady, we shall try the skill of this insolent fellow, who thus raises his voice against us."

"I shall not avoid the trial," answered the yeoman.

Soon the heralds announced the prize for the archery contest, a bugle-horn mounted with silver, and a silken robe. More than thirty yeomen at first came forward to take part, a few of whom were rangers in the royal forests. When the archers saw these royal marksmen, more than twenty withdrew, unwilling to meet certain defeat.

When Prince John saw that the bold yeoman had not taken his place with the others to shoot he said, "Fellow, I guessed by thy insolence thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not try thy skill among these merry men."

"I have another reason," replied the yeoman.

"And what is the other reason?" asked the Prince.

"Because I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one whom thou likest not."

Prince John colored in anger as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the woodsman, not giving the name he was called in Sherwood Forest.

"Then Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, and if thou win the prize I will add to it twenty nobles, but if thou lose it, thou shalt be scourged for a braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman.

"If thou refusest my fair offer," said the Prince, "thy bowstring shall be cut, thy bow and arrows broken, and thou shalt be called before all a faint-hearted coward."

Then Prince John said to his squires, "Look to him closely, his heart is sinking. I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. Good fellows, shoot boldly round; food and drink are ready in yonder tent when the prize is won."

A target was set up at such a long distance that only the best archers could hope to hit it. One after another, the shots were fired, each of the eight men firing three shafts. Ten of the twenty-four arrows were fixed in the target and the others ranged near it. The two best shafts were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of one of Prince John's favorites.

"Now Locksley," said Prince John with a bitter smile, "wilt thou shoot with Hubert or wilt thou yield up thy bow?"

"I will try my fortune," said Locksley, "provided that when I have shot twice at Hubert's mark he must shoot at a mark I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. Hubert, if thou dost beat this braggart, I will fill the prize bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert.

A fresh target was now set up at the same distance. Hubert took aim with great care, let fly, and his arrow alighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said Locksley, as he stepped forward and shot without seem-

ing to look at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it struck two inches nearer the center than Hubert's shaft.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "if thou suffer that knave to beat thee, thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one speech: "If your Highness were to hang me, a man can do but his best."

"Shoot, knave," cried Prince John to Hubert, "or it will be the worse for thee."

Hubert this time allowed for the light breeze, and his shot struck the very center of the target.

"Hubert the winner! Hubert forever!" shouted the people.

"Thou canst not better that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley, as he let fly an arrow that alighted upon that of his rival and split it to shivers.

"This must be some fiend and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the people. Little knew they that this Locksley was the famous Robin Hood who had come to the games with all his men.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant near the target a mark used in Sherwood Forest," and he held up a willow wand six feet in length and a little thicker than a man's thumb. When the rod was set up by the target, Locksley said, "He that hits that rod at this range, I will call an archer fit to bear

both bow and quiver before even King Richard himself."

Hubert exclaimed, "No archer ever shot at such a mark and neither will I. I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at a sunbeam as at that twinkling white rod which I can hardly see."

"Coward!" said Prince John. "Locksley, do thou shoot. If thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. But ere thou crow over us, thou must prove thy superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley, "no man can do more."

So saying he adjusted a new string, for the old one was a little worn by the other shots and was no longer truly round. He then took aim with care and the multitude watched in breathless silence. The archer proved his skill and the arrow split the willow wand. A jubilee of shouts followed, and even Prince John forgot his dislike. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which thou hast fairly won with the bugle, are thine own, and we will make them fifty if thou wilt join our body guard."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, "but if I ever take service, it shall be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who but for his modesty in not shooting would have hit the mark as well as I."

Then Locksley quickly stepped aside and was lost in the crowd. He was soon joined in the forest by his faithful band of merry archers, where they rejoiced much at the triumph of their leader.

And so ended the great tournament. Prince John had planned to win favor with the people and make his party strong enough to seize the throne. Instead, his knights and his archers were defeated, and he deserved to fail because he plotted against his own brother, King Richard.

—Adapted from Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.

Spring

Now fades the last long streak of snow;
  Now bourgeons every maze of quick
  About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
  The distance takes a lovelier hue,
  And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
  The flocks are whiter down the vale,
  And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the sea mew pipes, or dives
  In yonder greening gleam, and fly
  The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
  Spring wakens, too; and my regret
  Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The Blackbird

O Blackbird! sing me something well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine; the range of lawn and park;
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once when young;

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

England and America in 1782

O thou that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

The Bugle Song

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer dying, dying, dying.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The Adventures of Don Quixote

The Preparation

Long after the days of chivalry, in the village of La Man'cha in Spain, there lived a gentleman who kept a lance upon a rack, an old shield, a lean horse and a swift grayhound. Soup, a salad, and a pigeon on Sundays consumed three-fourths of his income; the rest of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, slippers of the same for holidays and a suit of homespun for week days. The age of the gentleman bordered on fifty. He was of a strong constitution, spare and gaunt, a very early riser and a lover of the chase.

Now this gentleman in his leisure hours, which comprised the greater part of the year, applied himself with so much ardor to the reading of books of chivalry that he neglected the chase and even his domestic affairs. In short, he became so much infatuated with the stories of marvelous deeds of great knights that he passed whole days and nights in reading these books. His imagination was so full of enchantments, contests, battle-wounds, loves, tortures, and all sorts of impossible things, that to him no history in the world seemed more true. He was seized with the fancy that it behooved him, both for his own honor and for the service of his country to become a knight errant, roaming over the world, armed

and mounted, in quest of adventure, righting every wrong and exposing himself to dangers from which he was to reap great renown.

The first thing he did was to clean up some rust-eaten armor which had belonged to his great grandfather. Finding that the helmet was not closed, he supplied the lack by making a kind of vizor of pasteboard. Then to test it he gave it a stroke with his sword, which instantly demolished it. Seeing that his vizor was unsatisfactory, he set to work and fixed bars of iron inside the pasteboard.

He next visited his steed which, although it had many blemishes, was, in his estimation, very superior. Since the steeds of all great knights have resounding names, he found it necessary to find one for his. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give the horse, for, as he said to himself, it would be improper that so excellent a horse, belonging to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name. After having devised, altered, lengthened, shortened, and rejected a variety of names, he finally decided upon Roz'i-nan'te, a name in his opinion, lofty, and full of meaning.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. Eight days he spent in thinking about this, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quix'ote de La Mancha.

Now that his armor had been polished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady with whom to be in

love, for a knight errant without a lady love was as a tree without leaves,—a body without a soul. In the neighboring village of To-bo'so there was a good looking peasant girl, with whom he had at one time been in love, although it is not known that she ever knew or cared about him. He then sought a name for her which should suggest a great lady. He finally decided upon Dul-cin'e-a del To-bo'so, a name he thought full of harmony, uncommon and expressive like the others he had adopted.

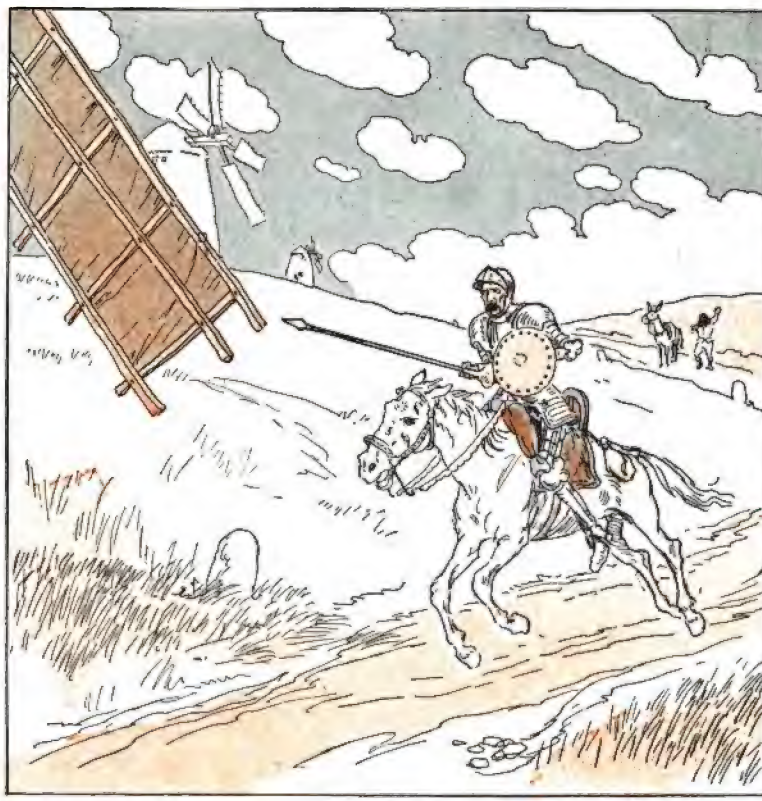
In the meantime he had persuaded a neighbor named San'cho Pan'za, an honest man but shallow-brained, to follow him in his great career. In short he said so much, used so many arguments, made so many promises, (among them, that at any moment an island might be won where he might leave Sancho governor,) that the poor fellow resolved to leave his wife and children and sally out with him in the capacity of a squire.

Sancho determined to take his donkey with him, and said that he was not used to traveling much on foot.

With regard to the donkey, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavoring to recall whether any knight errant had ever carried a squire mounted on a donkey's back. No instance of the kind occurred to his memory, but he decided that Sancho could take the donkey. He intended, however, to furnish a more honorable mount by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he encountered.

When all this had been accomplished, Don Quixote

donned his suit of armor and patched-up helmet, mounted Rozinante, braced his buckler, took his lance and, before the break of day, sallied forth, accompanied by Sancho Panza on his donkey.



The Adventure of the Windmills

As Don Quixote and his body servant, Sancho Panza, were riding over the plain in earnest discourse on knight-

errantry, they espied some thirty or forty windmills. As soon as the valiant knight saw these he cried out, "Fortune directs our affairs better than we could have wished; lo, yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter. Having deprived them of life we will enrich ourselves with their spoils, lawful prizes. Then to drive out this giant brood will be indeed most acceptable to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with long extended arms; some of that detested race of giants have arms of such immense size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray, look better, sir," quoth Sancho, "those things yonder are not giants but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which, being whirled around by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," quoth Don Quixote scornfully, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures. I tell thee they are giants, therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse without giving ear to his squire, who bawled after him and assured him they were windmills and no giants. But the knight was so fully possessed with the thought of the giants, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor was he sensible of what they were though he was now very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" he cried as loud as he could, "stand

your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight who dares encounter you all."

At this moment a breeze sprang up, and the mill sails began to turn. Don Quixote called out, "Base miscreants, you shall pay for your arrogance."

The knight commended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her aid in this perilous adventure, then covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with the top speed of Rozinante, his faithful horse, upon the first windmill he could come at. He ran his lance into the sail and the wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into slivers, and hurled both knight and horse some distance into the field. Up came Sancho as fast as he could to help his master, whom he found unable to stir.

"Did I not give your lordship fair warning?" cried the squire. "Did I not tell you they were windmills and not giants, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "nothing is so uncertain as the fortunes of war. I am thoroughly convinced that these are giants, turned into windmills, to deprive me of the honor of the victory; but I shall overcome all evil in the end."

"So let it be," replied Sancho. And, bearing him up again on his legs, he helped the knight once more to mount poor Rozinante, who was half disjointed by this fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse as they made the best of their way along the roadside, Don Quixote eager for more adventure.

At length Sancho urged him to consider eating, for it was dinner time; but his master told him to eat when he pleased, as for himself he was not disposed so to do. With this leave, Sancho fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his donkey, took some victuals out of his wallet, and fell to munching lustily. Ever and anon, he lifted his bottle to his mouth, and fetched such hearty pulls that it would have made any vintner dry to have seen him.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees. From one of these Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort served him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head of his broken lance.

But the knight did not sleep but kept his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass their time without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with thoughts of their absent ladies.

The Rescue of the Princess

Next day Don Quixote and Sancho went on toward the pass of La'pice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they drew near it, Don Quixote said, "Here it is, brother Sancho, that we may thrust our arms up to the very elbows in adventures. But let me caution

thee not to draw thy sword in my defense, unless thou findest me assaulted by base and vile scoundrels, for in such case thou mayest assist thy master; but if those I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it, for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight till thou art one thyself."

"Never fear," quoth Sancho, "I'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I'll warrant you, for I have ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels."

As they were talking they espied coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two high and stately mules. After them came a coach with four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. There proved to be in the coach a lady from Biscay who was going to Seville to meet her husband.

Scarcely had Don Quixote perceived the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, when he cried out to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the greatest adventure ever known, for without question those two dark things moving towards us are magicians carrying away by force some princess in that coach. 'Tis my duty to prevent so great an injury."

"I fear this will prove a worse job than the windmills," quoth Sancho Panza. "These are Benedictine Monks, and the coach must belong to some traveler. Take warning, sir, and do not be led away the second time."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art most ignorant in matters of adventure; what I say is true and thou shalt find it so presently."

This said, he spurred on his horse and posted himself just in the middle of the road, where the monks were to pass. When they came within hearing he cried in a loud and haughty tone, "Release those high-born princesses whom you are violently carrying away in that coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your deeds."

The monks stopped, no less astonished at the figure than at the expression of the speaker. "Sir Knight," they cried, "we are religious men of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs, and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carried away by force in that coach."

"I am not to be deceived," replied Don Quixote; "I know you well enough, wicked wretches." Without waiting for reply, he set spurs to Rozinante and ran so furiously with his lance couched against the first monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself to the ground, the knight would have certainly laid him either dead or grievously wounded. The other monk observing this, clapped his heels to his mule's flanks, and scurried over the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind.

Sancho no sooner saw the monk fall than he leaped off his donkey, and running to him, began to strip him of his money.

The two muleteers who waited on the monks now came up and asked Sancho what he meant by this.

"This is the spoil of battle," replied Sancho, "won by my lord and master, Don Quixote."

These fellows saw no jest in the matter and knew not what Sancho meant by spoils of battle; and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, in deep discourse by the side of the coach, they fell upon poor Sancho, threw him down, pulled and tore his beard, trampled on him, and left him lying on the ground without breath or motion.

Meanwhile, the fallen monk, scared out of his wits, and pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who stayed for him at some distance awaiting the issue of his strange adventure. Then they made haste together over the plain and out of sight.

All this occurred while Don Quixote was engaged with the lady in the coach. "Lady," said he, "you are now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please, for those who have tried to enslave you, I have laid in the dust overthrown by this arm; I am called Don Quixote, by profession a knight errant and adventurer, captive to the peerless beauty, Donna Dulcinea. I desire no other recompense for the service I have done you, but that you proceed to her home to present yourself before that lady to let her know what I have done to purchase her deliverance."

All that Don Quixote said was heard by a certain squire in the train of the lady. He now advanced and,

grasping his sword, addressed Don Quixote after this fashion: "Get thee gone, Cavalier! I swear if thou dost not quit this coach thou shalt forfeit thy life."

To which our knight replied with great calmness, "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thee for thy folly and insolence, thou pitiful slave."

"I, no gentleman!" roared the squire. "If thou wilt throw away thy lance and draw thy sword, thou wilt see that I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Hast thou anything else to say, fellow?"

"Thou shalt see that presently," said Don Quixote, and, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the young squire, determined to put him to death. The squire would fain have alighted from his mule but had no time, so, seizing a cushion from the coach for a shield, the two began to fight as if they had been mortal enemies. The lady was amazed and terrified at what she saw, and ordered her coachman to drive a little out of the way. There, at a distance, she beheld the conflict.

Once the squire gave the knight such a blow that it would have cleft him to the girdle, had it not been for his coat of mail. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this terrific blow, cried out in a loud and pious voice, "O Dulcinea, lady of my soul, flower of all beauty, now aid thy knight, who for thy great goodness exposes himself to this great peril."

Thereupon he rushed upon the squire, who shielded

himself with his cushion and tried to turn aside his mule; but the steed was so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Don Quixote with raised sword was determined to cleave the squire asunder, who awaited his coming with his sword also lifted and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders trembled and were in breathless suspense, as to what might be the end, they were so threatening one to the other. The lady and her waiting women said many a prayer. Blow after blow fell; at length the squire lost his stirrups and let go of the mule, who galloped wildly about over the field and at last threw her master flat on the ground.

Don Quixote looked on with great calmness, but when he saw the squire fall, he leaped from his horse, and with much agility, ran up to him as if to slay him, bidding him to yield. The squire was too stunned to say a word, and it would have gone hard with him, had not the ladies begged earnestly for the life of their squire.

"Ladies," said Don Quixote, gravely, "at your request, I grant the fellow his life, on condition that he appear before my peerless lady, Dulcinea, in the town of Toboso, that she may dispose of him as best pleases her."

The terrified lady, not considering what was demanded, nor inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should do all the knight required of him; and the party resumed their journey.

Sancho Panza had before this gotten upon his legs, and, though roughly handled by the monks' muleteers,

stood beholding most attentively the combat of his master, beseeching God in his heart that He would be pleased to give his master the victory. Thus he might win some island of which to make Sancho Panza the governor, as he had promised. Seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again on Rozinante, he came to hold the stirrup, but first fell upon his knees before him, seizing his hand, kissed it and said, "Be pleased, my lord, Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you must have won in this terrible battle; for, be it ever so big, I shall find myself able to govern it, as well as the best that ever governed an island in the world."

"Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure and others of like nature are not adventures of islands, but of crossways of which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience, for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something still better." And thus discoursing, the noble knight and his squire made ready to rest from their labors.

The Adventure with the Lions

The next morning they had traveled some little distance, when the knight said, "Sancho, give me my helmet, for either I know little of adventures, or that which I see yonder is one that will oblige me to have recourse to arms."

Looking on all sides, Sancho could see nothing but a cart coming towards them. There were two or three small flags on it, a sign which indicated it was used in the king's name.

The knight and his squire were soon overtaken by the cart, which was attended by the driver, who rode upon one of the mules, and by a man sitting upon the fore part of it. Don Quixote planted himself before them and said, "Whither go ye, my brothers? What carriage is this? What does it contain and what are those banners?"

"The cart is mine," answered the carter, "and in it are two fierce lions, a present for the king. The flags show that what is in the cage belongs to the king."

"Are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote.

"Larger than any that ever came from Africa to Spain," said the man on the front of the cart. "I am their keeper. In my time I have had charge of many lions, but never any so large as these. Not having eaten to-day, they are hungry. Therefore, sir, stand aside, for we must hasten to the place where they are to be fed."

"What!" said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile, "lion whelps against me! Against me yon puny monsters! and at this time of day! By yon blessed sun, those that send them hither shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, and since you are their keeper, open the cages and turn out your savages of the desert. For in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de La Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them hither to me."

At this speech Sancho came up, saying to the keeper of the lions, "For God's sake, hinder my master from meddling with these lions, for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces."

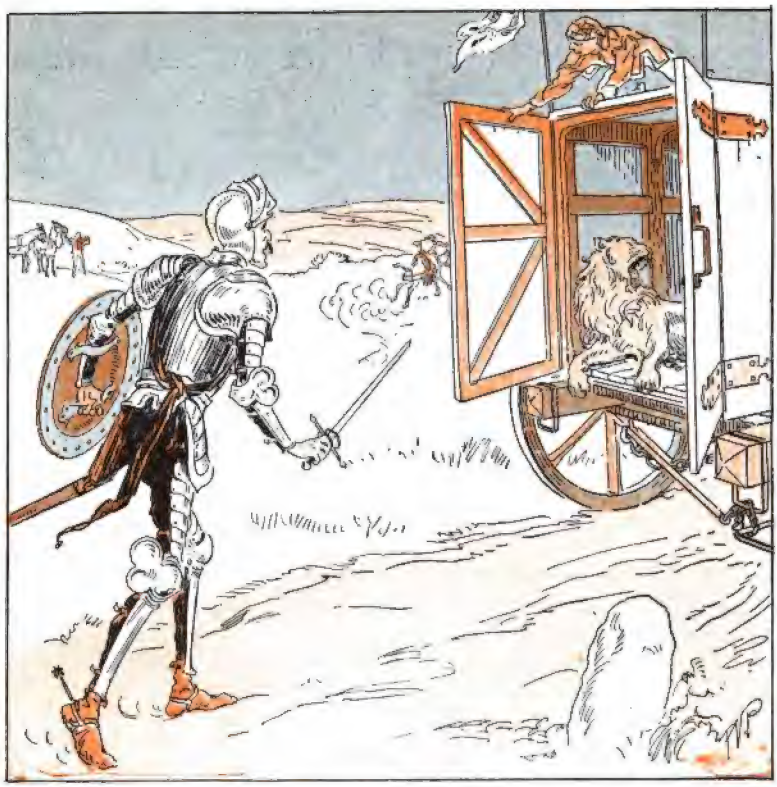
Don Quixote turned to the keeper and said, "I vow if thou dost not instantly open this cage, I will pin thee to the cart with my lance."

The carter, seeing that the knight was resolute, said, "Good sir, let me take off my mules and get out of danger with them before the lions are set loose. Should my animals be killed, I am undone forever, as I have no other means of living than by this cart and these mules."

"Wretch!" cried Don Quixote, "unyoke, and do as thou wilt, but thou shalt soon see that thy trouble might have been spared."

The carter alighted and unyoked in great haste. The keeper then said aloud, "Bear witness, all here present, that against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cage and let the lions loose. I protest against what this gentleman is doing, and declare all mischief done by these beasts shall be placed to his account, with my salary over and above. Pray, gentlemen, take care of yourselves before I open the door, for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no harm." Again he declared to Don Quixote that he was provoking the wrath of God.

"Consider, sir," added Sancho, "here is no enchantment, for I saw through the gates of the cage the paw of a true lion, and I guess by the size of the claw that it is bigger than a mountain."



"Thy fears," answered Don Quixote, "would make it appear to thee larger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I perish here, thou knowest our old agreement,—repair to the Lady Dulcinea and say I am no more."

With this, Sancho spurred his donkey and the carter his mules, and all endeavored to get as far off as possible from the cart, before the lions were let loose.

Whilst the keeper was unbarring the first gate, Don

Quixote deliberated within himself whether it would be better to engage on horseback or not, and finally decided it should be on foot, as Rozinante might be terrified at the sight of the lions. He therefore leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced his shield and drew his sword. Then slowly advancing with undaunted courage, he planted himself before the lions' cage, devoutly commending himself first to God and then to his Lady Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, threw open one door of the cage. The first thing the lion did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very slowly. Afterwards he threw out some half yard of tongue, wherewith he licked and washed his face. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage and stared all around with eyes like red-hot coals, a sight to strike terror in every one.

Don Quixote waited impatiently for the lion to come out of his den, that he might grapple with him; but the lion turned about in the cage again and quietly lay down. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to give the lion some blows and to provoke him to come out of the cage.

"That I will not do," said the keeper, "for if I provoke him, I shall be the first whom he will tear to pieces. Be satisfied, Signor Cavalier, for no brave combatant is bound to do more than challenge his foe."

"That is true," said Don Quixote. "Shut the door

and give me a certificate in the best form you can, of what you have seen me perform. It should be stated that you opened the door of the cage, that I waited for the lion, that he came not out; again I waited for him, again he came not out; and again he laid himself down. I am bound to do no more. Enchantments avaunt! So Heaven prosper right, justice and chivalry. Shut the door as I told thee, while I make a signal to those who deemed it prudent to leave us, that from your mouth they may have an account of this exploit."

Don Quixote then gave the keeper two crowns for his delay. The keeper thanked him and promised to relate the exploit to the king himself when he should arrive at court.

"If, perchance, his majesty should inquire who performed it," said Don Quixote, "tell him it was the Knight of the Lions. Henceforth that is the title I shall bear."

The Enchanted Bark

Some time later, Don Quixote and Sancho came to the river Ebro, the sight of which gave the knight great pleasure as he viewed the clearness of the waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its flow.

Soon they perceived a small bark without oars or any sort of tackle, fastened to the trunk of a tree which grew on the brink of the river. Don Quixote, looking everywhere around, and seeing nobody, alighted without more ado, and ordered Sancho to do the same, and to tie the

beasts fast to a willow nearby. Sancho asked the reason of this sudden alighting and tying, and Don Quixote answered: "Thou must know, Sancho, that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world but to invite me to embark, and hasten to aid some knight or person of high degree, who is in extreme distress; for such is the practice of enchanters, to snatch a helping knight up in a cloud or furnish him with a boat, and in less than the twinkling of an eye, carry him through the air or over the sea, whither they list, or where his assistance is wanted. This bark, therefore, O Sancho, is placed here for that purpose; and before the day is spent, make haste to fasten Dapple and Rozinante securely together, for I must most surely embark."

"Since it is so," answered Sancho, "I must obey and bow the head. There is no remedy but to give heed to the proverb, 'Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table,' but for all that, I must warn your worship that to my mind this same boat does not belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river, for here they are said to catch the best shad in the world."

This protest was made by Sancho while he was tying the animals where they would be left at the mercy of enchanters, but Don Quixote bade him have no anxiety about them whatever.

"Well, now they are tied," quoth Sancho, "what must we do next?"

"What?" answered Don Quixote; "we must weigh

anchor, I mean embark and cut the rope by which the vessel is fastened." The knight put his words into action by leaping into the boat. Sancho, following him, cut the cord, and the boat floated gently from the shore. When the squire found himself a yard or two from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than hearing his donkey bray, and seeing Rozinante struggling to get loose.

"The donkey brays, master," said Sancho, "and Rozinante is seeking to get loose to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace, and may we be brought back quickly to you." And Sancho began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote was angry and said, "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly creature? Why weepest thou, heart-of-butter? Who pursues, who hurts thee, soul of a house-rat? What wantest thou? Thou art seated on a bench like an archduke, gliding smoothly down this charming stream, whence in a short space we shall come out upon the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are there already, for we must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues."

"On my heart," quoth Sancho, "that may all be, and I will do as your worship bids me, though my own eyes tell me that we are not five yards below where our animals are tied. Yonder stands Rozinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and taking aim as I do now, I vow we do not move an ant's pace."

"Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "make the trial I

bid thee, and give thyself no further concern. If thou couldst understand the stars, thou wouldst know how very far we have journeyed."

The boat was now gliding down the river, moved by no secret influence nor by any enchanter, but merely by the stream, which was then smooth and calm.

Presently they discovered a large water-mill in the midst of the river, and instantly Don Quixote exclaimed, "Behold, my friend, behold! Yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress in which some knight lies under oppression, or some queen or princess in evil plight, for whose relief I am brought hither."

"What in the name of Heaven does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle?" quoth Sancho; "do you not perceive that it is a mill, erected in the river for the grinding of corn?"

"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for though it seems to be a mill, it is not so; have I not often told thee that enchantments change things from their natural shape? I do not say they transform them really from one thing to another, but they do so in appearance, and in our thought."

The boat, being now in the middle of the current, began to move a little faster than it had hitherto done. The millers, seeing it coming thus adrift, and knowing that it must presently fall into the mill-stream, ran in haste with long poles to stop it; and, their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made a rather ghostly appearance. They yelled like fiends to our knight and

squire, "Fools of men," said they, "where are you going? Are ye desperate, that ye have in mind to drown yourselves, or to be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

"Look at those fiends," said Don Quixote. "Did I not tell thee, Sancho, that we were come where I must show how far the valor of my arm extends? Look, what murderers and felons come out against me,—perfect hobgoblins, thinking with their ugly faces to scare us. But ye shall see, rascals, ye shall see!"

Standing up in the boat, Don Quixote began to revile the millers, exclaiming, "Ill-meaning and base scoundrels, set at liberty the person under oppression in your fortress or prison, be he of high or low degree; for know that I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, who is ordered by heaven to carry out this great deed of heroism."

So saying, he drew his sword and began to fence with it in the air against the millers, who, hearing his words but not understanding them in the roar of the water, proceeded in their attempts to stop the boat, which was just entering into the eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell on his knees and prayed to Heaven to deliver them from this great danger.

The agile millers set their poles against the boat and stopped it so suddenly that both Sancho and Don Quixote fell over into the water. It was well for the knight that he knew how to swim like a goose; nevertheless, the weight of his armor sank him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the water

and seized Don Quixote and Sancho, they must have both perished.

When they were dragged ashore, Sancho, kneeling with hands joined and uplifted eyes, prayed to be delivered from any further heroic deeds of his master.

And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; and seeing it in this state, they began to belabor Sancho well, and to demand payment from his master.

Don Quixote, with great calmness, told the millers and fishermen he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition that they would deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person or persons who were held prisoners in their castle.

"What persons, or what castle dost thou mean, madman?" asked one of the millers. "Wouldst thou carry off those who come to grind their corn at our mill?"

"Enough," thought Don Quixote. "It will be useless to try to get anything honorable from such miserable men. In this adventure two able enchanters must have plotted against each other; one providing me with a mark, the other upsetting it. God help us! the world is nothing but wrongs and tricks, plots and counterplots. I can, however, do no more."

Then, looking towards the mill, Don Quixote raised his voice and said, "Friends, whoever ye are that are shut up in this prison, pardon me, that through my ill-fortune, I am unable to deliver you; for this adventure is evidently reserved for some other knight."

Having said this, he settled with the fishermen, ordering Sancho to pay for the boat, who did it much against his will, saying, "A couple more of such enchanted boat rides will sink our whole capital."

The fishermen and millers stood for awhile gazing at these two strange figures, but being unable to understand Don Quixote's discourse, and considering both master and squire as madmen, they left them, and betook themselves to their mill, as the fishermen did to their huts. Upon this Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts, and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

Don Quixote Entertained by a Duchess

One day about sunset Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow and saw several persons enjoying the pleasure of hawking. Drawing nearer, he observed among the group a beautiful lady clad in green sitting on a milk-white horse. On her left hand she carried a hawk, whence Don Quixote conjectured she must be a lady of high rank, as in truth she was.

"Run, Sancho," said the knight, "and tell that high-born lady of the hawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, salute her great beauty, and will wait upon her to kiss her hands and to serve her to my utmost power. So go in a good hour, and God be with thee."

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing his donkey Dapple out of his usual pace, till he came to the fair

huntress. He alighted, and kneeling before her, said, "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master. I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. Formerly this Knight of the Lions was called He of the Rueful Countenance. Now he sends by me to desire your grandeur to give leave that he may approach to serve you."

"Truly, good squire," said the lady, "you have delivered your message with all honor and courtesy. Rise up. It is not fitting that a squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Rueful Countenance, (of whom we have heard much) should remain on his knees. Rise, friend, and tell your master he may come and welcome; and that the Duke and I are at his service in a castle we have at a little distance from here. Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours he of whom a history is being spread through the world, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and who has as the lady of his heart one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same," answered Sancho, "and I am his squire writ to that same history."

With that he returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said, praising her beauty, good humor and courteous behavior to the skies. Don Quixote put on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in the saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and with a graceful assurance, advanced to kiss the hand of the duchess.

She meanwhile had sent for her husband the duke,

and was informing him of the purport of Sancho's message as Don Quixote approached. Now they had read the first part of the written history of Don Quixote, and had learned from it of the extravagant humor of the knight and his squire, so they waited his coming with great pleasure, anticipating much fun and laughter in the adventure. They determined to treat him like a knight errant all the while he should stay, and bade all those in their train to observe the rules of chivalry, as laid down in the many books of chivalry they had read. Every one entered into the idea with great spirit.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his visor up, and Sancho, seeing his master ready to alight, made all haste to hold his stirrup. But as ill-luck would have it, as Sancho was throwing his leg over the donkey to dismount, he tangled his foot in the rope that served as his stirrup, and hung by the heel with his nose to the ground.

On the other side, Don Quixote, who was to have his stirrup held when he dismounted, thought Sancho was there, and lifted his right leg over the saddle to alight; but the saddle happened to be ill-girt and came with him to the ground. Don Quixote was in a sorry plight and covered with shame. The duke, observing them both, sent his men to assist them to their feet. They raised Don Quixote, who came limping as well as he could to pay his duty to the lady, and would have fallen on his knees at her horse's feet, but the duke would not permit it.

"I am sorry, Sir Knight," said the duke, embracing Don Quixote, "that such a mischance should happen to you at your first appearance in my territory; but the neglect of squires is often the cause of worse accidents."

"Most generous prince," said Don Quixote, "I can think nothing bad that befalls me here, since I have the happiness of seeing your Grace; for though I had fallen ever so low, the glory of this interview would raise me again. My squire, indeed, is more apt to set loose his saucy tongue than to gird a saddle well; but prostrate or erect, on horseback or on foot, I shall always be at your grace's command, and no less at her grace's, your worthy consort. Worthy, did I say? Yes, she is worthy to be called the Queen of Beauty and Sovereign Lady of All Courtesy."

"Pardon me there," said the duke, "noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, where the peerless Dulcinea is remembered, the praises of all other beauties ought to be forgotten." Then he entreated the knight to go with them to the castle, where he should be given fitting entertainment for so great a personage.

Don Quixote was mightily pleased to be so graciously treated, and mounted his steed, aided by Sancho, who had girded on the saddle tight. The duke rode a stately horse, while the duchess rode between them to the castle, Sancho following close behind on Dapple and keeping up a lively run of talk with the duchess, who was greatly taken with Sancho's ready wit.

Now before they reached the castle the duke rode away

from them to tell his servants how to behave themselves toward Don Quixote; so that no sooner did the knight come near the gates than he was met by two of the duke's men, wearing long vests of fine crimson satin. They suddenly took him by the arms, lifted him from his horse, and said, "Go, great sir, and assist our lady the duchess to dismount."

Don Quixote did so, and thereupon great compliments passed between them, but the duchess would not descend from her palfrey save in the arms of the duke, saying she was too unworthy a person to burden so grand a knight. At length the duke, her husband, performed the office.

And now, being entered into a large courtyard, there came two damsels who threw a long mantle of fine scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders. In an instant all the galleries about the courtyard were crowded with men and women who cried out, "Welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry!" Then they sprinkled scented water upon Don Quixote, the duke and the duchess.

All this most agreeably surprised the Don, and made him believe that his knight-errantry was indeed more than mere fancy; for he now found himself treated just as the brothers of the order were entertained formerly.

Without further delay they were led up a stately stairway and into a noble hall richly hung with gold brocade. Here his armor was removed by six damsels who acted as his pages.

Don Quixote then retired and dressed himself, put on his belt and sword, threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, clapped on a cap of green velvet left by the damsels, and thus attired was led with great pomp into the supper room, some of the attendants walking before and some behind. Here a table was magnificently set out for four people.

After a thousand courtly compliments on all sides, Don Quixote at last approached the table between the duke and the duchess, and here arose a contest, for the knight, being offered the upper end of the table, thought himself obliged to decline it. However, he could not withstand the duke's pressing, and was at last forced to comply. A parson sat opposite him and the duke and duchess on either side.

Sancho stood by all the while, gaping with wonder at the honor done his master.

After the meal was over and the ceremonies and discussions on chivalry ended, Don Quixote retired to rest; but the duchess begged Sancho Panza to talk with her and her damsels, and was so mightily amused over his discourse that in the spirit of pure fun she pledged him the island he so longed to govern.

"And you shall take with you your most precious Dapple," quoth the duchess, "to your government, and there treat him as generously as you please, and set him free from all further labor if you please."

"Think not, Lady Duchess, there would be anything extraordinary in that," quoth Sancho, "for I have seen

more than one or two jackasses go to government and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry mine."

Sancho's reasonings renewed the laughter and the satisfaction of the duchess. She dismissed him to take his rest while she went to give the duke an account of what had passed, and they agreed together to contrive some jests and have them executed upon Don Quixote in the true spirit of knight-errantry. They played many upon him, so appropriate and clever that they are esteemed some of the best adventures contained in the grand history of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sancho Panza and His Island

The history of Don Quixote informs us that Sancho was conducted to another palace, where he found the cloth laid in a spacious room and a magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered the music began to play, and four pages waited upon him with water to wash his hands, which he did with much gravity.

The music ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no other seat and the cloth was laid for only one. A physician stood at his elbow with a whale-bone wand in his hand. A white cloth that lay over the dishes was now removed, and there was disclosed a great variety of fruit and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a lace cloth under Sancho's chin; another set a dish of fruit before him.

But Sancho had hardly put one bite into his mouth when the physician touched the dish with his wand and it was instantly taken away by a page. Immediately another dish of meat was put in its place, but Sancho no sooner offered to taste than the doctor conjured it away with his wand. All this was done in silence.

Sancho was amazed at these things, and looking about on the company, he asked them whether the dinner was only to show off their sleight of hand.

"My Lord Governor," answered he of the wand, "I am a doctor of physic and have a salary allowed me on the island for taking care of the governor's health. I am more careful of it than of my own, studying day and night his constitution. I attend him always at his meals to let him eat only what I think best. I ordered the fruit away because it was too cold and moist, the other dish was too hot with spices."

"If that be so," said Sancho, "let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes will do me the most good and the least harm, and let me eat of that without having it whirled away with his wand. I am ready to die of hunger, and not to allow me to eat my food is to shorten my life, not to lengthen it."

"Very true, my lord," said the physician, "yet I would not have you eat of that dish of roast partridges, nor yet taste of those stewed rabbits, nor of that veal. As for that huge dish steaming yonder, from which such pleasant odors reach the nose, it would be fatal to eat of that, for there are too many good things put into one dish for it to be wholesome. What I advise the governor to eat now to preserve his health is a few small wafers and a slice or two of preserved quince."

Sancho, on hearing this, leaned back in his chair, looked earnestly into the doctor's face, and very seriously asked him what was his name and where he had studied.

"My lord," answered the doctor, "I am called Doctor Ped'ro Rez'i-o, and I took my degree at the University of Os-su'na."

"Hark ye," said Sancho in a mighty rage, "Mr. Doctor Pedro Rezio, take yourself away. Avoid this room this moment, or assuredly I'll get me a good cudgel, and beginning with your carcass, I'll belabor and rib-roast all the quack doctors in the island. Once more, Pedro Rezio, I say get out of my presence! Avaunt! or I will take the chair I sit upon and comb your head with it. Let me eat, I say, or let them take their government again. An office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two beans."

The bogus physician was terrified at seeing the governor in such a heat, and would have slunk from the room at once, had not the post-horn been heard. Presently a messenger entered in haste and handed a packet to the governor, who gave it to the steward to read the directions.

On it was writ, "To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island Ba-ra-ta'ria, to be delivered into his own hands or those of his secretary."

"Who is my secretary?" cried Sancho.

"It is I, my lord," said one standing near, "for I can read and write."

"Open and read, then," said Sancho.

The secretary did so, and after reading it to himself, he told the governor it contained business to be told only in private. Sancho ordered the room to be cleared of all save the steward and the carver, then the secretary read what follows:

"I have received information, my Lord Sancho Panza,

that some of our enemies intend to attack your island with great fury one of these nights. You ought, therefore, to be watchful and stand upon your guard, that you may not be found unprepared. I have also had word from five faithful spies, that four men have got into the town in disguise to murder you, since you are greatly feared by the enemy. Look about you, take heed how you admit strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance if you stand in need of it. In everything I rely on your prudence. From our castle, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

THE DUKE."

Sancho was astonished at the news, and those with him seemed greatly concerned also.

"I will tell you," said he, turning to the steward, "what is first to be done, and that with all speed. Clap that same Doctor Pedro into a dungeon; for if anybody has a mind to kill me it must be he, and that with a lingering death, the worst of deaths, hunger-starving.

"All these things may be poisoned, so away with them and get me bread and four or five pounds of raisins; there can be no poison in such food.

"Meanwhile, secretary, do you write an answer to the duke that his orders shall be fulfilled in every part. Remember me to my lady, the duchess, and crowd in my compliments to my master, Don Quixote, that he may see I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful. The rest I

leave to you; put in what you will and do your part like a good secretary. Now, take away here, and bring me something to eat. Then you shall see I am able to deal with all the spies, wizards, and cut-throats that dare meddle with me and my island."

At this moment a page entered and said, "My lord, one who looks like a countryman desires to speak with you on business."

"This is no time for business," cried Sancho in a rage. "I want to eat. One would think governors were made of iron and marble, and had no need for food or rest like other creatures of flesh and blood. If my government does but last, as I shrewdly guess it will not, I will get some of these men of business laid by the heels. Well, for once let the fellow in, provided he be no spy nor rogue that would murder me."

So the country fellow was brought in and in looks he seemed harmless enough. After much talk he made it known that he would borrow six hundred ducats from the governor.

Whereat the governor, in a towering rage, jumped up, seized a chair, and rushed at the fellow.

"You brazen fool," cried Sancho, "get out of my presence, or I will crack your pate with this chair. You vagabond, dost thou come at this time of day to ask six hundred ducats? Where should I have them, clod-pate? And if I had them, why should I give them to thee? Avoid the room, I say, avoid the room, or I'll be as good as my word. It is not a day and a half that

I have been governor, and thou wouldst have me possess six hundred ducats already!"

The steward made signs to the farmer to withdraw, and he went out with his head down as if greatly frightened, for the cunning knave knew well how to act his part.

Many were the episodes of the next few days that marked the rule of Sancho Panza over his island. He acted with such wisdom and discretion that he won the approval of the duke and duchess, and even Don Quixote himself wrote letters greatly in praise of Sancho's acts as governor.

The End of Sancho's Government

One night Sancho was awakened by so great a noise of bells and voices he truly thought the whole island was sinking. Trumpets and drums made the din overpowering. Soon about twenty persons rushed to his door bearing torches and drawn swords, all crying aloud, "Arm, arm, Lord Governor, arm! for an infinite number of enemies have entered the island, and nothing can save us unless our men are inspired by your valor." They then bound a couple of old targets in front and behind him. So tightly was he bound that he was unable to bend his knees or take a step. They then put a lance into his hand and desired him to lead his men to victory.

"How should I march, wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I cannot stir my knee-pans?"

The confusion increased, the cries drew nearer. Sancho tried to walk but fell down, lying like a turtle enclosed in his shell, unable to stir. And though they saw him fall, these jesting rogues had no compassion on him. On the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamor, trampling over Sancho, and giving him a hundred thwacks on the targets. The poor governor drew in his legs and head, and being now crumpled in a very narrow space, he sweated and sweated again, and prayed Heaven to deliver him from that great danger.

As the pretended battle grew more fierce, some stumbled, others fell over him; and one there was who stood for a good while on Sancho's target, and commanded the troops with a loud voice, "This way, brave boys; here the enemy charges thickest. Guard that postern! shut your gate! this way with your kettles for rosin, pitch and burning oil!" In short he named over in the greatest hurry many of the means used in the defense of a city.

The poor, battered Sancho, who heard and bore all, groaned, "Oh, if it were Heaven's good pleasure that this island were lost and I could see myself either dead or out of this great strait!"

Suddenly the cry arose, "Victory, victory! The enemy is routed! Rise, Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valor of thy invincible arm."

They raised him up, more dead than alive from the

fright. After he had been somewhat refreshed, he slowly and painfully drew on his clothing. Taking himself to the stable, he found Dapple, whom he kissed. To him he spoke not without tears in his eyes, "Come hither, my companion, my friend and partner in fatigues and miseries. When I had no other thought but the care of mending thy furniture and feeding thy little body, happy were my hours, my days and my years. But since I forsook thee and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils and four thousand disquiets have entered my soul."

Sancho then turned to those who had followed him and said, "Let me pass, gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my former liberty. I was not born to be a governor nor to defend islands nor cities. Give me way, and let me be gone to plaster myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken, thanks to the enemies who have been trampling upon me all night long." And with that he rode forth, not heeding their entreaties to remain, nor was he happy again till he had joined his master.

The Last Joust

Many were the adventures that came to knight and squire, many the hardships they endured. At length Don Quixote was challenged by an unknown knight mounted on a large horse. The penalty agreed upon was that the conquered knight should lay aside all arms and dwell quietly at home for the space of one year.

Now this knight was none other than Sampson Car-ras'co, one of Don Quixote's best friends, who hoped to overcome the mad knight and cause him to live quietly for a year, in which time he might be cured.

So without herald or trumpeter or the applause of beautiful ladies, the two knights drew off their horses at some distance and then charged at each other. Now poor Rozinante, all skin and bones, could run hardly faster than a jog-trot, so the horse of the unknown knight gave them such a thump that the weak steed and knight rolled over together and were very slow to rise again.

Don Quixote was very sorrowful at this defeat and bitterly regretted that the feebleness of his steed had caused his downfall, but as a matter of honor he was bound to return home. It was some days before he or his horse could travel, but at length they arrived home, accompanied by the faithful Sancho and Dapple.

But now, sorrowful at his last defeat, and weakened by his many hardships and sleepless hours and long fastings, he was thrown into a fever which brought him to his end. Shortly before he died his devoted friends noticed he talked no more of knights but seemed to be in his right mind, for he solemnly warned them all to beware of books of chivalry and enchanters and monsters. And so he passed away, surrounded by his many friends, who mourned the death of one so brave and gentle and generous, but glad that in his last hours his mind was fully restored.

—Adapted from Cervantes.

The Barefoot Boy

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy!
I was once a barefoot boy.

Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play;
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;

Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell;
How the wood-chuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well.
How the robin feeds her young;
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow;
Where the freshest berries grow;
Where the ground-nut trails its vine;
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way—
Mason of his walls of clay—
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,

Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played;
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;

While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah, that thou could'st know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—*John G. Whittier.*

The Cid—A Spanish Hero Tale

The Insult

Rodrigo of Bivor was a youth of noble lineage. He was born in the city of Burgos, near the palace of the Counts of Castille. He was strong of arms and of good customs, and the people rejoiced in him for he bestirred himself to protect the land from the Moors.

Now there was strife between his father, Di-e'go, and Count Gomez; and the count insulted Diego and gave him a blow. Diego was a man in years and his strength had gone from him, so he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonor.

Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who was held to be the best in war. Howbeit, all this appeared as nothing to Rodrigo. When he thought of the wrong done his father, he asked nothing but justice of Heaven and fair play of men. His father, seeing how good of heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing, and Rodrigo went out and defied the Count and slew him.

Then Dona Ximena, the beautiful daughter of the Count, whom Rodrigo loved and who loved Rodrigo, went to King Don Ferrando, fell on her knees before him and

said, "Sir, I am the daughter of Count Don Gomez, and Rodrigo of Bivor has slain the Count my father and I have come to crave of you a boon. I demand the life of Rodrigo for the life he has taken, so that the honor of my father's house may be restored."

The king promised justice and forthwith ordered letters to be drawn up wherein he commanded the presence of Rodrigo at court.

Just at this time the Moors entered Castille, in great power, led by five kings. They passed above Burgos and carried away many captives, both men and women, and horses and flocks of all kinds. But, as they were returning, Rodrigo fell upon them and won back all their booty and took all the five kings prisoners. He divided the booty among his companions and the people of the ravaged country, and then he set the kings at liberty and bade them depart.

Rodrigo came back to court covered with glory and honor, but Ximena, daughter of the slain count, still demanded his life. Now, when the king refused this, she demanded trial by combat to restore the honor of her house, and, pressed by the king, who knew her love for Rodrigo, she promised to marry the victor in the combat, whoever he might be.

Rodrigo was the victor, and the king did him great honor, giving him many noble gifts and adding to his lands. With both honor and riches, Rodrigo departed from the king, taking Ximena, his wife, to the house of his mother.

Then he made a vow to her that he could not consider himself entitled to her love till he had won five battles against the Moors. He besought his mother that she would love Ximena even as she loved him, and that she would do good to her and show her great honor; and his mother promised to do so. Then he left her in his mother's keeping and went out against the Moors, taking with him twenty knights. As he went he did great good, giving alms to the poor and needy.

The Leper

Upon the way he found a leper, struggling in a quagmire, who cried out to him with a loud voice for help. When Rodrigo heard this, he alighted and, placing the sick man upon his beast, carried him to the inn where he himself was to lodge that night. There he ordered a bed to be made ready for the leper.

When it was midnight, and Rodrigo was fast asleep, the leper came to him and breathed between his shoulders. That breath was so strong that it passed through him, even through his breast, and waked him, and he arose in fear. He called for light and when it was brought him he looked for the leper but could see nothing, so he returned into the bed and began to think within himself what had happened, and of that breath which had passed through him, and how the leper was not there. After a while there appeared before him one in white

garments, who said unto him, "Sleepest thou or wakest thou, Rodrigo?"

Rodrigo answered, "I do not sleep; but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odor?"

Then said the white robed figure, "I am the leper to whom thou, for the love of God, didst so much good and

so great honor. And because thou didst this for his sake hath God now granted thee a great gift: Whensoever that breath which thou hast felt shall come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do, and shalt then begin, that shalt thou accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or aught else. So thy honor shall go on increasing from day to day. Thou shalt be feared both by Moors and Christians, thy enemies shall never prevail against thee, and thou shalt die an honorable death in thine own house, for God hath blessed thee. Therefore go thou on, and evermore persevere in doing good."

With that the vision disappeared and Rodrigo arose and prayed, and he continued in prayer till the day broke. Then he proceeded on his way, and performed his pilgrimage, doing much good for the love of God.

After Rodrigo had gained many battles, the king knighted him and the ceremony was after this manner: The king girded on his sword and gave him the kiss; to do him honor the queen gave him his horse; and the Infanta Dona fastened on his spurs. Then the king commanded Rodrigo to knight nine noble squires with his own hand; and he took his sword before the altar and knighted them. And the king gave him three cities to rule. Furthermore, he ordered that ever after Rodrigo should be called the Cid, because at this time the five Moorish kings whom Rodrigo had set free, coming to pay tribute to him, called him the Cid, which means conqueror.

The Cid had many knights and vassals, and he won great riches from the Moors. But when the Counts of Castille saw how he increased day by day in honor, they took counsel together how they might bring him into disfavor with Don Alfonso, the new king, for King Don Ferrando was dead.

The Cid Banished

At last the king believed what they said against the Cid and banished him. The counts were well pleased with this, but all the people of the land were sorrowful.

When the tidings had gone through Castille that the Cid was banished from the land, the people flocked to him from all parts. Some left their houses to follow him and others forsook the honorable offices which they held.

Then there rode out with him into the country of the Moors three hundred knights with their lances and streamers, besides many foot soldiers. Great were the spoils won, horses and arms, gold, silver and pearls and many castles were taken. All who were left with him became rich, for the Cid divided the spoils with his men. He left the castles to the Moors, who remained blessing him for his bounty.

The Cid called for his cousin, Alvar Fanez, and said, "The poor have no part in the wrong which the king hath done. See now that there is no harm done to them along the road."

Then the Cid added further to Alvar Fanez, "I will send King Alfonso a present from my part of the spoils. You shall go to Castille and take with you thirty horses, the best which were taken from the Moors, all bridled and saddled and each having a sword hanging from the saddle bow, and you shall give them to the king and kiss his hand for me and tell him we know how to make our way among the Moors.

Alvar Fanez went his way to Castille and presented to the king the thirty horses, with all the trappings, and the King said, "Who sends me these goodly presents?"

Alvar Fanez answered, "The Cid sends them and kisses by me your hands, for since you were wroth against him, and banished him from the land, he being a man disinherited, hath helped himself with his own hands and hath won from the Moors great riches."

King Don Alfonso answered, "This is too soon for a banished man to ask favor of his lord; nor is it befitting a king, for no lord ought to be wroth for so short a time. Nevertheless, because the horses were won from the Moors, I will take them and rejoice that my Cid hath sped so well. I pardon you, Alvar Fanez, and give you again your lands, and you have my favor to go when you will and come when you will. Of the Cid, I shall say nothing now, only that all who choose to follow him may freely go, and that their bodies and goods are safe."

Then Alvar Fanez kissed the king's hand and said, "God grant you many happy years for his service. You have done this now, and you will do the rest later."

Meanwhile the Cid took up his abode on the knoll above Mon-ter'e-al, which was ever after called the Knoll of the Cid, and from thence he did much harm to the Moors.

Now the Cid had it in his heart to take the city of Valencia, so he sent word to Castille, "Whoever wishes to rid himself of care and be rich let him come to the Cid, who purposes to besiege Valencia and give it to the Christians." Great numbers flocked to him and for nine months he besieged the city. In the tenth month the people of Valencia surrendered to him.

Great was the rejoicing of the Cid and his men as they entered Valencia. Even the men on foot became cavaliers; all became rich; gold and silver was showered upon every man who aided in the conquest.

Then he called his men together and said, "Friends, kinsmen and vassals, all the goods which I have in the world I have here in Valencia. With hard labor I won the city and hold it for my heritage. If I administer right and justice here, God will let me enjoy it, but if I do evil, and carry myself proudly and wrongfully, I know that He will take it away."

Then he said to Alvar Fanez, "I desire you to go to Castille to King Alfonso, my natural lord, with a hundred horses of this spoil, kiss his hand for me, and pray that his grace permit me to bring my wife and daughters to this distant land that we have won."

So Alvar Fanez departed to the king, presented the gift, and made known the Cid's desire. The king was much pleased with this gift, and the winning of these Moorish lands by the Cid, and he gave quick orders for Dona Ximena and her daughters to leave the Abbey under escort and go to Valencia.

When they were within three leagues of Valencia, the Cid being overjoyed at the approach of his loved ones, leaped upon Ba-bi-e'ca, his horse, and was borne so swiftly to them that from that day Babieca was held by the Cid to be worth all Spain.

Then said he to his wife and daughters, "My heart and soul come with me into Valencia; this heritage I have won for you." And he led them into the palace of the Alcazar.

The Marriage of the Cid's Daughters

When the Infantes of Carrion saw the noble presents which the Cid had sent unto the king and heard how his riches and power daily increased, and moreover, that he was Lord of Valencia, they spake one with the other and agreed that if the Cid would give them his daughters, they would be well married and become rich and honorable.

Then the king sent a message to the Cid saying he had a great desire to see him. "Say to him," he said, "that I beseech him to come to me, for I would speak with him concerning something which is to his good and

honor. Diego and Ferrando, the Infantes of Carrion, fain would wed his daughters if it seemeth good to him, and methinks this would be a good marriage."

When the Cid heard this he became thoughtful and said, "I was banished from my own country and was dishonored, and with hard labor have gained what I have got; and now I stand in the king's favor, and he asketh of me my daughters for the Infantes of Carrion. They are of high blood, but I do not like the match; but if the king adviseth it, we can do no otherwise."

Then the Cid gave order to write letters to the king saying that he would meet the king and whatever the king wished, that he would do. And he sealed the letters and sent two knights with them.

Now began they on both sides to prepare for the meeting. King Don Alfonso arrived first by one day at the place of meeting. When he heard the Cid was coming he went out with all his honorable men to meet him, and when the Cid saw the King, he bade his company halt and, with fifteen of his knights, he alighted and put his hands and his knees to the ground and took the herbs of the field between his teeth as if he would have eaten them —thus did he know how to humble himself before Don Alfonso his King. In this manner he approached and would have kissed the King's feet, but the King drew back and said, "The hand, not the foot, my Cid."

The Cid drew near and said, "Grant me your love, O King, so that all present may hear." And the King said he forgave him and granted his love with heart and soul.

Then the Cid asked the King to eat with him and the King answered, "Not so, for ye are not prepared; we arrived yesterday, and ye but now. Eat you and your company with me, for we have made ready. To-day, my Cid, you are my guest, and to-morrow we will do as pleases you." Now came the Infantes of Carrion up and humbled themselves before the Cid, and he received them well. Then the company of the Cid came up and kissed the King's hands and went to meat.

When the meal was over, the King said, "Counts, Infantes, and Knights, hear what I shall say to the Cid." And to the Cid he said, "The reason I sent for you to this meeting was two-fold: first, that I might see you, which I greatly desired, for I love you much because of the many and great services you have done me, although at one time I was wroth against you and banished you from the land. The second reason was that I might ask you for your two daughters, Dona Elvira and Dona Sol, that you would give them in marriage to the Infantes of Carrion, for, methinks, this would be a fit marriage."

Then the Cid said, "Sir, I begat them and now give them in marriage; both I and they are yours."

The King said, "I thank thee that thou hast given me thy daughters for the Infantes of Carrion. The Infantes I put into your hands; they will go with you, and they and your daughters will all be your children."

Eight days this meeting lasted; one day they dined with the King and the next with the Cid. Then on the morrow at sunrise everyone departed for his home. The

Cid mounted his horse and brought the Infantes, his sons-in-law, into the city to the Al-ca'zar that they might see their brides, Dona Elvira and Dona Sol.

At the end of those two years, there came to pass a great misadventure, by reason of which they fell out with the Cid, through no fault in him.

The Episode of the Lion

There was a lion in the house of the Cid, kept for his pastime. This lion had grown large and strong, and three men had the keeping of him. They kept him in a den which was up in the courtyard, and they often opened the door that he might come out to eat.

Now it was the custom of the Cid to dine every day with his company, and after he had dined he would sleep awhile in his seat. One day when he had dined there came a man and told him that a great fleet of Moors had arrived in the port.

The men who were keepers of the lion, hearing the cry that the Moors were coming, came down into the palace where the Cid was and left the door of the court open. After the lion had eaten his meat, he saw that the door was open and he went out of the court and came down into the palace into the hall where they all were. When those who were there saw the lion, they were filled with fear, but the Infantes of Carrion showed greater cowardice than all the rest. Ferrando having no shame neither for the Cid nor for the others who were present,

crept under the seat whereon the Cid was sleeping, and in his haste burst his mantle and his doublet at the shoulders. And Diego, the other, ran to a postern door crying, "I shall never see Carrion again." Through the door he jumped, falling among the lees in a winepress which happened to be outside.

All the others who were in the hall wrapped their cloaks around their arms and stood around about the seat whereon the Cid was sleeping, ready to defend him. The noise which they made awakened the Cid; he saw the lion coming toward him, and he lifted up his hand and said, "What is this?" The lion, hearing his voice, stood still. Then the Cid rose up, took him by the mane, as if he had been a gentle mastiff, and, leading him back to the court where he was before, ordered his keepers to look better to him for the time to come. When he had done this he returned to the hall and took his seat again.

After some time Ferrando crept from under the seat where he had hidden himself, and came out with a pale face, not having yet lost his fear, and his brother Diego got up from among the lees. When those who were present saw them in this plight, they made great sport, but the Cid forbade their laughter.

The next day the army of Morocco came in great numbers and besieged Valencia. When in camp they had fifty thousand tents. The Counts of Carrion, troubled of heart to see so many tents of the Moors, said, "If we go into this battle, we shall never see Carrion again."

Now it so chanced that one of the men heard this and told it to the Cid. The knowledge of their cowardice grieved the Cid at heart, but he presently made sport of it, and turning to his sons-in-law said, "You, my sons shall remain in Valencia and guard the town, and we who are used to this business will go out to battle." When the Counts heard this they were ashamed and answered,

"We will not abide in Valencia! We will go with you to battle." The Cid was well pleased when he heard them say this.

Then they went forth against the army of Moors, and the Cid, with his good horse Babieca, overtook the Moorish King and took from him the famous sword, "Tizona." Then they despoiled the field, where they found great riches in gold, in silver, in pearls, in precious stones, in sumptuous tents, in horses and in oxen.

The Treachery of the Infantes of Carrion

Great joy was made in Valencia for this victory, and great was the joy of the Counts of Carrion. Five thousand marks came to them as their portion of the spoil. When they saw themselves so rich, they went before the Cid and said, "It is a long time since we departed from Carrion and from our father and our mother. We would now return to them and take our wives with us so that they may see what is to be the inheritance of their children.

Then the Cid made answer, "My sons, when ye take away my daughters, ye take my very heartstrings. Nevertheless, it is fitting that ye do as ye have said. Go when ye will, and I will give such gifts that it shall be known in Castille with what riches I have sent away my sons-in-law." So they took their departure.

At length they came to a green lawn in the midst of a great oak forest where there was a fountain of clear

water. There they pitched their tents. In the morning they sent all the company on and were left alone with their wives. Dona Elvira said to her husband, "Why do we remain alone in this place?"

"Hold thy peace," he replied, "and thou shalt see!" Then they took the mantles and furs of ermine from their wives and left them for dead, saying, "Lie there, daughters of the Cid, for it is not fitting that ye should be our wives. We have now avenged ourselves for the shame your father did us with the lion." And they rode away, leaving them to the beasts of the forest.

Now the nephew of the Cid was in the train when all the servants were bidden go forward, but he drew aside into a thicket and hid himself to watch what the Counts did. When he saw them go forward alone, he turned back and found his cousins, and placing them upon his horse, bore them back to a tower of a kinsman, and there he left them, while he hastened back with the awful news to the Cid.

The Cid ordered his daughters brought back to Valencia. Then he sent a messenger to the King and asked that the King's court be summoned to do him justice.

The King was sad over the wrong done the Cid by the Counts and he set the court seven weeks hence.

The Counts of Carrion greatly feared this summons, and begged the King to excuse them from this court, but the King said, "That I will not do; the Cid will come, and you have to render him justice, for he has a grievance against you."

Then the Cid made ready to go to the Cortez and with his hundred brave knights arrived at the court at the time set by the King.

The King and all the Counts, save those who were on the side of the Infantes of Carrion, rose up to greet him. When they were all seated again the King bade the Cid make his demand.

The Cid rose and said, "There is no need of making long speeches here which would detain the Cortez, but I pray you let this demand be heard which I have made against the Infantes. Let them make answer before you, why it was they besought you to marry them to my daughters and why they took them away from me from Valencia, when they had it in their hearts to dishonor me, and leave them as they left them in the oak-forest."

The King said, "Seeing they are here present they shall make answer to what the Cid has said."

Then Ferrando the eldest arose and said, "Sir, we are your subjects of the kingdom of Castille, and sons of your best noblemen. We hold that men of such stations as ourselves were not well married with the daughters of Rodrigo of Bivor. For this reason we forsook them because they come not of blood fit for our wives, and we hold that in so doing we did no wrong."

Next Diego arose and said, "You know, Sir, what perfect men we are in our lineage, and it did not befit us to be married with the daughters of such an one as Rodrigo of Bivor."

Then the Count, their uncle, arose and said, "Come

away Infantes, and let us leave the Cid sitting like a bridegroom in his ivory chair. He lets his beard grow and thinks to frighten us with it."

The Cid put up his hand to his beard and said, "What hast thou to do with my beard, Count? Thanks be to God, it is long because no Moor or Christian hath plucked it, as I did yours, when I took your castle and took you by the beard."

Then the Count cried, "Come away, Infantes, and leave him! Let him go back to his own country and take to toil as he used to do. He is not your peer that you should strive with him."

Then the King arose and called the Al-ca'des and went apart with them into a chamber, and when they had taken counsel what was right in the matter, he went and seated himself in his chair, and he spake thus, "I have taken counsel with the Counts whom I appointed to be Alcades in this cause between the Cid and the Infantes, and thus is the sentence which I give, 'Both the Infantes and their uncle, who has proven to be the adviser in the dishonor which they did unto the daughters of the Cid, shall do battle with such three of the Cid's people as it please him to appoint.'"

When the King had given his sentence the Cid rose, kissed his hand and said, "Seeing you have judged justly, I receive your sentence." Then the Cid appointed his three champions and the King commanded that the combat should be performed on the morrow.

Now when all this had been appointed and while they

were all in the court, there came to the palace messages from the Kings of Aragon and of Navarre, who brought letters to King Alfonso and to the Cid, wherein those kings sent to ask the daughters of the Cid in marriage. Much were the King and Cid pleased at this news, and the King said, "I hold it good that your daughters wed these Kings and that from henceforward they be Queens and Ladies, and for the dishonor they have received they now receive honor," and he gave orders that letters of consent to these marriages be given. Great joy, too, had the champions of the Cid that these marriages were appointed, seeing how their honor was increased.

Babieca

On the morrow the Cid went to take leave of the King. When they brought him his horse, Babieca, he turned to the King and said, "Sir, I should depart ill from here if I took with me so good a horse as my Babieca, and did not leave him for you, for such a horse as this is fit for you and for no other master. That you may see what he is, I will do before you what I have done in the battles, which I have had with my enemies. Then he mounted his horse with his ermine housings and gave him the spur.

Anon they wheel, anon they bound,
And over the plain they thunder,
The King and all his nobles round
Stand rooted there in wonder.

And now they praise the gallant knight,
His courage cool and keen;
And now they praise the gallant horse,
Whose like was never seen.

While Babieca charged he broke one of his reins, yet he came and stopped before the King as easily as if both reins had been whole. The King and all who were with him marveled at this, saying, they never had heard of so good a horse.

Then the Cid begged the King to take the horse, but the King answered, "God forbid that I should take him! for upon that horse you have done honor to yourself and to us."

But cried the Cid, "I pray you, take him."

"Let him be mine then," said the King, "but take him now and I will send for him when I please." So the Cid departed on his horse Babieca.

After this the Cid abode in Valencia. The Kings of Aragon and Navarre came to celebrate their marriage with his daughters, as had been appointed, and the knights of the Cid won in the battle with the Infantes of Carrion, and the King did them great honor.

When five years were over, tidings came to Valencia that the King of Morocco, holding himself disgraced by the Cid, who had conquered him and taken his sword, stirred up all the Moors to cross the sea again and avenge himself.

When the Cid heard these things he was troubled, but

he bade all the Moors of Valencia quit the town and go to the suburbs to dwell till there should be an end of the trouble with the King of Morocco, and they all obeyed his command. When the Moors were all gone out of the city, it came to pass in the middle of the night, there came a great light into the palace, and there appeared a man as white as snow, old and with gray hair, and he carried certain keys in his hands. Before the Cid could speak to him he said, "Sleepest thou, Rodrigo?"

And the Cid said, "What man art thou who asketh me?"

And he said, "I am St. Peter, who comes unto thee with more urgent tidings than that of the Moors. It is this: thou art to leave this world and go to that which hath no end; and this will be in thirty days, but thy people shall discomfort the Moors and thou, being dead, shall win this battle for the honor of thy body."

The Victory of the Cid after Death

Now after the thirty days, the Cid sickened and died, and three days after he had departed, the King of Morocco came into the port of Valencia. There were with him thirty and six kings and one Moorish Queen, and she brought with her two hundred horsewomen. And on the morrow they began to besiege the city. This continued for nine days, till the company of the Cid had made ready everything for their departure, as the Cid had commanded.

The King of the Moors thought that the Cid dared not come out against them, seeing that they tarried so long. But all this while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go to Castille, as he had commanded them before his death. The body of the Cid was prepared after this manner: First it was embalmed and anointed with balsam and myrrh of such power that the flesh remained firm and fair. His eyes were open and his long beard in order, so that no man would have thought him dead. They took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulder. They fastened these boards to the saddle so that the body could not move, and placed the saddle with the body upon it upon his noble horse, Babieca. Thus the body sat so upright and well that it seemed as if he were alive.

First they attacked the Moorish Queen, who was so skilled with her bow that she did much hurt to the company of the Cid, but at last she and her people fled in great confusion. It seemed to them that there came against them fully seventy thousand knights, all as white as snow, and before them a knight of great stature.

The kings of the Moors were all so greatly dismayed that they turned in flight and did not check reins till they reached the sea. The company of the Cid rode after them, but the Moors did not turn their heads to defend themselves. When they reached the sea, the hurry among them to get to the ships was so great that many were drowned. Those who escaped hoisted their flags and went their way without turning their heads.

When all the Cid's company were met together again they took the road to Castille and sent letters to the Kings of Aragon and Navarre and to King Don Alfonso, telling how the Cid had departed and how they had brought him on his horse Babieca to San Pedro.

From the day the body of the Cid was taken from Babieca no man was allowed to ride the horse. This good horse lived two years after the death of the Cid, and when he died they buried him at the gate of Saint Peter on the right hand and planted two elms upon the grave, the one at the head and the other at the foot, and these trees grew and became great trees.

When the body of the Cid had remained in the chair ten years King Don Alfonso, for the great reverence he bore the Cid, ordered a coffin to be hewn out of the great stones and round about the stone coffin verses composed by himself to be graven. Upon the walls was written:

"I who lie here am the Cid Rodrigo, who conquered the thirty and six Moorish kings upon my white horse after I was dead, being the seventy and second battle which I won. I am he who won the swords "Colada" and "Tizona." God be praised. Amen."

Men of all nations at all times have come to see and reverence the tomb of the Cid, being led there by his great fame. Knights and soldiers, when they have fallen upon their knees to kiss the tomb, have felt strengthened, and have gone away in full trust that they would speed better in all subsequent battles.

—Adapted from Robert Southey.

Paul Revere's Ride

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swung wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,

And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbs the tower of the old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now he gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves of the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weather cock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, black and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,

And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadow brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the Red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Song of Roland

The Council of King Marsilius

The Emperor Charlemagne had waged war for seven full years in Spain against the Moors and had conquered the land from highland to sea. No city could withstand him; prison and castle alike gave way before his hand, until one town only, Sar-a-gos'sa, a mountain town, held out against him under the rule of Mar-sil'i-us, King of the Moors or Saracens, whom the Christian Franks called heathen.

Now Marsilius called an assembly of his men to consider what was best to be done, and they gathered twenty thousand strong or more before his council-seat.

When all were seated, he thus addressed them: "My lords, hear ye! we are sore beset by the Emperor Charlemagne of France, for he hath come hither to overpower us and take our land for his own. I have no host to meet him; I have no power to shatter his power; lend me your counsel, my sages; forefend my doom of shame and death."

The great king paused for a reply, but no one of all his heathen horde spoke for a time. Then Blan-can'drin, a wise heathen, knightly and valiant, ever ready to aid

his lord, arose from amidst the throng that crowded about and spoke to the king.

"Be not dismayed, O King," he cried, "by the coming of King Karl. Offer this high and haughty ruler lowly friendship and fealty; lay ample largess of bear and lion and greyhound at his feet. Give him as tribute seven hundred camels, a thousand hawks and four hundred mules laden with gold, and silver enough to fill fifty wagons.

"Tell him that he hath warred too long in Spain, and that at St. Michael's feast you will, if he return to France, meet him there and adopt the Christian creed and be his liegeman.

"If he demand hostages, we will send him our sons. My own shall be the first; better far it is that a few of our sons perish than that all of us be driven from our land in dishonor and beggary.

"If this be done, I swear by my right hand and my flowing beard, ye shall see the host of the Franks disband and hie them back to France.

"The Emperor Karl will return to his home and on Saint Michael's day he will hold a great feast. The time of your tryst will pass away without tale or tidings of us; wroth will he be; and, fiery and sudden as he is, he will smite off the heads of our hostages. Even so, 'twill be better than that we should lose all the fair land of Spain, and our lives be laden with shame and sorrow."

"Yea," answered the heathen crowding about, "he speaks the truth; it were better so."

King Marsilius was pleased with this counsel, and dismissing the assembly, called to him ten of his fiercest and most dangerous men. These he bade ride to Charlemagne with olive branches in their hands, token of peace, and win a fair treaty for Spain from him, and Marsilius promised these men silver and gold, lands and high honors unmeasured, as a reward for the perilous journey.

"Nay," answered his men, "we have enough; we go for Spain and the King."

Charlemagne's Council at Cordova

King Karl was jocund and in a gay mood, for he had subdued the city of Cordova at last and its walls were shattered and its turrets fallen. Not a heathen remained who had not confessed himself a Christian.

The Emperor sat in a great orchard with Roland and Oliver by his side, and many another noble. There were gathered fully fifteen thousand of the bravest men of France; the warriors sat, some at playing tables, some at the great game of chess; still others were fencing, and the orchard rang with song and speech and laughter.

Beneath a tall and stately pine, upon a throne of beaten gold, sat the lord of ample France. His body was large and fair, his hair and beard white, and his face proud; no one could mistake the Emperor. The ten messengers from King Marsilius advanced straight to him without question, alighted before his feet, and

greeted him with all kingly observance and ceremony. Blancandrin was spokesman, and offered all to King Charlemagne, as had been planned.

The Emperor raised his hands on high, bent his head and bethought him silently as he listened to the message from King Marsilius. His look was lofty as he raised his head and answered, "Thou hast spoken well. King Marsilius was ever my deadly foe. How am I to know the fulfillment of all these fair words?"

"We will give hostages, ten or twenty or more as you will," said Blancandrin. "My own son will be one, and the best and noblest of our land will be given in the name of Spain. Then on the feast day of Saint Michael, our king himself, with a thousand followers, will come to you to be baptized."

"Yea," said King Karl thoughtfully, "Marsilius may yet be saved," and he extended magnificent hospitality to the Saracens, ordering a fair pavilion set up where they were entertained for the night.

Next morning the Emperor rose early to counsel with his barons under the great pine; his nobles gathered; Count Roland and his constant friend, the gentle and valiant Oliver, came, and more than a thousand brave Franks; and Gan-e-lon' came, by whom the deed of treason was done.

So the fatal council began. The Emperor said, "Lords, my barons, King Marsilius hath sent his envoys offering unbounded treasure, bears and lions and hounds, seven hundred camels, a thousand hawks, four hundred

mules burdened with gold, and silver enough to fill fifty wagons, if I return to France. Thither he will follow after a short delay, take the Christian vow, and hold his lands of me. Yet I know not what may be his true purpose."

"Beware! beware!" shouted the Franks.

The Emperor had scarcely finished his speech, when

in high displeasure Count Roland rose, faced his uncle, and said, "O King, believe not this Marsilius. Seven full years we have warred in Spain; city after city have I taken for you; and this King Marsilius hath ever proven the traitor. Forget not the time when he sent fifteen envoys to you, each bearing the olive bough and speaking the selfsame words. You yielded then and sent two barons to treat with him, but he smote off their heads. War, I say! End as you began. Lead your van against Saragossa; avenge the nobles this felon slew."

The Emperor bent his head, mused within, twisted his beard upon lip and chin, but answered his nephew never a word. All the Franks were silent save Ganelon, who sprang to his feet and haughtily spoke, "O King, be not misled by me or others, but look to your good ends. King Marsilius pledges his faith and offers boundless treasure; he swears he will be your vassal, receive the Christian law, and hold his realm of you in fee. Deny not his treaty, Sire; no good ever came from counsel of pride; listen to the wise, and bid madmen keep silence."

Then a duke, whose hair and beard were white with age, added his word to Count Ganelon's, saying, "Well hath Count Ganelon spoken; wise are his words; abide with them. King Marsilius is beaten in war; you have captured his castles far and near; with your engines you have shattered his city walls; you have burned his cities; you have slain his soldiers. Now, if he implores respite, it were a sin to molest him further. Let his hostages vouch for his good faith. Send to him one of your Chris-

tian knights to make a treaty with him. It is time this war was ended."

Nods of approval passed all through the crowd, and the Franks shouted, "The duke speaks the truth. Let there be a treaty with King Marsilius."

This pleased the Emperor, too, and he said, "Who, then, shall I send? What man shall carry my glove and mace?"

The aged duke offered to go, and Roland and Turpin, but the Emperor would not let those closest about him go, for he remembered how Marsilius put to death his two messengers of peace.

Then up spoke Count Roland. "Let my stepsire, Count Ganelon, go then. There is no man more able to bear your message than he."

Count Ganelon was filled with rage at his stepson, and flinging his mantle of fur from his neck, stood before them in silken attire; and his grey eyes gleamed with a fierce unrest. All gazed at him in wonder. "Madman," he roared, turning upon Count Roland, "what evil dost thou plot against me now? I am thy stepsire, as everybody knows, and thou doomest me to go on a quest like this. If I return alive, I promise thee that I will work thy ruin." Then he turned to the king. "O Emperor, here am I to do thy command."

King Karl made answer, "Fair Sir Gan, thou shalt be my messenger to King Marsilius. Tell him he must make confession of the Christian faith, then he shall have half of Spain to rule over; the other half shall be under the

sway of Count Roland. If he choose not to accept these terms, I will march to Saragossa's gate and besiege and capture the city, take him and bind him both hand and foot, and lead him to Aix, my royal seat; there shall he be tried and judged and slain. I have sealed the royal scroll of my command; deliver it to this heathen. Take thou my glove and mace, emblems of my power."

The Emperor reached him his right glove, but as Ganelon bent forward it fell to the ground. This seemed an evil omen to the Franks that gathered about. Then with the king's blessing and with the royal glove and mace and sealed missive in his hand, Count Ganelon turned away to prepare for the journey. Many sought to go with him, but he turned them aside, and set out on his dangerous quest alone.

The Embassy and Crime of Ganelon

Ganelon rode forth under the high olive trees and met the Saracen envoys. Blancandrin joined them, and they rode on together, the Saracen praising the Emperor greatly, as a wonderful and mighty conqueror. But he added, "While your king is so great, his dukes are much at fault, since they, by their counsel, allow neither him nor others to live in peace."

Ganelon made answer, "I know of no one except Roland, who thus hath done to his shame."

"Aye, this Roland is ruthless," said Blancandrin.

"He would seize the possessions of all men, but in whom doth Roland trust for these feats of valor?"

"The Franks love him dearly and never desert his side," answered Ganelon. "He showers them with gifts of gold and silver, mules and chargers, silks and armor. The king himself may have spoil whenever he calls for it! This Roland will conquer all lands from here to the far East in the name of King Karl."

At length they arrived at Saragossa and alighted beneath a yew tree. Nearby was a throne where the monarch of Spain was seated, with twenty thousand Saracens about, who breathlessly awaited the approach of Blancandrin and Ganelon, who came hand in hand.

After the greetings of ceremony due the king, Blancandrin presented Count Ganelon, and King Marsilius bade him speak. Shrewdly and wisely Ganelon played his part. "Thus saith the noble Charlemagne, my King," and he gave his message.

King Marsilius grew white with rage as he listened to the message of King Karl. He grasped his jeweled javelin as if to smite down the bearer of such news at a single blow. When Ganelon saw this, he drew his own sword two full finger-lengths from the scabbard, grasping the hilt by its golden ball.

Then the noblest Saracens thronged about King Marsilius, urging him to listen to the envoy, not to slay him. Ganelon cast down his mantle of fur, and stood before the Saracens in silk attire. He looked noble indeed, and they told him so. Again he repeated the words of his

king, and added, "The great king will send this Roland to rule with you in Spain, and he will prove a proud partner, indeed." King Marsilius was again aroused to fury, and bade his counsel assemble.

Up spoke Blancandrin, "Call again the envoy, for he has pledged to me to work on our side. He hates this Roland, stepson of his, and would gladly plot his ruin."

"Go, then," said Marsilius, "and lead him up." The two returned hand in hand, and then and there was planned the awful treason.

Count Ganelon, led on by greed and hatred, said, "King Marsilius, hope not to win your land from King Karl till Roland and Oliver are both slain, which can be done if you follow my plan. Give the Emperor great prizes of gold and silver and chargers, all he asks and far more. The sight of such spoil will dazzle the eyes of the Franks. Send him twenty men as hostages, and he will return to Aix. The rear of his army will tarry behind. There shall be the post of Roland and Oliver, if I can arrange it so. 'Twill be easy then to slay these counts. Hearken to me, and the pride of King Karl shall be crushed and his wars ended with you forever."

King Marsilius saw that the plan was good, and they pledged themselves, and Ganelon swore an oath that he would betray King Karl to Spain. Then the Saracens lavished richest gifts on the traitor Ganelon, swords jeweled without price; and the queen gave her rarest bracelets, taking them from her wrists and saying, "These are sent to your spouse by the queen."

The gifts for King Karl were made ready, and Ganelon sprang on his charger and rode away, again and again pledging his word that Count Roland should be at the rear of King Charlemagne's army when they marched out of Spain.

Roland Guards the Rear

At earliest break of day Ganelon reached the encampment, and the Emperor heard the words of the envoy, that King Marsilius accepted his terms, had sent him great prizes and twenty hostages, the noblest of Spain. "Now praise to God," said the Emperor, "and thanks, my Ganelon, to you; well have you sped. My wars are done; we shall return to France." And preparations for the homeward march began.

Meanwhile, the heathen hordes were gathering thick and fast in the deep valleys and dark defiles, preparing to ride on the Christians' track. They were well armored, their lances poised, their broadswords glittering at their belts. They rode among the great mountain steeps till they reached a forest, where they rested and awaited the morning. Fully four hundred thousand Saracens were couching there and the Franks knew it not.

Night wore on. The dawn appeared, rosy and bright. The Emperor Karl rode proudly through the ranks of the host. "Lords, my barons, look over this land, where the passes are straight and steep. To whom shall I trust the rear guard?"

"Let my stepson Roland guard the rear; there is none more able than he," replied Count Ganelon.

So Roland was chosen, and the Emperor granted to him the honor, saying, "Fair Sir Nephew, I'll leave half of my host with you."

"Nay, King, twenty thousand of your bravest Franks are enough. With these we shall tread the mountain passes in safety. While I breathe you have naught to dread, Sire," answered Count Roland bravely.

Then Roland sprang up and donned his bright and peerless armor, laced his helmet, girt on his gold-hilted blade, hung his shield blazoned with flowers around his neck, mounted his charger, and waved his lance with its pennon on high. He was a glorious sight to see. The Franks cried, "Count Roland, we will ever follow thee." Then Sir Oliver went to his side, and Count Otho, Gerard the Bold and Turpin also. Count Walter said, "I am with thee, too." Thus the twenty thousand men were found.

Sadly the Franks wound through the passes; mighty was the sound of the great army and far it resounded through the forests and along the mountainside. At length they drew near to France; the men rejoiced that soon they should see home and loved ones once again.

King Karl alone grieved mightily, for he boded some evil for his noble nephew, and feared some treachery of Ganelon's. He said, "I cannot but weep for heaviness. The ruin of France is wrought by Gan. In a dream last night I beheld him wresting the spear from my hand;

and 'twas he gave Roland the task of guarding the rear. I fear evil. Should I lose my nephew Roland, I could never find his peer on earth again." And the emperor sobbed aloud.

Meanwhile, King Marsilius had gathered his men; four hundred thousand were mustered. They watched the vanishing army of the Franks, then prepared for the battle against Roland and his brave men.

The Prelude of the Great Battle

"Sir Comrade," said Oliver, "I trow there is a battle at hand with these Saracens."

"God grant that it may be so," answered Roland. "Here we shall hold the post for our king; in his service we gladly risk both life and limb. Good is with the Christian, ill with the heathen. No dastard part will we play."

Then Oliver said, "These heathen are mighty in numbers; our Franks are but few; Comrade Roland, sound your horn; King Karl will hear the call and return with his host to aid us."

"I were mad to do such a deed," answered Roland. "All the glory I've won in France would be lost. Nay, my sword Du'ran-dal' shall fight for me here in our need; her hilt will be reddened with the blood of the heathen, who shall die in the pass where they wait."

"O Roland, my friend, I pray you, sound your ivory horn while yet there is time; King Karl will hear the

mighty blast and bend his legions backward, all his barons lending their aid," urged Oliver.

"Nay, God forbid such a deed. The name of my kindred would be stained with shame forever, and France herself be disgraced, were I to give a coward's call. This good sword of mine, Durandal, hath served me well and will still be my strong help in battle. These felons are led by an evil star; we shall win in the end," answered Roland.

"Roland, Roland, yet blow one blast, that King Karl may hear ere he passes the gorge, and the Franks may return to help us," cried Oliver.

"No, no, I will not sound my ivory horn. It shall never be said of me that I blew my horn for aid against the heathen felons. I will not thus dishonor my name nor my lineage. I shall strike down the heathen with my trusty sword Durandal. My spirit burns within me to conquer the enemy and add greater glory to God and France. Death were better than fame laid low," said Roland.

Then Oliver, ever wise in counsel, gave up urging further, and he and the daring Roland, girt in mail, mounted their chargers ready for battle. They spoke brave words to their fighting Franks and made them eager for the fray. Archbishop Turpin spurred his steed down the lines, exhorting the men to do their best for God and France, and blessed them for the battle.

The Franks rose from bended knee and sprang into battle line. As Roland rode through the passes on his

brave charger, he was joyous of face and calm. His warriors hailed him with glad acclaim, and he looked proudly upon the heathen ranks and gently and sweetly upon his own men. Courteously he spoke, "Ride at an easy pace, my barons. To-day we shall reap a glorious spoil. Never fell the like to a monarch of France."

Likewise Oliver urged on the men and they shouted aloud their war-cry. Then they rode forward bravely, and Frank and Saracen closed in fearful battle.

The Battle of Roncesvalles

The battle was dire and dreadful, and great was the carnage. Saracens lay dead by the hundreds, and many of the great Frankish peers who had gone to Roland's side were slain. The heathen hordes were put to rout by the fierceness of the Franks' fighting, and they turned and fled from the field, the Franks hotly pursuing.

Roland's men rode hard on the heathen rear, their bodies stained with blood, their weapons snapped or strained. When the Franks lost their weapons, they seized their trumpets and horns and with these struck many a fell blow.

The Saracens cried, "Woe the day when we came on this fatal track; ill betide the hour when we sought to overcome these Franks."

Right and left, the Franks struck down the Saracens as they fled, till the line of dead reached even to King Marsilius. When he saw the flying legions, he bade the

clarion horns be blown, and fled onward with all his host. Brave Turpin, the noble Archbishop, saw Marsilius, and full of loathing for his dastard heart, made after him and thus renewed the fight. Roland and Oliver joined bold Turpin and hundreds of Saracens lay dead thereby.

Still King Marsilius urged on his men. "It is better now to die by the Franks," he cried, "than to let this Roland live, for then we are all undone. On, Saracens, on!" With renewed courage the Saracens smote with dread effect.

Count Roland groaned as he saw his brave vassals cold in death. He drew near Count Oliver, dyed with blood, and cried, "O Oliver, bravest of the brave, this day shall set the seal on our love. Keep near me this day that we may die together."

Then they fought with their keen swords, lashing and hewing with mighty strokes, and 'tis said that they slew more than four thousand men in four rounds of encounter. And the brave archbishop was a mighty aid.

The Saracens had fallen by thousands; of the Franks but sixty were left. Count Roland gazed on his slaughtered men and said to Oliver, "Ah, dear friend, behold our bravest lie dead on the field! Well may we weep for France the Fair. How shall we send these tidings unto King Karl?"

"Nay, I know not now," answered Oliver. "We are close to death. Let us die fighting hard for France and for King Karl."

"I will sound my horn," said Roland, "that Karl may

hear as he passes the gorge and return with his Franks."

"Nay, Roland," said Oliver, "that were a foul disgrace on your noble kindred; they would bear the stain all their lifetime. Once I urged you to blow your horn and you refused; now, I shall not give my consent nor shall I say it is knightly done."

Archbishop Turpin heard their strife and rebuked them, saying, "Sir Roland and thou, Sir Oliver, contend not. The horn cannot save us now, but yet wind the call that our king may come to avenge our death and give us holy burial."

So Roland drew the horn to his lips and blew a mighty blast thereon. The very mountain peaks resounded, and the trumpet call was borne for thirty leagues. King Karl heard it and all his host. "Our men have battle on hand," he said.

Then Ganelon rode in front and cried, "Nay, there is no battle; you but imagine it; you seem to have grown old and white, and you think like a child."

"It is Roland's horn that I heard," persisted King Karl. "He would only sound it in battle."

"It is only a jest with him and his fellows. Who would dare battle with him?" cried Ganelon. "Let us ride onward; why this delay?"

Blood streamed forth from Roland's mouth from the mighty bugle blast; his temple vein burst asunder; he sounded his horn in dreary anguish.

King Karl said, "That horn is long of breath. Roland needs our aid."

The aged duke said, "Count Roland is sore oppressed; there is a battle yonder; he who betrayed Count Roland deceives you now. Arm, Sire; ring forth your rallying cry; our Roland is in mighty danger."

The king commanded; the troops turned back and hastened over the passes. In sternest silence the emperor rode apart. Then he ordered Count Ganelon placed in chains.

Meanwhile Roland and Oliver, with the sixty brave men still left, pressed once again into the fight. With mighty strokes Roland still used his Durandal and struck off the right hand of Marsilius.

When at length the Saracens saw how few were the Franks, they took heart, and one drew near and dealt Sir Oliver a blow in the back. Sir Oliver turned and struck the coward a blow that laid him dead at his feet. Then he called to Roland for aid, for he knew death was near. So Sir Oliver passed away. All of Roland's Franks had perished save two, the Archbishop and Count Walter.

Then the three rode forth to the final fight, Count Roland most noble, Count Walter so brave, and the Archbishop proved and tried in battle. In Roland's sorrow his anger arose and he alone slew twenty. Walter slew six and the Archbishop five.

The heathen cried out, "What manner of men are these? Look to it, lords, that they shall not flee; he is a craven who lets them depart from this spot."

Thereupon the Saracens closed in, a thousand leaping

from their steeds, and forty thousand keeping their saddles, hurling lance and spear the while. Walter was slain, and the Archbishop received four mortal thrusts, then ran close to Roland, crying out bravely to cheer him. Count Roland combated nobly, his body bathed in sweat. Once more he lifted his horn, for he longed to know of King Karl's approach ere he died. The note he blew was feeble and faint.

The emperor heard it and stood still. "My lords," he said, "we fare ill to-day. Count Roland is dying, I know by that blast. On, on, my lords. Sound every trumpet our ranks possess."

Sixty thousand clarions pealed forth; the hills re-echoed, the vales replied. The heathen heard and shouted, "King Karl returns; he is at hand; let us kill Count Roland, or Spain will be lost to us forever."

The foe approached Roland; never would he be taken alive. He put spurs to his matchless steed and broke through the ranks of the enemy with Archbishop Turpin at his side. The charge was in vain, for the enemy again closed in upon them. His horse was slain, the Archbishop fell, and Roland was overpowered by the mighty host, who left him for dead on the field and fled from fear of the army of King Karl.

When Roland awoke from his swoon, he turned to Turpin to give him aid, unlaced his golden helmet from his head, ungirt the corselet from his heart and divided the silken vest in strips; with these he staunched and bound the brave man's wounds. Then he took Turpin

in his arms, laid him gently on the grass and whispered, "Dear comrade, let me say farewell for a little space while I seek out our dead companions who fell around us. If I find them I will bear them back and place them here at your feet."

"Go," feebly said the dying Turpin, "the field is thine, for the enemy have fled. To God be the glory."

So Roland went alone to seek his peers, searching the vale and mountainside. Otho he found, and Sampson the duke and Gerard; ten in all he bore back, one by one, and laid them at Turpin's feet, who, with tears flowing thick and fast, spread his hands over them in blessing.

Then once more Roland wended his way over the battlefield and searched till he found Oliver, his friend. He strained the lifeless body to his heart and bore him back with what strength remained and laid him beside the rest. Again the Archbishop blessed them all.

Then Roland made his fond lament, "My Oliver, my chosen one, never was there on earth such a cavalier, so powerful to shiver lance and shatter mail, so able to guide and cheer in council, so fearful to the foe. Oh, woe is me, my dearest, since thou art dead." His tears fell fast, his face grew wan, and he swooned from very sorrow.

And brave Turpin saw him swoon and sought to restore him. Through Roncesvalles there flowed a brook where Turpin thought to get a drink for Roland in his horn. But his step was feeble and tottering, his strength spent from waste of blood; he struggled on for scarcely a rod,

when his heart sank, his frame drooped. Then with his face Godward and while his hands were still outstretched in prayer, his soul passed away.

Roland revived from his swoon and saw the brave Archbishop lying stark upon the ground. He took the fair, white hands and crossed them upon his breast, and thus addressed his dead comrade, "Ah, gentleman of noble birth, I trust thee unto God, whose services no man ever did with more devoted heart. Never was there a greater prophet to guard the faith and win mankind. The gates of Paradise are already open to thee."

As the sense of death crept over Roland, he sought a mound between two trees, where there were four marble steps. These he faced and fell backward to lie upon the field.

A Saracen thief saw the hero fall and sought to seize his sword, Durandal. Roland rose with mighty strength and dealt the robber a blow with his horn and laid him lifeless. With what strength was left, Roland sought to break his Durandal, that no heathen might ever use it. Ten heavy strokes he gave it, but it broke not. Again and again he tried to break it, but it ever sprang back to shape.

Slowly death came upon him. He felt its hand from his head to his heart, and he lay down on the grass under the shade of a spreading vine, with his jeweled horn of ivory and gold and his matchless sword beneath him. Then he turned his face towards Spain, that King Karl and his warriors might know that the noble count died

like a conqueror. With his glove upraised to God on high, he passed away, and his soul was borne to Paradise; for through the quiet evening air came the rustle of angels' wings. And Saint Raphael, Saint Michael, and the Angel Gabriel swept down upon that dreadful battlefield, and taking the soul of Roland, bore it on high.

The Saracens Punished

Roland was dead; his soul was with God. When the emperor and all his host came to Roncesvalles, they found neither path nor space that was not strewn with the dead, either Frank or heathen.

"Roland," he cried in pain, "Roland, dear nephew, where art thou? The Archbishop where, and Oliver, and Otho, Sampson the duke, Gerard, my twelve peers, where are ye?"

No answer came to his calling, and with bitter grief he cried aloud, "Oh, why was I not at the front of this battle line?" In very wrath he tore his beard and sobbed aloud, nor was there a man among his great host who did not weep for pity and sorrow.

King Karl vowed dire vengeance upon the heathen horde, who had thus slain the flower of his army. He left a great guard over the battlefield to watch over the dead, and he marched after the fleeing foe. They drove the rout toward Saragossa; panic filled the enemy. In terror they plunged into the river Ebro, and thousands were

drowned or slain. The Franks cried out, "Thus have ye met your fate through Count Roland."

Night passed and in the morning the king returned to the battlefield and sought out his twelve peers. These he found and knew what Roland's last care had been, to gather his dead comrades together. Bitter and long was King Karl's lament for Roland, Oliver and Turpin and for all his brave men. And he cried, "Dear Roland, so noble and so brave, who now will lead my hosts to battle, to subdue men from fierce and distant lands that rise against us? Ah! France is deserted indeed. May Paradise await thy soul, dear Roland. I cannot bear to live, so deep is my pain." Again he wept and tore his beard. Then the dead were buried in honored graves.

Meanwhile Marsilius, who had fled to his palace in Saragossa, died of his dreadful wounds. His queen was taken a captive to France, where she became a Christian.

Ganelon, the traitor, was put to death. The heathen horde had been destroyed and King Karl was ruler over Spain.

—Adapted from John O'Hagan's Version.

March

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon;
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

To the Cuckoo

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No Bird; but an invisible Thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my School-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

—*William Wordsworth.*

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils.
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Siddartha, the Great Peace Hero

Childhood and Youth

Many, many years ago a righteous king and queen ruled over a large kingdom in India. The gods loved them for their goodness and said, "Let us send to the good King and Queen a son who shall be a great blessing to all the people in the kingdom."

So it came to pass that a child was born to these good rulers, King Su-do-dan'a and Queen Ma'ya. All nature rejoiced at the birth of the little prince; the strong hills shook, the waves sank to rest, and a wind blew over the lands with unknown freshness.

The four Spirits that rule the earth came down from the holy mountain Su-me'ru. The first, the Angel of the East, whose hosts are clad in silver robes and bear shields of pearl; the second, the Angel of the South, whose horsemen ride blue steeds and carry sapphire shields; the third, the Angel of the West, whose followers ride blood-red steeds and carry shields of coral; the fourth, the Angel of the North, surrounded by his Yakshas all in golden armor, bearing shields of gold and riding on yellow horses—all these came down to earth appearing like warriors, though they were mighty gods.

King Sudodana was troubled by the mighty signs, but his sages said these signs foretold that the Prince would be a great ruler, such as rises to rule once in a thousand years. At these words of the seers, the King rejoiced and gave order that his town should keep high festival. The roads were swept, the streets were sprinkled with rose water and the trees hung with lamps and flags. Merry crowds gasped at the tricks of the sword-players, the jugglers, swingers, ropewalkers, and the dancing girls in their spangled skirts. There were tiger-tamers, wrestlers, and beaters of the drum. These and many others made the people happy.

Moreover, on tidings of this birth, merchantmen came from afar, bringing rich gifts in golden trays; goat-shawls and precious gems, thin laces, so fine that twelve folds would not hide the face. Then there were girdles sewn thick with pearls, and sandalwood and gifts from conquered cities. So the people called their prince All-Prospering, or in brief, Sid-dar'tha.

Amongst the strangers came a grey-haired saint, A-si'ta, whose ears had long been deaf to earthly sounds. But his hearing was quick to heavenly sounds, and while praying beneath his sacred tree he heard the De'vas singing songs of the blessed babe. The King saluted Asita as he drew nigh, and Queen Maya made to lay her babe before such holy feet.

When the old man saw the Prince he cried, "Ah, Queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched the dust eight times, and laid his wasted face there, saying, "O Babe!

I worship thee! Thou art He! I see the rosy light that crowns thy head and the sacred marks on the soles of thy feet. Thou wilt preach the Law and save all men who learn the Law of Kindness and Humility. I shall never hear thy teaching, for I shall die too soon; howbeit, I have seen thee. Know, O King! this is that Blossom on our human tree which opens once in many thousand years, but when it opens, it fills the world with the perfume of Wisdom and Love. Ah, happy house! yet not all happy, for a sword must pierce thy body for this boy, whilst thou, sweet Queen, dear to all gods and men for this child, henceforth thou are grown too sacred for more woe, and since life is woe, thou shalt close thy life in seven days."

And so it came to pass: for on the seventh evening Queen Maya went to sleep smiling and waked no more, passing happily to Heaven, where countless Devas worship her. A foster-nurse was found for the babe, a noble princess, who showered him with loving care while he was yet helpless and unknowing. When the eighth year passed, the careful King bethought to teach his son all that a prince should learn. So in the full council of his Ministers he asked, "Who is the wisest man, great sirs, to teach my Prince that which a prince should know?"

Whereto each gave answer at once, "King, Vis-wa-mi'tra is the wisest one, deepest in the lore of the Sacred Books, the best in learning, in the manual arts and all."

Thus Viswamitra came and heard the King's command to teach the Prince. So on that day the Prince took up

his slate of sandalwood, all beautiful with gems around the rim, and sprinkled smooth with emery dust, then he took his writing-stick and stood with his eyes bent down before the Sage. "Child," said the master, "write this verse from the Sacred Book," and he gave a verse which only the Nobles hear.

"O Master, I write," replied the Prince, and he quickly wrote the sacred verse, not in one language, but in many; first, in the pictured writings and the speech of signs which are used by cave men and the sea-peoples; second, in the language of those who worship snakes beneath the earth and those who worship fire and the sun; next he traced on his slate the strange writings of all nations, putting the master's verse into every tongue.

Viswamitra said, "It is enough; let us try numbers. Repeat after me the numbers till we reach a thousand, one, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens to hundreds, and then to thousands."

The child named after him digits, tens, hundreds; and he did not stop when he reached the thousands, but softly murmured on, "Then comes the ko-tin-a'hut, and all the rest unto pa-du'mas, which last is how you count the smallest grains of the finest dust; beyond this number is a higher one used to note the stars at night; and still a greater number for the ocean drops."

Viswamitra listened, bending low before the boy. "Thou," he cried, "art Master, thou art Teacher of thy teachers. Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince! Thou comest to my school only to show thou knowest all learning

without the aid of books, and best of all thou knowest fair reverence besides.''

This reverence the little Prince showed for all his

schoolmasters, albeit he taught beyond their learning. He was most gentle in speech, yet so wise; he was princely in bearing, yet softly-mannered; he was modest, and tender-hearted, though of fearless blood. No bolder horseman in the youthful band ever rode in chase of the fleet deer. No keener driver of the chariot scoured the palace courts in mimic contest. Yet in the midst of his sport the boy would ofttimes pause, letting the deer pass free; he would ofttimes yield his half-won race because the laboring steeds breathed too heavily; or he would let his princely mates win if they seemed sad to lose. Thus the gentleness of the Prince increased with the years, even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves until it spreads its shade afar. But the child yet knew nothing of sorrow, pain or tears, save as strange names for things not felt by kings, and never to be felt.

It befell in the royal garden on a day of spring, that a flock of wild swans passed, flying north to their nests among the crags of the Himalayas. The bright birds flew, calling in love-notes down their snowy lane. De-va-dat'ta, cousin of the Prince, pointed his bow and let fly a willful shaft which found the white wing of the foremost swan. The bird fell, pierced by the arrow. Bright scarlet blood-spots stained the pure white plumes. Seeing this, Prince Siddartha took up the bird tenderly, soothing the wild thing's fright with a touch. He smoothed its ruffled feathers, calmed its quick heart, and caressed it into peace with light strokings of his palms. Holding the wing with his right hand, he drew the cruel

steel from the wound with his left and laid cool leaves and healing honey on the smart. Yet the Prince knew so little of pain that he pressed the arrow's barb into his wrist to see how it felt, and wincing to feel the sting, he turned with tears to soothe the bird.

Then some one came who said, "Devadatta hath shot a swan, which fell among the roses here, he bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"

"Nay," quoth Siddartha, "if the bird were dead it might be well to send it to the slayer, but the swan lives. My cousin hath but killed the god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."

Devadatta then came and said, "The wild thing, living or dead, is his who brought it down. While it was in the clouds it belonged to no man, when it fell, it belonged to me. Give me my prize, fair Cousin."

Then the Prince laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek and gravely spake, "Oh, no! the bird is mine, the first of many things which shall be mine because of mercy and love. For now I know that I shall teach kindness unto men and be the helper of the creatures who cannot speak. But if the Prince disputes, let him lay the matter before the wise men of the king and we will await their word."

So it was done and the business was debated before the council, and many thought this thing and many that. At last there arose an unknown priest who said, "If life be worth anything, he who saves a life owns the living thing more than he who tried to slay. The slayer spoils

and wastes, but the cherisher sustains; give him the bird."

All found this judgment just. But when the King sought out the sage to do him honor, he was gone. Some one saw a hooded snake glide forth; the gods ofttimes come thus! So the young Prince began his works of mercy. Yet he knew no more of grief than that of the white swan, which being healed, went joyously to its kind.

The First Glimpse of the World of Working People

One day the King said, "Come, sweet son! and see the pleasure of the Spring, and how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield its riches to the reaper. See how my kingdom fills all mouths and keeps the King's money chest full. The season is fair with new leaves, bright blossoms, green grass, and cries of plough-time."

So they rode forth into a land of wells and gardens. The steers strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke, dragging the plows all up and down the rich red loam. The fat soil rose and rolled back from the plow in smooth long waves. The plow-boys planted both feet upon the leaping plow-share to make the furrow deep. The tinkle of the rippling water rang among the palms, and the glad earth embroidered it with balsams and spears of lemon-grass. In other places sowers went forth to sow. All the jungle laughed with nesting-songs, and all the thickets rustled with small life of lizard, bee,

beetle, and creeping things, pleased at the spring-time. The sun-birds flashed in the mango-sprays; hawks chased the purple butterflies; striped squirrels raced beneath the branches of the trees; the seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn; the kites sailed in the golden air; peacocks flew about the painted temples; the blue doves cooed from every well; while far off the village drums beat for some marriage-feast; all things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince saw and rejoiced.

But looking deeper, the Prince saw the thorns which grow upon this rose of life. He saw how the sun-browned peasant sweated for his wages, working hard that he might live; and he saw how the plowman urged the great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours, goading their velvet flanks with the lash. Then the Prince observed how the lizard fed on the ant, and snake on lizard, and kite on both snake and lizard, till everywhere each slew a slayer and in turn was slain, thus life lived on death. The beautiful sky, the trees, the lake concealed one vast, savage plot of murder from worm to man, who himself kills his fellow.

Seeing all these things, Prince Siddartha sighed. "Is this," said he, "that happy earth they brought me out to see? How the peasant's bread is salt with sweat! how hard is the oxen's service! how fierce the war of weak and strong in the thicket! what plots in the air! no refuge even in the water. Go aside a space and let me muse on what ye show."

So saying the good Prince seated himself under a

jambu-tree and first began to meditate this deep disease of life, what was its far source and whence its remedy. While he was thus thinking, a vast pity filled him, a wide love for living things, and a passion to heal pain.

At length a messenger came from the King, seeking the Prince, and found him still musing, though the noon was past and the sun had hastened to the western hills. Yet while all shadows moved with the sun, the jambu-tree's shadow stayed in one place, spreading over him, lest the rays should strike that sacred head. Then the messengers heard a voice from the jambu-tree, "Let the King's son alone! my shadow will not shift till the shadow goes forth from his heart."

At length the Prince arose and returned to the palace, sad of heart. "O Father," he cried, "tell me, I pray thee, why all living creatures suffer so and struggle so for life?"

The royal father was troubled by the question and answered, "It is not well for thee to dwell too much upon the sad things about thee," and he could not answer his son fully nor well; but the King resolved to let the Prince wander no more among the lowly and the oppressed and the suffering of his people.

The Victory in War-like Sports

Now, when the Prince was come to eighteen years, the King commanded that three stately houses should be built, one of square beam with cedar lining, warm for

winter days; one of marble, cool for summer heat; and one of burned bricks covered with blue tiles, pleasant for seed-time. Delightful gardens bloomed about them, streams wandered wild, and fragrant thickets stretched with many a bright lawn. Here Siddartha strayed at will, with some new pleasure, some new delight, provided every hour.

Yet, at times, the old thoughts of the sorrows of the world came back and made him sad. When the King noticed this he called his ministers and said, "Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Sage spake, and what my sooth-sayers foretold. This boy, more dear to me than my heart's blood, shall be a great ruler, trampling the neck of all his enemies, or he shall tread the sad and lonely path of self-denial and of pious pains. What good could he gain when all is lost worth keeping? Yet his eyes show that he often thinks of following this lowly path. But ye are wise and will counsel me how his feet may be turned to that proud road where they should walk, and all fair signs come true, which gave the Earth to him to rule."

The eldest of the wise men answered, "O Monarch, love will cure these small troubles. What doth this noble youth know of beauty? Do this, my King. Command a festival in which all the maidens of the kingdom shall compete in youth and grace and sports of the Nobility. Let the Prince give the prizes to the fairest, and when the lovely victors pass his seat, let some of the wise men stand near to mark if one shall change the fixed sadness

of his tender cheek. So we may cheat his Highness into happiness."

This thing seemed good; wherefore upon a day, the criers bade the young and beautiful maidens to pass to the palace to hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince would give the prizes, something rich for all, but the richest prize for the one whom he judged the fairest.

Thus the maidens of the entire kingdom flocked to the palace gates, each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound, all in shawls and gay clothing; the slender hands and feet new-stained with crimson.

It was a fair sight as all these lovely maidens slowly paced past the throne, their large black eyes fixed on the ground, for they dared not raise their eyes because the Prince seemed beyond any monarch in the purity of his soul.

At the last came Ya-so-da'ra, and the wise men standing near saw the princely boy start as the radiant girl approached. She alone gazed full on the Prince's face, folding her palms in front with her stately head upraised. "Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.

"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take this for amends, dear sister, of whose grace our happy kingdom boasts." Therewith he loosed the emerald necklet from his throat and gave it to her, and their eyes met, and love sprang from that glance.

Thereupon the wise men told the careful King how Siddartha sat heedless till Yasodara passed, and how she gazed on him and he on her, and of the jewel-gift.

The fond King smiled; and said, "Look! we have found one to call him from his sad thoughts. Let messengers be sent to ask the maid in marriage for my son."

But it was the law when any asked a maid of noble house, he must make good his skill in warlike arts against all suitors who should accept his challenge. Therefore the father spake to the messengers, "Say to the King, my child is sought by princes far and near. If his most gentle son can bend the bow, swing the sword, and back a horse better than all the rest, he would be best to us. But how shall this be with his quiet ways?"

The King's heart was sad, for now the Prince begged in vain for sweet Yasodara, with Devadatta foremost at the bow, Ar-ju-na master of all fiery steeds, and Nanda chief in sword-play.

Then the Prince laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned. Make proclamation that thy son will meet all comers at their chosen games. I shall not lose my love for such things as these."

So it was given forth that on the seventh day Prince Siddartha summoned all rivals to match him in feats of manliness, Yasodara to be the reward of the victor.

Therefore, upon the seventh day the lords of the city and towns and country round went unto the great contest. The maid, too, went amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride with music and carriages gaily covered with brightest cloth. Devadatta and Nanda and Arjuna were there amid the flower of all the youths. At length the Prince came, riding his white horse Kan-ta'ka, which

neighed, astonished at this great strange world. Siddartha also gazed with wondering eyes on all the common people who were fed and housed so differently from kings, but were so like kings in their joys and griefs.

When the Prince saw sweet Yasodara, he smiled brightly, and drew his silken rein, leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back and cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl of womanhood who cannot endure all tests; let my rivals prove if I have dared too much in seeking her."

Thereupon Nanda challenged for the arrow-test. He set his target six bow-shots away, Arjuna set his six bow-shots and Devadatta set his eight. But Prince Siddartha bade them set his target ten bow-shots from off the shooting line, until his target seemed like a small shell. Then they let fly their arrows, and Nanda pierced his target, Arjuna pierced his, and Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft through the center of his mark, so that the crowd marvelled and cheered. Sweet Yasodara dropped her golden veil over her fearful eyes lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.

Now it was the Prince's turn and he took up the bow each had used, which none but the strongest arm could draw a hand's-breadth. The bow was bound with sinews and strung with silver wire, which the Prince twanged, laughing low; then he drew the twisted string till the horns met and the thick weapon snapped in twain. "That is for play, not love," he said, "hath none a bow more fit for Sakya lords?"

One who stood near said, "There is the Hero bow, kept in the temple since we know not when. No man can string it, nor draw if it be strung."

The Prince cried, "Fetch me that weapon of a man!"

They brought the ancient bow, made of black steel, with mighty curves like bison-horns. Siddartha tried its strength twice across his knee, then spake, "Shoot now with this, my cousins!" but not one of his rivals could bend the stubborn bow a single hands'-breadth.

Thereupon the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow, slipped home the loop of the bow-string upon the notch and twanged sharply the silver cord. The cord sang forth so clear and loud, that feeble folk at home that day asked, "What is this sound?" and people answered them, "It is the sound of the Hero bow, which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot."

Then fitting fair a shaft, the Prince drew and loosed and the keen arrow clove the sky and drave right through that farthest target, nor stayed its flight, but skimmed the plain beyond, past the reach of eye.

Next, Devadatta challenged with the sword, and clove a mighty tree whose trunk was six fingers'-length in diameter. Arjuna's tree was seven fingers'-length, and Nanda cut through one of nine fingers'-length; but two such mighty trunks grew together and Siddartha's blade shred both at one flashing stroke. So smooth was the cut that the straight trunks stood upright, and Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and Yasodara trembled anew, seeing the trees erect. But the Devas of the air who

watched, blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns crashed in the sand.

The race course was made ready, and they brought steeds, high-mettled, nobly bred, that raced three times around the smooth course; but white Kantaka left even the fleetest far behind. So swift he was that ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth he flew twenty spear-lengths. But Nanda said, "We, too, might win with such as Kantaka; fetch an unbroken horse, and let men see who can best back him."

So the grooms brought a stallion dark as night, led by three chains, fierce-eyed, with wide nostrils and tossing mane, unshod, unsaddled, for no rider had yet crossed his back. Three times each of the rivals sprang to the horse's mighty back, but the hot steed reared furiously, and flung each to the plain in dust and shame. Only Arjuna held his seat awhile, and, bidding the grooms loose the chains, he lashed the black flank and shook the bit and held the proud jaws fast with the grasp of a master-hand. Then he forced the savage creature in storms of wrath and rage and fear to circle the entire plain half-tamed; but he suddenly turned with his gleaming teeth, gripped Arjuna by the foot, tore him down, and would have slain him, but the grooms ran and fettered the maddened beast.

Thereupon all men cried, "Let not Siddartha meddle with this devilish beast, whose liver is a tempest and his blood red flame!"

But the Prince said, "Let go the chains, give me his

forelock only." Holding this and speaking some low word, the Prince laid his right palm over the stallion's eyes, and then drew his hand gently down the angry face, and all along the neck and panting flanks. Then men saw a miracle, for the fierce crest of the night-black horse sank down, and he stood subdued and meek, as though he knew the sweet soul of the Prince and worshipped him. He stirred not while Siddartha mounted and moved soberly to touch of knee and rein before all eyes, so that the people said, "Strive no more, for Siddartha is the best."

And all the suitors answered, "He is the best!"

The father of the maid said, "It was in my heart to find thee best, since thou wast dearest, yet what magic taught thee more of manhood in thy rose-bowers and thy dreams than thy rivals learned from war and chase? Fair Prince, take the treasure thou hast won."

Thereupon, at a word, the lovely Hindu girl rose from her place above the throng, and took a crown of flowers, and lightly drew the veil of black and gold across her brow. Then proudly she paced past her suitors, until she came to where Siddartha stood. He had just alighted from the night-dark steed, which bent its neck meekly underneath his arm.

Yasodara bowed lowly before the Prince and uncovered her face, beaming with glad love. On his neck she hung the wreath of flowers and on his breast she laid her perfect head, saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, I am thine."

When the stars were right, the marriage feast was

kept; the carpet spread, the wedding garlands hung, the sweet cake broken, the rice and perfume thrown, the two straws floated on reddened milk, which, coming close, meant, "love till death."

Next the seven steps were taken around the fire three times, the gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms and temple offerings made, the chants sung, the garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.

Now the gray-haired father spake, "Worshipful Prince, she that was ours henceforth is only thine. Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."

Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasodara with song and trumpet, and the whole kingdom rejoiced that the good Prince had found a worthy helpmate.

The Palace to Banish Sadness

Yet the King did not trust to love alone; he had his master-builders erect a palace so stately and beautiful that in all the earth there was no marvel like it. In the midst of the wide palace-grounds there rose a high hill thickly covered with tall trees, and at the base of this hill there murmured a tiny stream that came from the broad feet of the Himalayas.

The builders set up the glorious palace on the top of the hill fronting the mountains. The inner gate was reached by winding paths of garden and court. This gate was of white marble with pink veins, and, passing through it, the path led to lofty halls and shadowy bowers,

where cool fountains danced and fish of scarlet, gold and blue gleamed through the crystal water. Great-eyed gazelles browsed on full blown roses in sunny places; birds of rainbow wing fluttered among the palms; doves of green and gray built their nests in sheltered nooks; peacocks drew the splendors of their trains over the shining pavements, watched by milk-white herons and the small house-owls. The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit; the yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom, the timid lizards basked fearless on the lattice, the squirrels ran to feed from hand; for all was peace. The shy black snake that brings fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played and brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.

All was happiness in this house. Everywhere were found gentle faces, soft speech and willing service; each one was glad to gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey. And Yasodara was queen of the enchanting Court.

But beyond the richness of those hundred halls there lurked a secret chamber, made with greatest skill to lull the mind. The entrance was by a square, surrounded by high marble pillars and roofed by the sky. Here it was exceeding cool to walk in the summer time. The sunbeams dropped their gold and were softened to silvery, dim shadows as if the very day paused and became evening in love and silence at that bower's gate. Beyond the gate was the slumber room, a wonder of the world! Soft light fell from perfumed lamps on silken couches

overspread with golden coverings. Here none knew whether it was night or day, for that softened light always streamed, more bright than sunrise but as tender as the evening sunset glow. Here there always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving than morning breeze, but as cool as midnight's breath. Lutes sang, night and day, and night and day delicious foods were spread and dewy fruits and sherbets new chilled with snows from the mountain peaks.

There served here night and day a chosen band of cup-bearers and dancers. They fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince and when he waked, led back his thoughts to happiness with music whispering through the flowers. Thus Siddartha lived, forgetting the sorrows of the world.

Furthermore, the King commanded that within these walls no mention should be made of death or age, sororw, or pain, or sickness. Bright-eyed watchers were ready to put out any thoughtless one who might speak of the harsh world outside, where were aches and plagues, tears and fears, and the wail of mourners and the grim smoke of funeral pyres.

Thus said the King, "If my son shall pass his youth far from such things as move to sad thoughts, the shadow of his fate foretold by the wise man may perhaps fade, and I shall see him grow to that great position of power when he shall rule all lands, the King of kings and Glory of his time."

Wherefore the King bade build a massive wall around

that palace-prison, but far removed from sight, and in the wall a gate was built with brazen folding doors, so mighty that it needed fifty men to roll them back on their hinges. Inside this gate, the King had made another gate and yet within another, so that one must pass through three gates if he quit that Pleasure-house. Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred, and over each was set a faithful watch. And the King's order said, "Suffer no man to pass the gates, though he should be the Prince: this on your lives, even though it be my son."

The Prince's Second Visit to the Working World

In this calm home of happy life, Siddartha lived, knowing not of woe, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death, save as when sleepers dream of strange things in their dreams. Thus ofttimes the Prince would start up and cry, "My world! O world! I hear! I know! I come!"

And Yasodara would ask, "What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck, for at such times the pity in his look was awful and his visage like a god's.

Then the Prince would smile again to stay her fears and bid the music sound.

Once they set a stringed gourd at the window where the wind could linger over the strings and play at will. The wind makes wild music on silver strings, and those who lay around heard only that.

But Prince Siddartha heard the Devas play and they sang such words as these to his ears:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.

"O Monarch's son! because we roam the earth,
We moan upon these strings; we make no mirth.

"We see so many woes in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

"But thou art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery;

"The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain.
Rise, Monarch's son! wake! slumber not again!

"We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find."

Thereafter it befell, the Prince sat at evening amid his beautiful court and some maiden told an ancient tale of a magic horse and distant lands where pale people dwell and where the sun at night sinks into the seas.

Then the Prince spake with a sigh, "This fair tale brings me back the wind's song in the strings. Tell me, is there so wide a world? Is there a land which sees the great sun roll into the waves, and are there hearts like ours, unknown, unhappy, whom we might aid if we knew of them? Ofttimes I marvel what children of the morn-

ing first hail the sun on the edge of the world; oftentimes I have panted sore to pass with the sun into that crimson west and see the peoples of the evening. Why have I never seen these people? Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city lies beyond our gates, fair Prince! with its temples and the gardens and the groves and then the fields; and afterwards fresh fields, and then the vast world with countless folk."

"Good," said Siddartha, "let the word be sent that Channa yoke my chariot; at noon to-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

When the King heard of it, he said, "Yea, he may see; but let the criers go about and bid my city deck itself so that he may see no ugly thing, and let no blind or maimed, no sick person, no leper, and none stricken with age come forth."

Therefore the stones were swept, and the water carriers sprinkled all the streets from spirting skins. The housewives scattered fresh red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths, and trimmed the bushes before their doors. The paintings on the walls of the houses were made bright with new paint and the trees were set thick with flags, so that the city seemed in an enchanted land.

Also the criers passed with drum and gong, crying loudly, "Ho! all citizens, the King commands that no evil sight be seen to-day: and let no blind nor maimed, no sick person, no leper, and none stricken with age come forth. Thus the King commands."

So all was lovely while the Prince came forth in painted car, drawn by snow-white steers. It was a goodly sight to mark the people's joy in greeting their Prince; and Siddartha waxed glad at the sight of all those friendly folk laughing as if life were good.

"The world is fair," said he, "it likes me well! These men that are not kings are happy and kind, and my toiling sisters here are sweet; what have I done to make them thus? How can these children know whether I love them? I pray you take yon pretty child that threw us flowers, and let him ride with me. How good it is to reign in realms like this! How simple pleasure is if all these people are pleased because I ride abroad. Drive, Channa, through the gates of the city, and let me see more of this gracious world I have not known."

So they passed through the city gates, a joyous crowd thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran before the oxen, throwing wreaths; some stroked their silken flanks; some brought them rice cakes, all crying, "Hurrah, hurrah, for our noble Prince!"

Thus all the path was marked by gladsome looks and filled with fair sights, for such was the King's command, —when midway in the road a wretch crept forth in rags, slowly tottering from the hovel where he hid. He was an old, old man, haggard and foul, whose shrivelled skin clung to his fleshless bones like a beast's hide. His back was bent with the load of many days, his eyepits red from the tears of former days, his toothless jaws trembling from palsy and from the fright of seeing so many

joyous people. One skinny hand clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs, and the other hand was pressed against his chest as he gasped in pain for breath.

"Alms!" moaned the sufferer, "give alms, good people! for I die to-morrow or the next day!" Then the cough choked him, but still he stretched forth his palm, and stood groaning amid his spasms, "Alms!"

When those around were about to thrust him from the road, saying, "The Prince! remember the King's command! get to thy hovel!" Siddartha cried, "Let be! let be!" then turning to his driver he said, "Channa, what thing is this who seems a man, but is so bowed, so miserable? Are men born sometimes thus? What doth he mean by saying, 'To-morrow or next day I die'? Do his bones nearly pierce his skin from lack of food? What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"

Thereupon Channa made answer, "Sweet Prince! This is only an aged man; some fourscore years ago his back was straight, his eye bright, and his body goodly: now the thievish years have sucked his sap away and even his mind is gone. His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black; his life is one poor lingering spark which flickers for the finish: such is old age. Why should your Highness heed this?"

"But shall this fate come to others, or is it rare that one should be as he?" asked the Prince.

"Most noble," answered Channa, "all these people will grow even as he, if they live so long."

"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long, shall

I be thus; and if Yasodara live fourscore years, is this old age for her?"

"Yea, great sir!" the charioteer replied.

Then spake the Prince, "Turn back, and drive me to my home again! I have seen what I did not think to find."

Siddartha returned to his Court, sad and thoughtful, nor did he taste the white cakes nor the fruits spread for the evening feast. To Yasodara he said, "We shall both grow old, unlovely, weak, and bowed. Time will steal away thy grace, as black night steals the rose-gleams from yonder peak. All my heart longs to find some way to overthrow the slayer, Time, who makes men old." So through that night he sat sleepless and unhappy.

On the morrow the Prince was again moved to see the world beyond his palace gates, and said to the King, "I pray you let me view the city as it is. Your Majesty hath warned the folk to put away all evil things, but to-morrow let me pass unknown through the city streets."

Thereupon the King took counsel with his ministers and said to his wise men, "Let my son see all, and bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, the Prince and Channa fared forth afoot, dressed as merchants. Mingling with all the citizens, they saw the glad and sad things of the town: the traders sitting cross-legged amid their spices; the buyers in a war of words, trying to buy this or that at a lower price; the housewives carrying water from the

well; the sweetmeat shops full of flies; the school where the children sat around their teacher a half-moon row singing sacred chants.

All these and many more the unknown walkers passed, when the Prince was startled by a mournful voice, crying, "Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help! or I shall die before I reach my house!"

It was a wretch, caught by some deadly plague, who lay writhing in the dust. Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose half-way, then sank with a scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain! Good people, help!"

Thereupon Siddartha ran, lifted the woeful man with tender hands, and laid the sick head on his knee, asking, "Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm hath fallen? wherefore can'st thou not arise?" Then turning to his comrade, he said, "Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans, and gasps to speak and sighs so pitifully?"

The charioteer replied, "Great Prince! this man is smitten with some pest; the blood in his veins leaps and boils like a fiery flood, and all the grace and joy of manhood has fled. This is a sick man with the fit upon him. Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so! The plague may strike thee, even thee."

But the Prince spake, still comforting the man. "Are many stricken thus, and might the plague come to me as to him?'

"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "woe comes in many forms to all men; griefs and wounds and sickness befall all flesh everywhere."

"Do such ills come without warning?" asked the Prince.

"They come," said Channa, "like the sly snake, that stings unseen, or like the striped murderer, the tiger, who waits to spring from the bush in the jungle path; or like the lightning that strikes some and spares others."

"Then all men live in fear?" said Siddartha.

"Yea, so they live, O Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I go to sleep happy and well to-night, and no harm shall come to me before the morrow!'"

"None can say it," said the charioteer, "all must die!"

Then lo! Siddartha turned his eyes upward to the sky, as if seeking some vision of hope, "Oh! suffering world," he cried, "all my brothers and sisters suffering alike in woe and death. The veil is torn from my eyes! I, the Prince, am like all these whose cry for help is unheard. Yet there must be aid for all of us! I must find the truth to save us; Channa, lead home again! I must plan and think! Mine eyes have seen enough!"

When all this was reported to the King, he set a triple guard at the gates around the palace of the Prince, and bade that no man should pass by day or night.

Leaving Home

Softly the Indian night sank on the plains, while the moon swung above the eastern mountain peaks and climbed the starry sky. All the land lay sleeping save at

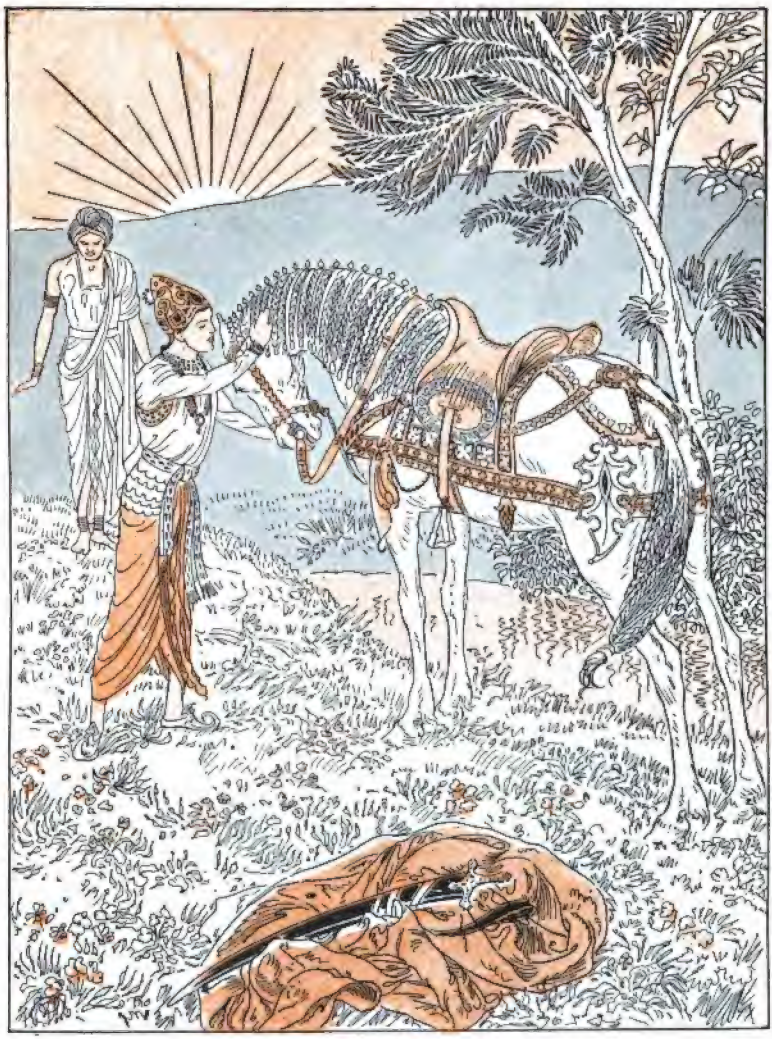
the outer gates of the palace where the watchers cried the countersign.

Within the palace all the beautiful court maidens were asleep, but the moon and stars seemed to speak to the Prince, calling him to awake and decide his plans. "This is the night," they seemed to say, "choose thou the way of greatness or the way of good. Wilt thou reign a King of kings, or wander lone and homeless to help the world?"

Again there came to his ears the song the Devas spake upon the wind. "I will depart," he spake, "the hour has come! I read my fated message in the silence of the sky. I lay aside these kingdoms which wait the stroke of my gleaming sword: my chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels from victory to victory. I choose to tread earth's path with patient feet, making the dust my bed, clad in the garment of a slave and fed only by what the pitying give to the poor. I will do this because the woeful cry of life cometh to my ears and all my soul is full of pity for the sickness of the world. All my brothers suffer the aches of life, the fiery fever and the sinking into withered age, and the blackness of death.

"There must be some help. Men would now perish from the cold of winter had not someone learned how to strike fire from flint. We would eat flesh like wolves, had not someone sowed corn, which makes the life of man. All our good gifts have come from search and loving sacrifice.

"Oh! mournful earth! for thee and thine I lay aside my youth, my throne, my happy palace, and my sweet



Queen! wife! child! father! and people! ye must all sorrow that I leave you for a short time, that all flesh may learn the Law of Life."

Then Siddartha stepped lightly from his palace into the night while the watchful stars looked love on him, the garden blossoms opened their velvet hearts to give him sweet perfume, and earth trembled from the mountain tops to the Indian Sea, as if earth's soul stirred with an unknown hope, and the holy books say that rich music filled the air.

The noble Prince called softly, "Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!"

As the charioteer rose from his place beside the gate, he asked, "Why doth my Lord wish to ride at night when all the ways are dark?"

'Speak low," said Siddartha, "and bring my horse, for now I quit this golden prison to find the truth that will bring good to all men."

"Alas! dear Prince," replied Channa, "wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl? Think of thy father's grief and of all those that love thee dearly."

"Friend," answered Siddartha, "I leave to save them all if utmost love will aid me. Go, bring Kantaka!"

"Master, I go!" said Channa, and mournfully he passed into the stable and took down the silver bit and bridle-chains, and led out Kantaka. Then he combed and dressed his silken coat, set the saddle and drew tight the jeweled girths.

When Kantaka saw his Lord, he waxed right glad and neighed joyously, spreading his scarlet nostrils.

It is written in the holy books, "Surely all would have

heard Kantaka's neigh and the strong trampling of his iron heels, if the Devas had not laid soft wings over the ears of the sleepers."

Fondly Siddartha drew the proud head down, patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still, white Kantaka! this night I set forth to find the truth. Therefore, good steed, be fierce and bold! let nothing stay thee! let neither wall nor moat forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank and cry, 'On, Kantaka!' spring forward faster than the whirlwinds! Be fire and air, my horse, to aid thy Lord, so wilt thou share in this great deed to help the world!"

When the Prince leaped lightly into the saddle, Kantaka sprang forth with iron hoofs sparkling on the stones, but none did hear that sound, for the Devas strewed red flowers under his tread, while unseen hands muffled the bit and bridle-chains.

When they reached the ponderous gates of brass, which hardly fivescore men could open, lo! the doors rolled back without a sound, though in daytime the thunderous roar of the massive hinges would be heard for a full league.

Likewise the middle and outer gates opened in silence, as Siddartha and Channa drew near, while all the chosen guard lay silent as dead men with lance and sword let fall; for there came a wind that lulled every sense to slumber in all the King's chosen men.

And so the Prince and charioteer passed free from the palace.

As the soft breeze of early morning made light ripples on the border stream of the King's land, Siddartha drew rein, leaped to earth, and kissed white Kantaka between the ears, and spake full sweet to Channa, "This which thou hast done will bring thee good, and it will bring good to all men: Be sure I love thee for thy love for me. Lead back my horse, and take my princely robes, my jewels and sword. Give all to the King and say that Siddartha prays the King forget him till he come, ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won from lonely seeking for the light. If I find it, all the earth is mine, mine by chief service, mine by love. None hath sought the truth as I shall seek, for I cast away my kingdom to save it."

The Search for Truth

Five fair hills guard King Bim-bis'ar-a's town. On one of these hills was a cave overhung with wild figs, a spot the most dear and holy in all the earth; for here sat the good Truth-seeker through the scorching summers, the driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves. He wore for all men's sakes the yellow robe of the beggar, eating the scanty meal given by those who pity the poor. Here he dwelt by day and night in fasting and frequent watch and in intense search of the great mystery and cause of man's fear and woe.

One day there came the dust of pattering feet, a herd of white goats and black sheep coming down the path to

the plain. There was a mother sheep with two lambs. One, bleeding from a hurt, toiled behind, while in front its fellow skipped ahead. So the vexed mother ran hither and thither, fearful to lose this little one or that.

When the good Prince saw this he tenderly took up the limping lamb upon his neck, saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace! I will bear thy care whither thou goest." Then to the herdsmen he spake, "Friends, wherefore do ye drive your flocks at noon when men gather their sheep to their folds at evening?"

The peasants made answer, "We are sent to fetch a sacrifice of fivescore goats and fivescore sheep for our Lord, King Bimbisara, to slay in worship of his gods."

Then said the Prince, "I, too, will go!"

So he walked beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun, patiently bearing the lamb, the happy mother bleating low at his feet.

At length the herdsmen and the Prince entered the city side by side, and came to the altar fires where the white-robed Brahmans stood before the king to slaughter the victims of the sacrifice.

But the gentle Prince said to King Bimbisara, "Let them not strike, great King!" and therewith he spoke of life which all can take but none can give, life, which all creatures love and strive to keep. Life is good to all where pity is, for pity makes the world soft to the weak, and noble for the strong.

When King Bimbisara heard these words, he was overcome with the might of gentleness and he bade the

altar fires be quenched and the sword of sacrifice flung away. Then the King prayed the gentle Prince, "Thy princely body may not endure such fasts; thy hands were made for scepters, not for alms. Stay with me, who have no son to rule, and teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die."

But Siddartha made answer, "Most noble King, I left these things, seeking the truth. I go to build the Kingdom of the Law, and may find it far off in the forest shades where the light may come to me, for there is light to reach and truth to win."

Thereat King Bimbisara paced three times round the gentle Prince, bending low in reverence, and bade him speed. So the Prince went on his way, weak with his six years' quest after the Great Truth.

The gentle Prince dwelt for many days in the depths of the forest, thinking on the woes of men and the ways of fate, so weak now from fasting that he fell at last into a deadly swoon, like one slain, who hath no longer breath nor any stir of blood.

A shepherd boy chanced to come by that way, and he knitted boughs of wild rose-apple trees into a bower to shade the sacred face. Also he poured drops of fresh milk upon the Master's face.

The branches, thus planted, grew with quick life into a bower of leaf and flower like a tent of silk, so that the boy fell down and worshipped him.

When the Prince gained breath and arose he asked for milk from the shepherd's store.

"Ah, my Lord, I cannot hand it to thee," quoth the lad,

"thou seest I am a Su'dra, a slave, and my touch would defile thee."

Then the gentle Master replied, "Pity and need make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood. Give me to drink, my brother." Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and he gave.

Life and strength and peace came in full measure from that simple meal given by slave to Prince, as brother would give to brother. Thus these two set aside birth and class and riches which lead to strife and not to love and sympathy.

And now the Master arose and bent his footsteps where a great tree grew, the tree that was never to fade, for here the Master was to learn the Truth which was to bless all men. Then it was that voices of earth and air joined in one song, "Lord and Friend! Thou hast overcome anger and pride, desires and fears and doubts. The sad world blesses thee who shalt lighten her woes!"

But the Prince of Darkness came with his legions of evil spirits and did battle all that night to keep the Master from the Truth. With these foul spirits the tempest broke forth, with thunder and lightning.

When these terrors brought no fear to the noble Prince, he had to battle with the chief Sins. First came the Sin of Self, crying "I," and would have the world say "I," and cares not if all things perish. She cried, "Let others grope in darkness; rise thou who art like the gods and live in bliss." Next came Hate with serpents coiled about her waist, joining their angry hiss to her curses.

After her came the fiend of Pride, who turns the rich against the poor. The last of all and worst of all was the fiend of Hypocrisy, who helps the wicked to seem good, and the false man to look honest.

When none of these could shake the Master from his purpose to win the Truth, they all fled to their dark dwelling place.

Lo! a vision of the mighty stars, bound together like brothers; so must all men be like members of one family. The rich will help the poor, and the strong will look after the weak; so the ills of life will be turned into joys, and even the weakness of the aged will not be sad, for all will give them honor.

When this Message had fully come to the Master, lo! the first fires of beauteous day flamed in the east. Far off the shadowy hills saw the great sun. Flower by flower felt the warm breath of Morn and began to open their tender lids, saying, "It is day!" The lovely Light swept with swift footsteps over the dewy grass and touched the small heads under many a wing, whispering, "Children, praise the light of day!" Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds, so that far and near the holy Dawn brought a new peace into the homes of men.

The Return to the Kingdom

King Sudodana dwelt sorrowful all these long years without his son Siddartha, and sweet Yasodara knew no joy of life, but mourned as a widow for her absent

Prince. Messengers from the King had gone and come, telling of many a holy sage, but no word had been brought of the gentle Prince.

One day when all the earth was glad with garb of spring, the Princess walked by the garden-stream where she had so often walked with her absent Lord. Her lids were wet with tears, her cheeks had thinned, her hair was close-bound as in widow's garb. She led her little son, a boy divinely fair in the image of Siddartha. The lad, named Ra-hu'la, now seven years old, tripped gladsome beside his mother, light of heart to see the spring blooms.

Suddenly some of the maidens of the Court came running and cried, "Great Princess! there have entered in at the south gate some merchants who bring priceless news! Thy Lord,—our Lord,—Siddartha! They have seen him face to face, yea, and have worshipped him; for he is become a Teacher of the wise, who doth deliver men and doth save all flesh by sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven. And lo! he journeyeth hither, these merchants say."

Then uprose Yasodara, and clapped her palms, and laughed, with eyes filled with brimming tears, "Oh! call quick these merchants," she cried, "for mine ears thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news."

When the merchants had been led into the presence of the Princess, she spoke, tender and eager, her voice charmed with trembling music, "Ye are come from far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord, yea, worshipped him, for he is become a Master, and delivers men, and he journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be, ye are friends of my house, welcome and dear."

Then one of the merchants made answer, "We have seen that sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed before his feet, for he is greater than the King of kings. Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills, uplifted as a god beyond all earthly woes, shining with Truth. Moreover, as he entereth town by town, preaching those noble ways which lead to peace, the hearts of men follow his path as leaves follow the wind. We ourselves have heard those wondrous lips and done them reverence. He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

Thus spake he, and Yasodara could hardly make answer for joy, "Be it well now and at all times with ye, worthy friends, who bring good tidings!" and to her thanks she added costly jewels.

When the King heard the good news, he sent nine nobles of the Court, each bidden to say, "The King Sudodana through all these long years hath not ceased to seek for thee, and prays of his son to come unto his own, lest his father shall die and never see his face."

So sped the Lords, each with the message in his mouth, but it befell that they came upon the Prince when he taught his Law, and each forgot to speak; only gazed in wonder upon the Master; only hung upon the precious words of hope and peace poured from those sacred lips.

When the King found his messengers did not return, he sent Channa, Siddartha's beloved charioteer, who sealed up his ears with tree-wool, so that he heard not the Master's words and forgot not the message of the King.

Then the gentle Prince meekly bowed his head and

spake before the people, "Surely I shall go! It is my duty. Let no man fail to reverence his parents. Tell the King that I take the way at once."

Thereupon the folk of King Sudodana's city made ready for the entrance of their Prince. A bright pavilion rose at the city gates, its pillars wreathed with flowers, and its walls made of red and green silk woven with threads of gold. Also the roads were laid with scented boughs, so that the steed he rode might tramp knee deep in rose and balsam. A herd of elephants, covered with silver trappings and their tusks tipped with gold, were stationed beyond the ford of the river. Here the drums were to boom, "Siddartha cometh!" and the lords of the court should alight and worship.

Yasodara had risen with the dawn and stood before the bright pavilion. Only the poor and lowly and base-born were up, yet these were full of happy thoughts, setting forth their flags and sweeping their door-stones.

It fell that the Princess beheld one slowly approaching, his head close shaven, a yellow cloth cast over his shoulder to show his vows of poverty. In his hand he carried an earthen bowl, which he meekly held at each hut-door, taking with gentle thanks what the poor could give him. But he bore the bowl with so commanding a presence, and he looked upon all with such sweet eyes of holiness, that some gazed awestruck upon his face, and some bent down in worship. Slowly children and men and women drew behind into his footsteps.

But as the holy man, with quiet footfall, drew near the

pavilion, lo! Yasodara rushed to him, crying, "Siddartha! Lord!" with eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands, then sobbing fell at his feet and lay.

When the King heard how Siddartha came with shorn head, and wearing the yellow robe of poverty, and receiving the food left from the meals of the base-born, wrath drove love from his heart. Thrice he spat on the ground, plucked at his silvered beard and strode straight forth, followed by his trembling lords. Frowning as he mounted, he spurred his horse and dashed to the city gates.

Thus the angered King came full upon a mighty crowd, to which more people gathered until all roads were lost. At the head of it came one whose serene look met the old King's earnest gaze. The father's wrath was quickly blotted out at that one glance from the holy face, and he sank with knee to earth in proud humility. How dear it seemed to see the Prince, to know him well, to mark the glory crowning his head, greater than that of earthly power, making all men follow in his footsteps.

Nevertheless, the King broke forth, "Why doth great Siddartha steal into his realm, dressed like a beggar and asking food from the low-born? Thou shouldst have come in the dress of thy rank, with shining spear, and tramp of horse and foot. Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road, and all my city waited at the gates. And she, too, thy loving wife, hath lived like a widow these many years, never once hearing sound of song or string, nor wearing once the festal robe, till now, when she is

dressed in cloth of gold, and her husband comes clad in the yellow robe of a beggar. Son! why is this?"

"It is the custom of the Masters and the Teachers, of whom I am, and these have offered their treasures to kings as I now offer mine to thee."

The King, amazed, inquired, "What treasures?"

The Teacher took meekly the hand of his father, and while they slowly walked through the worshipping streets with the happy Yasodara held close with his other hand, he told them the things which make for peace and purity and guide aright the feet of the monarch or slave upon the Perfect path.

And so, before a mighty throng, the King sat upon a high throne where all could see and hear, and upon his right hand the Master sat with Rahula smiling on his knees, while at his feet sat sweet Yasodara, folding his yellow robe about her silver shoulder-cloth. And while the Master taught, all who heard, though he were a stranger in the land, or slave, high caste or low, heard in his own language.

So all that night he spake, teaching the Law, and sleep fell on no eyes, for they who heard rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King, when this was finished, rose upon his throne and with bared feet bowed low before his Son and kissed the hem of his robe and said, "Take me, O Son, to be lowest and least of thy Company."

And sweet Yasodara cried, "Give to our child, Rahula, the greatest treasure of the world, as his inheritance, the Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word."

—*Adapted from Sir Edwin Arnold.*

To a Mountain Daisy

(On turning one down with the plow, in April, 1786)

Wee modest, crimson tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
    Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
    Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no' thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
    Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
    The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
    Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
    Thy tender form.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the shear uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

—*Robert Burns.*

For A' That An' A' That

Is there for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward—slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that!

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that),
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
The man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

A Christmas Carol

Marley's Ghost

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole friend, and sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterward, above the warehouse door:

Scrooge and Marley

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way

to such and such a place of Scrooge. But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, and he could hear the people in the court outside beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "humbug!"

"Christmas, a humbug, Uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come then," returned the nephew, gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You are rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment said "Bah!" again and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, Uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer. If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas!' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew, "but you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—, yes, indeed, he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew, "why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a Merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, Uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry with all my heart to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So a Merry Christmas, Uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And a happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge admitted the fact to the clerk who snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I were to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist, ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind-man's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in a building which had belonged to his deceased partner. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, and yet Scrooge having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker, but Marley's face!

Marley's face as Marley used to look; with ghostly

spectacles turned up on his ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by a breath of hot air; and though the eyes were wide open, they were motionless.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key, turned it, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He did pause before he shut the door; and he looked cautiously behind at first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh! pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went.

The entry was dark, but darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. Before he shut his heavy door, however, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right,—sitting room, bedroom, lumber room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa. Quite satisfied, he closed his door and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down.

Yet that face of Marley again came like the ancient

prophet's rod, and swallowed up every other impression.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell that hung in the room. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange dread, that as he looked he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly.

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder on the floors below; then coming straight up the stairs; then coming toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed, though, when without a pause, it came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking

through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" It was Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who were you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

The ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart by any means waggish then. The truth is that he tried to be smart to keep down his terror.

But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom took off the bandage round its head and its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast.

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness! My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge, "and traveling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the ghost.

"You must have gone over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The ghost, on hearing this, set up a cry and clanked its chain hideously in the dead silence of the night.

"I have," said the ghost.

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the ghost, wringing his hands again. "Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed star which led the wise men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to tremble.

"Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't he hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate," pursued the ghost.

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the ghost, "by three spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night, when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the ghost had entered. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant. He remembered that the ghost had warned him of another visitation when the bell tolled one.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else."

Just then the hour bell sounded with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy sound. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

Scrooge started up and found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them.

It was a strange figure,—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. It held a branch of fresh holly in its hand.

"Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle, singularly low, as if, instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the ghost of Christmas past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge, observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the ghost.

It put out its strong hand as it spoke and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

He rose; but finding that the spirit made toward the window, clasped his robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand there," said the spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you will be upheld."

As the words were spoken they passed through the wall and stood upon an open country road with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished and the darkness and the mist had vanished with it; for it was a clear, cold winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

"You recollect the way?" inquired the spirit.

"Remember it?" cried Scrooge, with fervour; "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the ghost. "Let us go on."

They left the high road by a well-remembered lane and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick. They went across the hall to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire.

The spirit touched Scrooge on the arm and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading, and he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff, "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a

boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The ghost smiled thoughtfully and waved its hand, saying, as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words. Scrooge looked at the ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head glanced anxiously toward the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes," said the child, brimful of glee. "Home for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home's like heaven! He spoke so gently to me one night, when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long and have the merriest, happiest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch

his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not gainsay it, spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind, and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the highway, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Wasn't I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind a high desk, Scrooge cried, in great excitement:

"Why it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, adjusted his waistcoat, laughed all over himself from his shoes to his organ of benevolence, and called out in a comfortable, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow 'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins to be sure!" said Scrooge to the ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer!

Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire, and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half-round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping. Old Fezziwig clapped his hands to stop the dance and cried out, "Well done!"

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake and there was a great piece of cold roast. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast, when the fiddler (an artful dog,

mind!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood up to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; twenty-three or twenty-four pairs of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if there had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As for her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They showed in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted at any given time what would have become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place, Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them, and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them that he remembered the ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge. "The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the spirit's glance and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the ghost.

"Nothing in particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the ghost insisted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed; "I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!" At that instant Scrooge found himself in his own bedroom and had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

The Ghost of Christmas Present

Awaking in the middle of a snore, Scrooge heard the bell again upon the stroke of one, which told him he was to hold another conference with the second messenger. despatched to him by Jacob Marley. But finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and, lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

But, when the bell struck one and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. Then he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock a strange voice called him by his name and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a wonderful change. The crisp

leaves of holly, mistletoe and ivy reflected back the light as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth cakes, and seething bowls of punch that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly.

"I am the ghost of Christmas present," said the spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand and its cheery voice.

"You have never seen the like of me before?" exclaimed the spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the other members of

my family, meaning my elder brothers?'' pursued the phantom.

''I don't think I have,'' said Scrooge. ''I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, spirit?''

''More than eighteen hundred,'' said the ghost.

''A tremendous family to provide for!'' muttered Scrooge.

The ghost of Christmas present rose.

''Spirit,'' said Scrooge, submissively, ''conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. To-night if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.''

''Touch my robe!''

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit and punch all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, splitting into little snow-storms.

They went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town.

Perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, gen-

erous, hearty nature and his sympathy with all poor men that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the spirit smiled and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; and yet the ghost of Christmas present blessed his four-room house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for six-pence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that they had smelled the goose and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion; these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the sauce pan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless you heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless me!"

"No! no! There's Father coming!" cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the Father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! He bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden drop in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day?"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in a joke; so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits bore Tiny Tim off into the washhouse that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

Master Peter, and the two busy young Cratchits went to fetch the goods, with which they returned in high glee.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit looking slowly all along the carving-knife prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gash of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young

Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family. But, now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress' next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly,—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy and with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in

the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us!" Which all of the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, last of all.

Then said Bob: "I'll drink to Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!"

"The founder of the feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening.

"My dear," said Bob, "Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast, after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care two pence for it. Scrooge was the ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

And now, without a word of warning from the ghost, Scrooge found himself in a bright gleaming room with the spirit standing smiling by his side.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. Ha! ha! Ha!"

There is nothing in the world so contagious as laughter and good humour. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions,

"Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"He said Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment. His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same.

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off—his example was unanimously followed.

After tea they had some music. Then, they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child himself.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge.

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes, or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie and was never killed in the market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get off the sofa and stamp. At last sister cried out, "I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Someone objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, "Uncle Scrooge!"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but he may have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had also become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return and thanked them in an inaudible speech if the ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sickbeds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief

authority had not made fast the door and barred the spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this because Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the ghost, and saw it not.

As the last stroke ceased to vibrate he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground toward him.

The phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him Scrooge bent down upon his knee, for in the very air through which this spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. Its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread.

"I am in the presence of the ghost of Christmas yet to come?" said Scrooge.

The spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

Though Scrooge stretched his eyes to the utmost, he could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear your company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, spirit!"

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city

rather seemed to spring up about them. They were in an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad reputation. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched.

Far in this, there was a low-browed shop, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and old iron of all kinds. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal-stove made of old bricks, was a grey-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age.

Scrooge and the phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair-rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it into his mouth again. While he did this the woman, who had already spoken, threw her bundle on the floor and sat down on a stool, crossing her elbows on her knees.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening the bag, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed-curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly sha'n't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh.

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot, "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed: a bare, uncurtained bed. It was a death, but whose, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or that dark chamber, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet, until at last they entered poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out as he and the spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, Mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk

with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him, so that it was no trouble; no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees, and laid each child a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved."

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room and went upstairs into the room

above, which was lighted cheerfully and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of someone having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little, and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' Bye the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' "Now it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we,—or this first parting that there was among us!"

"Never, Father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, Father!" they all cried again.

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead."

The ghost of Christmas yet to come conveyed him, as before,—to a churchyard. Here the wretched man whose name he had now to learn lay underneath the ground.

The spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. He advanced toward it trembling. The phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be or are they shadows of things that may be only?"

Still the ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the course be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The spirit was as immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him and back again.

"No, spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this experience. Why show me this if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life! I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future, and I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty and detained it. The spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in!

"I will live in the past, the present, and the future!" Scrooge repeated as he scrambled out of bed. "The spirits of all three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arm, "they are not torn down,

rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them and mislaying them.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Halloo here! Halloo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the door by which the ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the ghost of Christmas present sat! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha! ha! ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs.

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Halloo! Halloo! here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding dong bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious! glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold; golden sunlight, heavenly sky, sweet fresh air, merry bells. Oh, glorious! glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes.

"Eh?" returned the boy with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas day."

"It's Christmas day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. Halloo, my fine fellow!"

"Halloo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; —the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge. "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him

in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!''

The boy was off like a shot.

''I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's,'' whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. ''He shall not know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.''

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of

the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! Here's the turkey. Halloo! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It was a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again and chuckled till he cried.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. He looked so irresistibly pleasant that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterward that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He

had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up-stairs if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock. "I'll go in here."

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness.

But Scrooge was early at the office next morning. If he could only be there first and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was fully eighteen

minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come in.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen as if he were trying with all his might to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the hall again, "I am about to raise your salary."

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling fam-

ily. Bob, make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another 'i,' Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe for good at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

Thereafter it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one!"

—Adapted from Charles Dickens.

The First Snow-Fall

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down—
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that hushes all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

The Shepherd of King Admetus

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some cords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine;

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The Falcon

I know a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
Or wing so strong as this of mine.

The winds not better love to pilot
A cloud with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth tower,
By a glorious, upward instinct drawn;
No bee nestles deeper in the flower
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
Shudders to see him overhead;
The rush of his fierce swooping bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
For still between them and the sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised for ever
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The Story of a Panther

At the time of the French expedition to Upper Egypt, a soldier, having fallen into the hands of the Arabs, was taken by them to the desert which lies beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to place between themselves and the French army a sufficient distance to ensure their safety, the Arabs made a forced march and did not halt until dark. They camped about a well, concealed by palm trees, near which they had previously buried some provisions. Having no idea that the thought of flight would ever occur to their prisoner, they simply bound his hands, and one and all went to sleep, after eating a few dates and giving their horses some barley.

When the bold soldier saw that his enemies had ceased to watch him, he made use of his teeth to get possession of a scimitar. Then, using his knees to hold the blade in place, he cut the cords which prevented him from using his hands and was free. He at once seized a carbine and a poniard and took the precaution to lay in a supply of dried dates, a small bag of barley, and some powder and ball. Then he strapped a scimitar about his waist, mounted a horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction in which he supposed the French army to be.

In his haste to reach camp, he urged his already tired beast so hard that the poor creature died, leaving the Frenchman in the midst of the desert.

After walking through the sand for a long time, with the courage of an escaping convict, the soldier was obliged to stop; the day was drawing to a close. Despite the clearness of the sky of an Eastern night, he did not feel strong enough to go on. Luckily he had been able to reach an elevation on top of which rose a few palm trees, whose foliage, seen long before, had aroused the sweetest hope in his heart. His weariness was so great that he lay down upon a rock shaped like a camp-bed, and fell asleep there without taking the least precaution to protect himself while asleep. The loss of his life seemed inevitable, and his last thought was a regret. He had already repented having left the Arabs, whose wandering life had begun to seem delightful to him since he was far away from them and helpless.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays, falling perpendicularly upon the granite, caused an intolerable heat. After counting the palm trees, he glanced about him, and the most ghastly despair settled about his heart. He saw a boundless ocean; the somber sands of the desert stretched away in every direction as far as the eye could see, and glittered like a steel blade in a bright light. He did not know whether it was a sea of glass or a succession of lakes as smooth as a mirror. Rising in waves a fiery vapor whirled above that quivering soil. The sky shone with a resplendent Oriental glare, of dis-

couraging purity, for it left nothing for the imagination to desire. Sky and earth were aflame. The infinite, vast expanse weighed upon the soul from every side; not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a rift on the surface of the sand, which seemed to move in tiny waves; and the horizon terminated, as at sea in fine weather, with a line of light as slender as the edge of a sword.

The soldier embraced the trunk of a palm tree as if it were the body of a friend; then, sheltered by the straight slender shadow which the tree cast upon the stone, he wept, seated himself anew, and remained there, gazing with profound melancholy at the scene before his eyes. He shouted as if to tempt the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hillock, made in the distance a faint sound which awoke no echo; the echo was in his heart.

The soldier was twenty-two years old. He cocked his carbine. "I shall have time enough for that!" he said to himself, as he placed the weapon on the ground.

Gazing alternately at the dark stretch of sand and the blue expanse of the sky, the soldier dreamed of France. He smelt with a thrill of rapture the gutters of Paris, he recalled the towns through which he had marched, the faces of his comrades, the most trivial details of his life. In truth, his southern imagination soon brought before him the stones of his dear Provence, in the eddying waves of heat, which shimmered above the vast sheet of the desert.

Dreading all the perils of that cruel mirage, he descended the slope opposite that by which he had ascended the mount the night before. He was overjoyed to discover a sort of cave, hollowed out by nature in the huge fragments of granite which formed the base of that hillock. The remains of a mat indicated that the shelter had once been inhabited. Then, a few steps away, he saw some palm trees laden with dates.

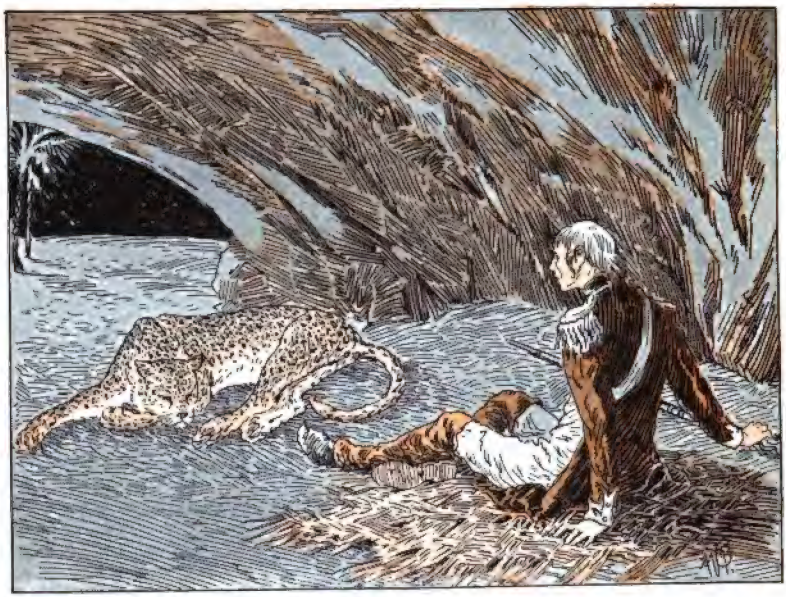
At that sight the instinct which attaches us to life reawoke in his heart. He hoped to live long enough to await the passing of some Arabs; or perhaps he should hear the roar of cannon; for at that moment Bonaparte was marching through Egypt. Revived by that thought, the Frenchman shook down several clusters of ripe fruit, beneath the weight of which the trees seemed to bend, and he assured himself, on tasting that unlooked-for manna, that the previous occupant of the grotto had cultivated the palm trees. In truth, the fresh and toothsome flesh of the dates demonstrated the care of his predecessor. The soldier passed abruptly from the gloomiest despair to the most frantic joy.

He returned to the top of the hill and employed himself during the rest of the day cutting down one of the sterile palm trees, which had served him for a roof the night before. A vague memory brought to his mind the beasts of the desert, and, anticipating that they might come to drink at the spring which gushed out of the sand at the foot of the bowlders, he determined to guard himself against their visits by placing a barrier against the

door of his hermitage. Despite his zeal, despite the strength which the fear of being eaten up during his sleep gave him, it was impossible for him to cut the palm tree into pieces during that day, but he succeeded in felling it.

When, towards evening, that king of the desert fell, the noise of its fall echoed in the distance, and the solitude uttered a sort of moan; the soldier shuddered as if he had heard a voice predicting disaster. But like an heir who does not mourn long over the death of his parent, he stripped that noble tree of the great green leaves which are its poetic adornment, and used them to repair the mat, upon which he lay down to sleep. Fatigued by the heat and hard work, he fell asleep beneath the red vault of the grotto.

In the middle of the night, his slumber was disturbed by a peculiar noise. He sat up, and the profound silence which prevailed enabled him to recognize a breathing whose savage energy could not belong to a human being. A terrible fear, increased by the dark, the silence, and the bewilderment of the first waking moments, froze his heart. Indeed, he already felt the painful contraction of his hair, when, by dint of straining his eyes, he perceived in the darkness two faint amber lights. At first he attributed those lights to the reflection of his own eyes; but soon, the brilliancy of the night assisting him little by little to distinguish the objects in the cavern, he discovered a huge beast lying within two yards of him. Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile?



The soldier had not enough education to know to what species his companion belonged; but his terror was the more violent in that his ignorance led him to imagine all sorts of calamities at once. He endured the fiendish tortures of listening, of noticing the irregularities of that breathing, without losing a sound, and without daring to make the slightest motion. An odor as pungent as that given forth by foxes, but more penetrating, filled the cave. When the soldier had smelled it, his terror reached its height, for he could no longer doubt the nature of the terrible companion whose royal den he had appropriated for a camp. Soon the reflection of the moon, which was sinking rapidly towards the horizon, lighted

up the den, and little by little illuminated the spotted skin of a panther.

The lion of Egypt was asleep, curled up like a huge dog in peaceable possession of a luxuriant kennel at the door of a palace. Its eyes, which had opened for a moment, had closed again. Its head was turned towards the Frenchman. A thousand conflicting thoughts passed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. At first, he thought of killing her with his carbine; but he saw that there was not room enough between himself and the beast for him to take aim; the end of the barrel would have reached beyond the panther. And suppose she should wake? That supposition kept him perfectly still. As he listened to his heart beat in the silence, he feared lest it would disturb that slumber which enabled him to devise some plan of escape. Twice he put his hand to his scimitar, with the idea of cutting off his enemy's head; but the difficulty of cutting through the close-haired skin made him abandon the bold project. "If I missed, it would be sure death," he thought.

He preferred the chances of a fight, and determined to wait for daylight. And the day was not long in coming. Then the Frenchman was able to examine the beast; its muzzle was stained with blood.

"It has eaten a good meal," thought he, undisturbed as to whether the meal had been of human flesh or not; "it will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The hair on the stomach and thighs was a dazzling white. A number of little spots like velvet

formed dainty bracelets around her paws. The muscular tail was white also, but ended in black rings. The upper part of the coat, yellow as unpolished gold, but very smooth and soft, bore the characteristic marking of rose-shaped spots which serve to distinguish panthers from other varieties of the feline family.

That placid but formidable hostess lay snoring in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat lying on the cushion of an ottoman. Her blood-stained paws, muscular and provided with sharp claws, were above her head, which rested on them. From her muzzle projected a few straight hairs, called whiskers, like silver thread. If he had seen her thus in a cage, the soldier would certainly have admired the beast's grace and the striking contrast of the bright colors which gave to her coat an imperial gloss and splendor; but at that moment, his eyes were bewildered by that terrible sight.

The presence of the panther, even though asleep, produced upon him the effect which the snake's magnetic eyes are said to produce upon the nightingale. For a moment the soldier's courage oozed away before that danger; whereas it would doubtless have been raised to its highest pitch before the mouth of cannon vomiting shot and shell. However, a bold thought entered his mind and froze the cold perspiration which stood on his brow. He resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"The Arabs might have killed me day before yesterday," he thought. Looking upon himself as dead, he waited with anxious curiosity for his enemy to wake.

When the sun appeared the panther suddenly opened her eyes, then she stretched her paws as if to limber them and to rid herself of the cramp, finally she yawned, showing her terrifying teeth and her cloven tongue hard as a file.

She licked off the blood which stained her paws and her nose and scratched her head again and again, with the most graceful of gestures.

"Good! give a little attention to your toilet," said the Frenchman to himself, his gayety returning with his courage, "in a moment we will bid each other good day." And he grasped the short poinard which he had taken from the Arabs.

At that moment the panther turned her face towards the Frenchman and gazed steadfastly at him without moving. The rigidity of her steely eyes and their unendurable brilliancy made the soldier shudder, especially when the beast walked towards him; but he gazed at her with a caressing expression, and, smiling at her as if to magnetize her, allowed her to come close to him. Then, with a touch, gentle and loving, he passed his hand over her whole body from head to tail, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebrae which formed the panther's yellow back. The animal stiffened her tail with pleasure, her eyes became softer, and when the Frenchman performed that self-interested caress for the third time, she began to purr, as cats do to express pleasure; but the sound came forth from a throat so deep and so powerful that it rang through the grotto like the last notes of an

organ through the church. The soldier, realizing the importance of his caresses, repeated them in a way to soothe the creature. When he felt sure that he had allayed the ferocity of his companion, whose hunger had certainly been sated the night before, he rose and started to leave the grotto. The panther allowed him to go, but, when he had climbed the hill, she bounded after him as lightly as a sparrow hops from branch to branch, and rubbed against his legs, curving her back after the manner of a cat. Then, looking into her guest's face with an eye whose glare had become less deadly, she uttered that wild cry which naturalists liken to the noise made by a saw.

"She is very exacting," exclaimed the Frenchman with a smile.

He tried playing with her ears, patting her sides, and scratching her head hard with his nails. Finding that he was successful, he tickled her skull with the point of the dagger, watching for an opportunity to kill her, but the hardness of the bones made him afraid that he might not succeed.

The sultana of the desert approved her slave's talents by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and demonstrating her delight by her quiet manner. Suddenly the Frenchman thought that to murder with a single blow that savage princess he would have to stab her in the throat. He had already raised his blade, when the panther gracefully lay down at his feet, casting on him from time to time glances in which, despite their natural savagery, there was, it seemed to him, a vague expression of kindness.

The poor soldier ate his dates, leaning against one of the palm-trees; but he gazed by turns at the desert in search of rescuers and at his terrible companion to observe the progress of her uncertain kindness. The panther watched the place where the date stone fell, whenever he threw one away, and her eyes then expressed a most extraordinary degree of suspicion. She examined the Frenchman with the prudent scrutiny of a tradesman; but that scrutiny was evidently favorable to him, for, when he had finished his meager meal, she licked his shoes, and with her rough, strong tongue removed, as

by a miracle, the dust that had become caked in the creases of the leather.

"But what will happen when she is hungry?" thought the soldier. Despite the shudder caused by that idea, he began to observe with a curious ardor the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the finest examples of the species; for she was three feet in height, and four feet long, not including the tail. That powerful weapon, as round as a club, measured nearly three feet. The face, which was as large as a lioness's, was distinguished by an expression of extraordinary shrewdness. At that moment that solitary queen's features disclosed a sort of merriment like that of Nero in his cups; she had quenched her thirst in blood, and was inclined to play. The soldier tried to come and go. The panther allowed him to do as he pleased, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, resembling not so much a faithful dog as a great Angora cat, distrustful of everything, even her master's movement.

When he turned he saw beside the spring the remains of his horse; the panther had brought the body all that distance. About two-thirds of it was consumed. That spectacle encouraged the Frenchman. It was easy then for him to explain the panther's absence and the forbearance with which she had treated him during his sleep. Emboldened by his good fortune to tempt the future, he conceived the wild hope of living on good terms with the panther from day to day, neglecting no method of taming her and of winning her good graces.

He returned to her side and had the indescribable joy of seeing her move her tail with an almost imperceptible movement. Thereupon he sat down fearlessly beside her and they began to play together. He patted her paws and her nose, twisted her ears, threw her over on her back, and scratched roughly her soft warm flanks. She made no objection and when the soldier attempted to smooth the hair on her paws, she carefully withdrew her nails, which were curved like Damascus blades. The Frenchman, who had one hand on his dagger, was still thinking of thrusting it into the side of the too trustful panther; but he was afraid of being strangled in her last convulsions. Moreover, he had in his heart a sort of remorse, which led him to respect a harmless creature. It seemed to him that he had found a friend in that boundless desert.

Toward the close of the day, he had become accustomed to his hazardous situation and he was almost in love with his dangers. His companion had finally caught the habit of turning to him when he called, in a falsetto voice:

"Mignonne!"

At sunset, Mignonne repeated several times a deep and melancholy cry.

"She has been well brought up," thought the light hearted soldier, "she is saying her prayers." But that unspoken jest only came into his mind when he noticed the peaceful attitude which his companion maintained.

"Come, my pretty kitty, I will let you go to bed first," he said, relying upon the agility of his legs to escape as

soon as she slept, and trusting to find another resting place for the night.

He waited impatiently for the right moment for his flight; and, when it came, he walked rapidly towards the Nile. But he had traveled barely a quarter of a league through the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, and uttering at intervals that saw-like cry, which was even more alarming than the heavy thud of her bounds.

"Well, well!" he said, "she has really taken a fancy to me! It may be that this young panther has never met a man before; it is flattering to possess her first love!"

At that moment he stepped into one of those quicksands which are so perilous to travelers, and from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. Feeling that he was caught, he uttered a cry of alarm, the panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and, with a powerful backward leap, rescued him from death as if by magic.

"Ah!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically, "it's a matter of life or death between us now, Mignonne! —but no tricks!" Then he retraced his steps.

From that moment the desert was, as it were, peopled for him. It contained a living creature to whom the Frenchman could talk, and whose ferocity was moderated for him. However desirous the soldier was to remain up and on his guard he fell asleep. When he awoke he saw nothing of Mignonne; he ascended the hill and saw her in the far distance, bounding along according to the custom of these animals, which are prevented

from running by the extreme flexibility of their spinal column. Mignonne arrived with bloody chops. She received her companion's proffered caresses, manifesting her delight by reiterated and deep purrs. Her eyes, full of languor, rested with even more mildness than before on the soldier, who spoke to her as to a domestic animal:

"Aha! mademoiselle—for you are good girl, aren't you? Upon my word; how we like to be patted! Aren't you ashamed? Have you been eating up some Arab? Never mind! They're animals like yourself. But don't go eating Frenchmen, at all events. If you do I shall not love you any more!"

She played as a huge puppy plays with its master, allowing him to roll her over and pat her by turns; and sometimes she challenged him, by putting her paw upon him, with an appealing gesture.

Several days passed thus. That companionship enabled the soldier to admire the sublime beauties of the desert. It was a life full of opposing sensations. Solitude made manifest all its secrets to him, enveloped him in all its charm. He discovered spectacles unknown to the world, in the rising and setting of the sun. He started when he heard above his head the soft whirring of the wings of a bird or when he watched the clouds melt together—ever changing, many tinted voyagers! During the night he studied the effects of the moon on the ocean of sand, where the simoon produced waves and undulations and swift changes. He lived in the gorgeous light of the Orient; he admired its wonderful splendors;

and he rejoiced at the approach of night, for then the delicious coolness of the stars fell upon the earth. He listened to imaginary music in the skies. Solitude taught him to seek the treasures of reverie. He passed whole hours recalling trifles, comparing his past life with his present one. Lastly, he conceived a warm regard for his panther, for affection was a necessity to him.

Whether it was that his will had changed his companion's disposition, or that she found abundant food, because of the constant battles which were taking place in those deserts, she spared the Frenchman's life, and he finally ceased to distrust her when he found that she had become so tame. He employed most of his time in sleeping; but he was obliged to watch at times, like a spider in the midst of its web, in order not to allow the moment of his deliverance to escape, if any human being should pass through the circle described by the horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt to make a flag which he had hoisted to the top of a leafless palm-tree. Advised by necessity, he invented a way to keep it unfolded by the use of sticks, for the wind might not have stirred it at the moment when the expected traveler should look across the desert.

But it was during the long hours when hope abandoned him that he played with the panther. He had ended by learning the different inflections of her voice, the different expressions of her eyes. He had studied the color of her golden coat. Mignonne no longer even growled when he seized the tuft of hair at the end of her

tail, to count the black and white rings—a graceful ornament which shone in the sunlight like precious stones. He took pleasure in gazing at the graceful lines of her figure and the whiteness of her stomach, as well as the shapeliness of her head. But it was when she was playing that he especially delighted in watching her, and the youthful agility of her movements always surprised him. He admired her suppleness when she bounded, crept, glided, crouched, clung, rolled over and over, darted hither and thither. However swift her bound, however slippery the bowlder, she always stopped short at the word Mignonne.

One day, in the dazzling sunlight, an enormous bird hovered in the sky. The soldier left his panther to watch that new guest, but after a moment, his neglected sultana uttered a low growl.

"God forgive me, I believe that she is jealous!" he cried, seeing that her eyes had become steely again.

The eagle disappeared while the soldier was admiring the panther's rounded flank. There was so much youthful grace in her outlines! The light fur of her coat blended by delicate shades with the dead-white of her thighs. The vivid sunshine caused that living gold, those brown spots, to gleam in such wise as to make them indescribably charming. The soldier and his panther gazed at each other with an air of comprehension. The coquette started when she felt her friend's nails scratching her head; her eyes shone like flashes of lightning when she closed them tight.

"She has a soul!" he cried, as he studied the tranquil repose of that queen of the sands.

"I don't know how I hurt her," he said, "but she turned as if she had gone mad, and wounded my thigh with her sharp teeth—a slight wound. I, thinking that she meant to devour me, plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over with a cry which tore my soul; I saw her struggle, gazing at me without a trace of anger. I would have given anything in the world, even my cross, which I had not then earned, to restore her to life again. It was as if I had murdered a human being; and the soldiers who had seen my flag and who hurried to my rescue found me weeping. I have fought in Germany, Spain, Russia and France; I have marched my poor old bones about, but I have seen nothing comparable to the desert. Ah, that is magnificent, I tell you!"

"I do not always regret my panther and my palm-tree oasis: I must be very sad for that. But I will tell you this: in the desert there is all—and yet nothing."

Then he said, with a gesture of impatience, "God is there, and man is not."

—*Adapted from Balzac.*

Robin Hood

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the downtrodden pall
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces
Since men knew nor rents nor leases.

No! the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill,
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Whose lone echo gives the half
To some wight amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,

Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold—
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;
Gone the song of Gamelyn;
Gone the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "greené shawe"—
All are gone away and past;
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze;
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—Strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is! you let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try!

—*John Keats*

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

Explanation of Marks

ā = fāte	ē = shē	ō = nōte	ū = ūse
ă = băt	ĕ = mĕt	ŏ = nŏt	ŭ = ŭp
å = åmericå	ẽ = hẽr	ô = authôr	ụ = rụde
ą = bąll	ĭ = tĭme	o͝o = lo͝op	ụ = fụll
ä = fäther	ĭ = ĭll	o͝o = fo͝ot	ġ = ġem

au = ow in now

Accolon (ăk′kō-lŏn), one of King Arthur's Knights.
Achaeans (å-kē′ånz), natives of Achaia, a town in Greece.
Achilles (å-kĭl′lēz), a famous Greek chieftain, who killed Hector at Troy.
Agamemnon (ăg-å-mem′nŏn), King of Argos, who led the Greeks at Troy.
Ajax (ā-jăks), a Greek hero.
Alcazar (ål-kä′thär), an ancient ruler in Spain.
Andromache (ăn-drŏm′å-kē), wife of Hector.
Antilochus (ăn-tĭl′ŏ-kŭs), a Greek charioteer.
Apollo (ă-pŏl′lō), the god of the sun.
Argive (är′gīve), a native of Argos.
Arjuna (är-jụ′nå), master of steeds.
Astyanax (ăs-tȳ′a-năks), the son of Hector and Andromache.

Babieca (bă-bĭ-ē′cā), the Cid's horse.
Balius (bā′lĭ-ŭs), one of Achilles' steeds.
Barataria (bä-rå-tä′rē-å), Sancho Panza's island.
Baudwin (bąd′wĭn), one of King Arthur's Knights.
Bedivere (bĕd′ĭ-vēr), a knight of King Arthur.
Benwick (bĕn′wĭk), an ancient country in Europe.
Bimbisara (bĭm-bĭs′årå), a legendary king in India.
Blancandrin (blăn-căn′drĭn), an adviser of King Marsilius.
Brastias (brăs′tĭ-ås), one of King Arthur's knights.
Briseis (brĭ-sē′ĭs), a captive of Achilles.

Calchas (kăl′chås), a famous seer in the reign of Agamemnon.
Camelot (kăm′ẽ-lŏt), a parish in Somersetshire, England.
Canterbury (kăn′tĕr-bĕr-rȳ), a city in England.
Charlemagne (shär′lẽ-mān), a King of France.
Chryses (krĭ′sēz), priest of Apollo.

Devadatta (dē'vȧ-dăt'tȧ), cousin of Siddartha.
Diomede (dī-o-mē'dē), a noted charioteer of Greece.
Don Quixote (dŏn kwix'ŏt), the hero of Cervantes' romance.
Dothan (dō'thăn), a city in Canaan, where Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites.
Dulcinea (dŭl-sĭn'ē-ȧ), Don Quixote's lady love.
Durandal (dụ-răn'dăl), the sword of Roland.

Etruria (ē-trōō'ri-ȧ), a province in Italy.
Eumelus (ū-mē'lŭs), a Greek charioteer.
Excalibur (ĕks-kăl'i-bûr), King Arthur's famous sword.

Ganelon (găn-ē-lôn'), a Knight of Charlemagne, who betrayed his army to the Saracens.
Guinevere (gwĭn'-ē-vēr), wife of King Arthur.

Hecuba (hĕk'-bȧ), mother of Hector.
Helenus (hĕl'ē-nŭs), a Trojan soothsayer.
Herminius (hĕr-mĭn'ĭ-ŭs), a Roman soldier, who helped Horatius defend the bridge against the Etruscan army.

Idaeus (ī-dē'ŭs), a Greek herald.
Idomeneus (ī-dŏm'ē-nūs), a Greek chieftain.
Iliad (ĭl'ĭ-ad), a celebrated Greek epic poem, ascribed to Homer.
Ishmaelites (ĭsh'mă-ĕl-ĭts), descendants of Ishmael.

La Mancha (lä-män'chȧ), a village in Spain.
Lancelot (lăn'sē-lŏt), one of King Arthur's knights.
Lycaon (lī-cā'ŏn), a famous Trojan bowman.

Marsilius (măr-sĭl'ĭ-ŭs), King of the Saracens, conquered by Charlemagne.
Maya (mä'yä), wife of Sudodana.
Menelaus (mĕn-ē-lā'ŭs), King of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.
Mephibosheth (mĕ-phĭb'ō-shĕth), the son of Jonathan.
Merlin (mĕr'lĭn), chief adviser to King Uther Pendragon.
Modred (mŏd'rĕd), one of King Arthur's knights.
Montereal (mŏn-tĕr'ē-ȧl), a town in Italy.

Odysseus (ō-dĭs'sōōs), the wisest of the Grecian chiefs.
Ontzlake (ŏntz'lāk), brother of Sir Damas.
Ossuna (ō-sōō'nȧ), a town in the province of Seville, Spain.

Palatinus (păl'ȧ-tī'nŭs), one of the seven hills of Rome.
Pallas Athene (păl'lȧs ă-thē'nē), the greek Goddess of wisdom.
Patroclus (pă-trō'klŭs), a friend of Achilles, slain by Hector.
Philistines (fĭ-lĭs'tĭnz), natives of Philistia, an ancient region in Palestine.
Politus (pō-lī'tēs), son of Priam.
Priam (prĭ'ȧm), King of Troy.

Reuel (rū'ĕl), father-in-law of Moses.
Roncesvalles (rŏn-se-văl'ĕs), a village in Spain.
Rozinante (rŏz'ĭ-năn'tē), Don Quixote's steed.

Sancho Panza (sän'kō pän'zä), a follower of Don Quixote.
Santa Filomena (săn'tä fĭl'ō-mē'nä), a Roman Catholic saint, at whose altar many miracles were said to have been wrought.
Saragossa (săr-ä-gŏs'sä), a town in Spain.
Scaean (sē'ăn), western; applied to one of the gates of Troy.
Senechal (sĕn'ĕ-shăl), an officer of the King of England, having charge of certain territory or functions.
Seville (sĕv'ĭl), a city in Spain.
Shechem (shē'kĕm), a city of Samaria, burial place of Joseph.
Siddartha (sĭd-där'thä), son of Sudodana and Maya.
Spurius Lartius (spurius lar-'tius), a brave Roman soldier, who helped Horatius to hold the bridge over the Tiber against the Etruscans.

Thersites (thĕr-sī'tēz), a troublesome subject of King Agamemnon.
Toboso (tō-bō'sō), a village in Spain.

Ulfius (ŭl'fĭ-ŭs), one of King Arthur's knights.
Uther Pendragon (ū'thĕr pĕn-drăg'ŭn), a legendary King of Britain, father of King Arthur.

Valencia (vä-lĕn'shĭ-ä), a province in Spain.
Viswamitra (vis-wä-mĭt'rä), a legendary Hindu scholar.

Xanthus (xăn'thŭs), one of Achilles' steeds.

Yasodara (yä'sō-dä'rä), a beautiful Indian maiden.

Zipporah (zĭp-pō'rä), wife of Moses, Reuel's daughter.